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THE
ODD FELLOW,

OR,

THE SECRET ASSOCIATION,

AND

FORAGING PETER.

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THE ODD FELLOW :

OR, THE SECRET ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.

'You are certainly not going out to-night, James,' said a beautiful, dark-eyed bride, to her young husband, as he rose from the tea-table; 'we have not been married a month, and yet you must go out to pass your evenings,' and the young wife smiled and panted, and looked reproof and love in the same glance.

'I have an important engagement, love,' he said, smiling and tapping her cheek with his finger.

'And now your engagement to me has ended in marriage, you must consider yourself freed from any to your wife, I suppose,' she said, laughing. 'But you will not go out such a wild, blustering night. You can have no business that calls you forth in such a storm of wind and rain! Stay in, James! See how comfortable our little parlor looks with its closely drawn curtains, its two nice rocking-chairs, its warm, glowing fire, and these books and newspapers, and engravings, to say nothing of my *own* society!'

'It certainly must be a great temptation, or very pressing business that takes him forth, sister,' said the bride's brother, a good looking young man of twenty-one, who made the third of the little group about the tea-table. 'I assure him,' he added pleasingly, 'I should not be so ungallant to leave my wife to pass her evenings alone before the honey-moon was over.—There is to be some city caucus, and I suppose James expects to be called upon to make a speech!'

'No, I assure you,' answered James Layton, laughing, as he buttoned his surtout to his throat; 'I have a very important engagement, or I should by no means quit you, Catherine. I will be back in two hours. Let Lewis entertain you till I return. I know you will excuse me, wife!'

'On condition you tell me *where* you are going,' she said, holding him by the arm, playfully.

'Well, it is to a meeting of my club.'

'Your club!' repeated Lewis; 'what club?'

'The Odd Fellows!'

'Are you an Odd Fellow, James?' exclaimed Catherine. 'If I had known it I don't believe I would have married you!'

'No? Then I should have been an *odd* fellow all my life. But what is there so bad in being an Odd Fellow, that you both look so surprised?'

'I am told it is a secret society: something like the exploded masonic fraternity, and I am surprised that any sensible man should belong to it,' answered Lewis Foster.

'And I don't like to have a husband who has any secrets from his wife,' said the bride. 'Now, James, I shan't love you half so well, that you belong to a secret club! and such an odd club!'

'The name sounds rowdyish, and reckless,' said his brother-in-law, with gravity.

'I don't believe any good can come of it,' pursued his wife, with a slight cloud of disapproval upon her brow.

'I don't think it can increase your respectability in the eyes of sensible men,' added Lewis, 'and now that you are married and so have taken a new position in society, and have just gone into partnership in business, it would seem to me, James, speaking in all kindness and love, that you would be wise to break off your connection with this club, which perhaps might not have been so censurable in a young man and an apprentice, but which must certainly *now* detract from your character and standing.'

The young husband glanced from one to the other of the speakers, looking as if he was undecided whether to laugh outright, or to get seriously angry with them both. He however suppressed the expression of both emotions, and quietly resuming his chair at the tea-table, and with his surtout buttoned to his chin as he was, and then said quietly and gravely,

'Catherine—Lewis—you neither of you know of *what* you are speaking! So far from being what you ignorantly suppose, the fraternity of odd fellows is a society, in which it is an honor not only to be enrolled as a member, but it is itself an association honorable to human nature. The peculiarity of its designation has misled you. So far from being a fraternity of buffoons, a band of merry-makers, a society of organized folly, as you and others who have not inquired into its character and pretensions, weakly pretend to believe, it is an association distinguished for its dignity, solemnity and moral majesty!'

'But what can be its object?' asked Lewis, impressed by his manner:

'To lessen the ills of mankind; to ameliorate its condition; to elevate the soul of man and restore its moral image; to advance the happiness of our race by drawing closer the ties of human affection, and strengthen the bond of brotherhood between man and man.'

'You demand as much for your society as does christianity itself. It asks no more! It takes no wider range!' said Lewis, with emphasis.

'If you had said we demanded what christianity does *not*, then you had uttered what I should have denied. I do not deny that we aim at as wide a range, for our field as well as that of christianity, is the human society! It can cover no more; we can aim at no less. But we work for man as mortal and immortal! for both this life and the life to come. Therefore, we reject the comparison when made invidiously; admit it when made on the basis I have laid down. Without christianity this order would have been what it now is; for its principles existed thousands of years before the era of christianity.'

'Where then did the order begin to exist?' inquired Lewis, with surprise and incredulity.

'I will reply to you in the language of an eloquent writer who has recently answered your question:—"When the Almighty Architect of the Universe spake, and this sphere which we inherit, burst into light and loveliness, every fundamental principle on which our order is based, was stamped with the signet of Omnipotence upon her young and unstained being, there to remain in legible and enduring characters, as constituent elements of her perpetuity and existence. FRIENDSHIP then wove her silken bonds. Love breathed forth her strains of mutual sympathy and confiding tenderness; while TRUTH, above, around, beneath, shed forth her blaze of living light, as pure and unsullied as the rays that emanate from the throne of the Eternal God! Upon these three pillars rests the structure of our order; around them cluster our brightest hopes and fondest anticipations."

'This is all very pretty, but it seems to me visionary enough,' said Lewis. 'Pray what legitimate good, what tangible benefit has it ever done, or can it do? It is very fine to talk about ameliorating the condition of mankind, enhancing human happiness, and advancing the human intellect; this is all very fine. But lay your finger upon a single good your order has done.'

'Go with me to-morrow, Lewis, and examine the records of our doings only for the past year, and the inspection will be a sufficient reply. There you will find widows assisted, orphans protected and nurtured, the sick visited, the prisoner liberated, and the afflicted comforted and made happy! The principles of our society are those of humanity and religion. It not only prompts the common cause of philanthropy, but insures to its members in the hour of adversity, a source of safety and comfort that nothing can destroy. The affection of parents may change; the friendship of the world may turn to hatred, and even love may be transformed to loathing;

and disgust. But the ties that bind us together are never sundered; our claims of brotherhood are only dissolved by death! no, not death can destroy them! they descend to the widow and the orphan.'

'You have led me to think very differently of your order, James,' said Lewis; 'still it seems to me that christianity, without this, would do all you pretend.'

'All men, unfortunately, are not christians. The holy principles of the Gospel have an influence upon only a portion of what is called a christian community. A society then, that while it gives a new zeal to the christian who is a member of it, bends down to the observance of christianity, and a healthy morality to him who is not a christian; is positively a good and useful institution, and certainly does not militate against christianity. As I before said, our society is for Earth, christianity for Heaven.'

'I am satisfied. Still I do not see in the daily events of life that you are better or I am worse for being an 'Odd Fellow.' If I could see that it made you more charitable than you otherwise might be, or that it aided a human being who otherwise would not be aided, I should be half-disposed to become an Odd-Fellow.'

'Many is the penniless and friendless wanderer of our order who can attest to its holy charity!' said James, with feeling. 'Its hand reaches the wide world over. Its language breathes its eloquent tones in the ear of the wanderer in a foreign land, and his necessities are relieved. If sickness lays its paralyzing hand upon him among strangers, a brother of the 'mystic tie' administers to his wants, soothes his distresses, furnishes him with money; if he recovers, to go on his way, or follows him with honorable burial to the tomb. The sick amongst our own brethren are not left to the cold hand of public charity. They are visited by the members and their wants ascertained and provided for by funds, they themselves, in health and prosperity, had contributed to raise, and which, in times of need, to repeat the language of another, they can *honorably* claim, without the humiliation of suing for parochial relief.'

'But what moral influence does your Order exert over its members? A fraternity of Charity is not of necessity a school of morals. How are Odd Fellows in their intercourse with the world better than other men?' inquired Lewis, apparently interested in the conversation, while the wife of the eloquent husband sat gazing upon him with the most pleased and absorbed attention.

'We must know the character of him who applies to be admitted a member of our Order. It is our sacred duty to keep a watch upon the conduct of our brethren, even in the common intercourse of life, and in all their transactions with men, and particularly with one another; to remonstrate with those who wander from rectitude or trespass upon the rules of morality. In all ages and in all countries our Order has stood forth the champion of liberty and religion. Wherever she has erected an altar for her worshippers she has also dedicated a temple for science and refinement.'

'I am delighted that what Lewis and I have said, has led to this conversation,' said the bride with a face beaming with pleasure. 'I am glad, James, that you are an Odd Fellow, and I shall always think well of all your Order. You may go to-night. But,' she added, looking mischievously, 'I have one thing to object to in it.'

'What is that?' he asked smiling and half-guessing.

'That there is a secret in it. As a woman I must protest against that.'

'That is my objection, too,' said Lewis, 'I dislike secret societies. Their history shows that they have in all ages been productive of great mischief: been tools of despotism; aiding the cause of bigotry and the designs of the powerful and bad! If your deeds are so open and honorable why should your meetings be held in secret and your proceedings in session be veiled in mystery? Truth fears not the light.'

'It has been said, in opposition to it, that ours is a secret Order by those who think secrecy is incompatible with innocence. True it is, we are, in part, a secret society, but is secrecy a crime?'

'Most undoubtedly,' said Mrs. Layton with an arch look. 'What woman would deny it?'

Her husband smiled and then continued, 'Secrecy is rather an attribute of the good. The world itself, the universe, the God of eternal truth, are surrounded with an impenetrable veil that mortal eye hath never pierced! Shall their existence be denied because their ascensions are not revealed at our bidding? Shall we pronounce them evil because their operations are hidden from our view and above our comprehension?'

'Yet what security has the good man who, won by your eloquent account of your Order, fain would join it that he may bestow and receive, if need should be, the blessings that emanate from it, what security has he that in entering within the mystic veil of your Temple he is not committing himself to an Order, and uniting himself with a set of men, whose outward charities are but the whitewash to cover all manner of wickedness within?'

'He can judge before hand. To be initiated into our Order is not as you suppose "to take a leap in the dark." The fundamental principles of the Order are before the world! Its deeds are not concealed from public scrutiny. The constitution and laws of our society are within the reach of all who wish to examine them.'

'Yet your proceedings are kept secret. You have certain initiatory rites that are secret! Your arrangements in your halls are mysterious and point to mysterious ceremonies.'

'Yes, there are mysteries within the inner veil of our altars that no uninitiated eye can ever behold. It is not the mystery of mere paraphernalia, but a moral mystery! Solemn and sublime truths are there inculcated that have never reached the ear of any mortal save he who has been proven worthy. They have remained there for ages, hallowed archives in the sanctuary of our temple; may they ever remain, unsullied and inviolate.'

'How enthusiastic, James,' said his wife with surprise. 'There must be good in a society that has so warmly enlisted your feelings,' she added, paying a deserved compliment to his virtues and worth.

'I am almost persuaded to become an 'Odd Fellow,' said Lewis, seriously, yet smiling at his own ardor. 'But I must wait first to have some practical demonstration of its usefulness upon its members. Who else are 'Odd Fellows' that I may as you say 'observe their conduct among men?'

'You will find many in Boston among the venerable as well as the youthful; among the rich and the poor, the humble and the eminent.'

'But who of my friends——?'

James was about to reply when the street door bell was rung, and the next moment the maid came in and said a man wished to see the master of the house.

'Ask him in?' said James.

'He says he is too wet—besides, sir, he is a poor looking man and looks as if he wanted to beg,' asked the girl pertly.

Mr. Layton rose and went to the door, where he saw a man poorly clad, and looking very destitute, who handed him a dirty, wet paper, and said—

'Read it if you please, sir.'

'I have no time now, my good man,' said James, whose hour to be at the club had already come. 'I suppose from your appearance and the title of the paper, "To all good Christians," that you are in need. There is a dollar for you. It will get you supper and lodging. Good night.'

'Be so kind as to open the paper, sir; perhaps you might be one of——' the man hesitated.

His manner led him to comply; and glancing over it his eye rested upon a mark near the bottom which at once arrested it.

'Ah, my brother, I am very glad I read the paper,' he said in a gratified tone. 'Give me your hand.'

'Thank God! now I am no longer a stranger in a strange land,' said the man in a grateful voice. 'I was in hopes some brother would see that sign and relieve me.'

'I am glad you have come to me. Walk in, and while you are drying yourself and taking a warm cup of tea, I will see what you are in need of.'

This conversation had been but partially overheard in the sitting-room and left them in mystery as to who the guest was so cheerfully invited in. When they saw Mr. Layton usher in a young man about twenty six-years of age, dressed in a thin jacket, though it was the month of February, a ragged vest and sailor's trowsers, and holding in his hand an old torn straw hat from which the rain was dripping, they started with surprise. He was truly an object of any one's compassion.

'This is my wife—this her mother! Be seated close to the fire! Catherine pour out a cup of warm tea for him!'

'You are too kind, sir!' said the grateful stranger.

Catherine obeyed; but all the while was asking her husband with her eyes what all this meant. Lewis was also sorely puzzled. Mr. Layton sat down by him, handed the tea and ordered fresh toast for him. When the poor man had warmed and refreshed himself, he looked round with more confidence, and meeting Mr. Layton's eye, was answered by a glance of kindness and sympathy that brought a grateful smile to his pale cheek, and was not unnoticed by Lewis. Mrs. Layton now, by a side glance, saw that the man though pale had an intellectual face, and that his manners were polite. His voice too, though at first undertoned and humble as was natural to a person in his position, was agreeable and modulated by feeling.—he became interested to know who he was.

'It is my duty to apologize to you and your family for my intrusion upon you in this guise,' he said, understanding the lady's inquiring gaze. 'I feel,' he added, glancing at Mrs. Layton, 'that I am among friends, and that my narrative will be listened to not only with courtesy but with sympathy.'

'James,' said Lewis addressing him in a low tone of voice, 'before he begins, pray relieve my curiosity! is your guest an Odd Fellow?'

'Yes,' answered James with a smile.

'This then accounts for this extraordinary benevolence and unusual hospitality.'

'Yea, we are bound to relieve one another whatever the condition either may be in as brothers.'

'How very singular the coincidence of his appearance with our conversation.'

The stranger then began, as in some sort to apologize for his claim upon Mr. Layton's hospitality, to narrate his story, to listen to which the latter delayed an hour his attendance upon the meeting of the society.

CHAPTER II.

THE 'CAMBLET WRAPPER,' OF THE TEST OF GOOD FAITH.

The story of the Guest with the Torn Hat and ragged habiliments was full of interest to the little party of listeners, and was narrated in a pleasing manner, and was briefly as follows: He had been ship-wrecked on the coast of Maine, about six weeks before, with the loss of everything; and had been dependent upon the charity of persons in the towns he had passed through for means to reach Boston, where he knew he should be assisted to Baltimore, his residence, by the association of Odd Fellows, of which he was a member. He said he had left Baltimore six months before as supercargo of a ship bound to the North Sea, and was shipwrecked in her on his return voyage.

'I had no claim,' he said, proceeding on his narration, 'upon the citizens of the small towns I passed through, beyond the ordinary one of charity, which has become so often reiterated that I find it has got to be little heeded. I knew if I could find a brother Odd Fellow I should find a friend and a home. In Portland I inquired, but found there was no Order established there; and also in Portsmouth and other towns. Finally, this afternoon I reached Boston a stranger to every person in it. I had previously drawn up a paper stating my situation, in which I had put the secret designation of a membership in my Order, knowing that if by chance I should present it to a "brother" he would immediately recognize the "mystic sign," and extend to me, ragged and wretched as I was, the fellowship of his heart and hand.'

At these words James Layton turned slightly and glanced both at his wife and brother-in-law, while a quiet smile of prideful triumph sparkled in his eye.

'I had been to several houses,' continued the stranger, 'without obtaining even courtesy from the servant at the door, yet hoping Providence would at length bring me to that of a "Fellow" of our Order, of whom I knew there was a large number in Boston. I had inquired in the street of two or three, asking if any of them would tell me where I could find an 'Odd Fellow,' when taking my question as an *odd* one they called me an "odd fellow," and bade me walk about my business! I had passed by your door when something within me prompted me to turn back, and once more

make an effort; for in finding a member of the order depended my hopes of sustenance and shelter to-night, as well as my return to Baltimore. I now feel that Providence prompted me to call at your door, and I cannot be too grateful for your hospitality and kindness to a stranger.'

'A brother of our Order is never a stranger,' said James, kindly. 'I feel happy in being the instrument of doing you the service you need. Our brethren meet to-night, and I was going out, when you called, to attend the meeting. I will lay your case before it to-night, and, as I have no spare bed, if you will put on this camblet wrapper and oblige me by wearing this hat—for the night is rough out,—I will accompany you to a comfortable inn which lies on my way, and find you a lodging. To-morrow at ten o'clock call on me here, and I will tell you what we have done for you.'

The friendly kindness of James' voice, and his manner in speaking to the wayfarer struck both his wife and brother, and his hearty and cordial hospitality and open-handed benevolence, made a deep impression upon them. They remained silent for several minutes after Mr. Layton and the stranger had left, reflecting upon what they had witnessed. At length Lewis spoke with great emphasis and feeling.

'This is, indeed, wonderful! Henceforth, Catherine, I am an "Odd Fellow."'

'How very extraordinary,' said Mr. Layton, speaking after a few moments reflection, that in a Christian land such language should ever fall from the lips of the destitute: 'in finding a member of my Order depended my only hopes of sustenance and shelter. Truly Christians should be ashamed that they are outdone in true charity by a mere human association.'

The wants of the wanderer were inquired into by two of the 'brethren' sent early the next morning by the Order, to the inn where James had left him; and in a short time, under their kind hands, there was a manifest change made in his wardrobe and external appearance. Money was also placed by them in his hands, and they parted from him with that fellowship and good will which is so beautiful a characteristic of their order.

'It is already past ten o'clock, James,' said Lewis, who had waited at home to see the issue of his brother-in-law's benevolent purposes towards the guest of the evening before; he was, also, after a night's sleep upon it, less zealous in becoming an 'Odd Fellow.' The arguments of James had been partially forgotten and their impression in a manner passed away. 'I should not be surprised, brother,' he said, laughing, as the hands of the clock indicated half-past ten, 'if you never saw your new camblet wrapper more!'

'You will not triumph over me, Lewis,' answered James pleasantly; 'he will yet be here.'

'You were so generous, too, as to loan him your new beaver, bought lately at Barry's. You had best call in to-day and purchase another—for your's is by this time at a pawnbroker's, or on its way to Baltimore or Symm-

zonias! Did you look, Catharine, to see if anything was missing from the front entry?"

'You laugh at me, Lewis,' said James Layton; 'but rest assured you will not have the victory.'

'He may be a rogue though an Odd Fellow, and so deceive you.'

'No. The principles of our Order have an influence upon the moral man that no temptations can weaken or throw aside. If it were not, if he should prove a rogue, yet I have but done my duty in succoring a 'brother.' I am free the guilt remains with him.'

'And so do the new camblet wrapper and the Barry. If you see either of them again I will become a member of an Order whose moral power is such as to bring men's vices into subjection to its principles.'

'Whatever motive, Lewis, may lead you to become an Odd Fellow, you would, believe me, find it greatly to your interest to be one, especially if you should travel. Everywhere you would find the hand of fellowship extended to welcome you, and in the face of a stranger find the smiles of a friend. But we never urge, not even invite any one. If you will be one of us, we will open our arms to welcome, love, cherish, defend and befriend you through weal and in woe.'

'If your friend returns I will offer myself at your next meeting. On his good faith, you see I have hung the faith and honor of your whole order.'

'And on it I am willing it should hang,' said James firmly. 'There is the door bell.'

'If it be your Barry and wrapper I am an Odd Fellow from this day,' said Lewis laughing.

'A gentleman wishes to see you, Mr. Layton,' said the maid.

'Show him in!'

'Are you sure it is a gentleman and not the man who was here last night?' asked Lewis.

'Yes, indeed. Don't I know a gentleman from a loafer like him! It took me half an hour this morning to get the mud from his heels off the rug! This is a gentleman Mr. Lewis you may be sure on on it.'

'It is not your man, James,' said Lewis with a look of triumph, as the girl returned to the hall.

'You are right,' said James, as she ushered in a very gentlemanly looking man who bowing politely stood as if he expected to be recognised.

'You do not know me, I see, sir.'

'Now you speak I do,' said Mr. Layton approaching and extending his hand. 'Now, Lewis,' he said aside, 'what think you of my camblet and Barry.'

His brother made no reply, but stood surveying the stranger with incredulity and surprise.

'You pardon my delay,' said he, 'but I was taken in hand by two 'brethren,' whom your kind mention of my misfortune, brought early to my Inn this morning; and they would not be satisfied till they had taken me to a

clothing ware-house and provided me with a handsome suit of clothes besides other conveniences of which I stood in need. It is not a quarter of an hour since they let me go, when I directly hastened hither. Your hat and coat, sir, I brought and have left in the hall. I know not how to thank your hospitality and attention,' he continued pressing James' hand in both of his own; 'I hope you will not fail to present my grateful acknowledgments to the society which had so generously contributed to my aid, and accept for yourself and family my best wishes for your happiness.'

'When do you leave?' asked James.

'In the cars this afternoon. I shall be in Baltimore probably in three days, when I will write you, and assure you that I have not been an unworthy object of the regard of my order.'

'Pardon my inquiry—but have you money?'

'Yes, furnished me by the two 'brethren' sent to execute the will of the order in my behalf.'

Shortly afterwards Mr. Drumond, for he gave his name as Henry Drumond, took his leave, followed by the kind wishes both of Lewis and Mr. Layton.

'Now, Lewis,' said James, as the door closed on their late guest.

'I have sacrificed my prejudices to facts that I can no longer resist. I must yet ask one indulgence, brother. If the result turns out as I wish, I will be as strongly the advocate of your Order as I have been its opponent!'

'Name what you wish.'

'Frankly then, I have to confess a lingering suspicion that while it remains, will not leave me so free to act as I would wish, should I conclude to be proposed as a candidate for membership in your noble fraternity. He says he was shipwrecked six weeks ago on the coast of Maine.'

'This can be proved, then, by reference to Topliff's files.'

'No; yet it would be well enough to look for such a shipwreck in the reporter's list. He said the name of his ship was the 'Trident.' But this is not my object alone. If he was wrecked six weeks ago in Maine, and is a man of respectable connection in Baltimore, why did he not write from the first town for means, and there writ till he heard. Ten days would have brought him a reply and money if his tale be a true one. Instead of that he wanders from town to town and is six weeks reaching this city; I must confess this looks very suspicious.'

'But he returned the coat and hat, brother—this was test enough of his honesty in his narrative,' said Catherine, who had a moment before entered the room, and was listening with deep interest to their conversation.

'It was his policy to do so—besides he had no further need of them, being well supplied both with clothes and money. This goes for nothing with me, I will wait until he fulfils his promise in writing from Baltimore. If he writes even I will advance no further objections and shall be ready most cheerfully to enrol myself in a society which is distinguished by benevolence so noble and by a code of principles so pure!'

That very day James took Lewis with him to Topliff's; and after turning over a file of papers for several weeks back, saw under date of December 28, an extract of a letter dated Castine, Me., which read as follows:

'We have had a South East gale blowing hard for the last forty-eight hours, and last night the ship Trident bound from Copenhagen to Baltimore, was driven ashore three leagues from—— light. Out of a crew of twenty-one seven have been lost, including the captain and mate. Those who were saved came ashore with the loss of every thing. The ship is fast going to pieces and will probably with her cargo, be a total loss. No insurance. Among those saved are the supercargo and second mate, and one passenger, a Swede.'

The young men on reading this paragraph silently exchanged looks. Lewis saw the expression of triumph on James' face and said, as if he were not altogether disposed to give up,

'This is all very well; but he might have known of the wreck of this ship, and so told his tale.'

'You are incorrigible, Lewis, I see plainly,' said James, laughing. 'I see you have little faith after all in our Order.'

'Yes I have in it. I believe it now to be all you have said; but I am, I confess, suspicious of the person who has solicited its charity. It seems so strange that a perfect stranger to you should have been so handsomely relieved and suffered to depart. Surely, your open handed benevolence which admits no suspicion, must leave you exposed to deception.'

'No—for none apply who are not of our Order.'

'And you contend that all who are of it are infallible in morals.'

'Yes, so far as the sacred character of our Order's charity is concerned. There is not on the globe one who would make it the instrument of fraud or vice.'

'If you get a letter from Mr. Drumond, I am silenced save in praise,' said Lewis as they parted each to go to his place of business.

James Layton, it is time to say, was a junior partner in an extensive Jeweller's establishment in Washington street, to which trade he had regularly served an honorable apprenticeship. His late employer had a few months before taken him into partnership, and as we have seen he did not long afterwards remain a bachelor. He lived in genteel style in a pleasant part of the city, and was prosperous in his affairs; while he was to be envied as we have witnessed, in the happiness and comfort of his domestic arrangements. Lewis Foster whose sister he had married, was also a junior partner in a respectable dry goods store. He was a young gentleman of strict morals and of considerable intelligence. The warmest friendship had long existed between the two young men, and nothing had ever occurred to interrupt the harmony of their fraternal intercourse.

A week—ten days—a fortnight passed, and yet no letter had been received from Baltimore. Lewis was about to declare himself the victor in

his opinion of the shipwrecked stranger, and James' hopes in his integrity to misgive him, when a letter mailed at Baltimore was brought from the post-office. Without opening it James left his store and went to Lewis, and exhibiting the outside, broke the seal. As he unfolded it hurriedly a bank note fell from it, and fluttered to the floor. Lewis caught it and exclaimed,

'A hundred dollar note, as I live!—Read the letter!' he cried eagerly.

James read as follows:—

Baltimore, March 10, 183—.

'My Dear friend and 'brother':—I am happy to inform you of my safe arrival here yesterday, having been detained in New York by illness. I am now quite well again and hasten to return you my acknowledgments for your kind assistance, and that of your Order. The amount of money generously advanced me, and the bill for my wardrobe is something under the amount I enclose, which I beg you will do me the favor to return to the society, for the aid of others of the Order who like me may be thrown by Providence in a condition to call for its benevolence. I pray you will present my regards to your family and accept the assurances of my grateful friendship. If you, or any of your friends should visit Baltimore, where I shall remain and engage in the mercantile business, I shall esteem myself signally happy in extending to you our hospitality.

Respectfully,

Your friend and humble servant,

HENRY DRUMOND.

To James Layton, Esq.'

When James had finished the letter he looked up and met Lewis' eye.

'Forgive me James,' he exclaimed warmly and with much feeling. 'I will no doubt, after this, the purity of your Order, nor the principles of its members, than I do the goodness of your own heart and the excellency of your understanding. From this hour I am heart and hand with you. In your next meeting I hope you will not forget to propose me as a candidate for initiation as a member of the noble association of the 'Independent Order of Odd Fellows.'

CHAPTER III.

THE "ODD FELLOW'S WIDOW," OR THE YEAR OF THE EPIDEMIC.

The year 183— will long be remembered in New Orleans for the violence of the yellow fever. Hundreds died daily; and the sounds of wailing and the groans of the dying took the place of the light laugh and joyous voices that were wont to be heard in the streets of this gay city. The epidemic had been raging three weeks with unmitigated fury, mowing down alike native and stranger, the high and the low, the good and the evil. The living at length were wearied with nursing, or from habit became insensible to the calls of distress. Many died unattended, and their bodies were taken from the house by a man with a cart, and hauled to the grave yard and there thrown into a wide ditch excavated for their reception. No relative, no friend, no follower to the tomb! Death, terror and desolation reigned. The hospitals could receive no more, and the sisters of charity and benevolent Roman priests, though constantly engaged in administering to the suffering at the risk of life, could not meet but a small portion of the demands suffering humanity made upon their charity. The theatres and the masquerades, as usual at this season were closed, and instead the cathedral was thronged, and its floor was crowded from morning till midnight with kneeling suppliants for Heaven's mercy. The rich and all who had the ability had fled or were flying daily, and of those who remained, all were too much lost in their own fears of griefs to regard those of others.

In such a condition of things it is not surprising that many, even in respectable positions in society, should perish unattended, uncared for! Many a luxurious mansion whose last occupant expired attended only by a faithful slave, or perhaps a passing stranger, was locked and sealed by the city magistrate till some living heir should appear. The poor, 'the stranger poor,' were indeed sufferers in this day of terror and despair. Unable to leave the city for want of means, whole families, lately from the North, miserably perished.

It was about three in the afternoon of a day that had been most fatal to the victims of the epidemic, when a gentleman, about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, stepped from the verandah of a handsome Creole house in the Lower Faubourg. He was pale, his dress which was all of white linen, disarranged, and his manner restless. He stood still a moment, then raised his clasped hands to Heaven and said fervently and bitterly,

'Oh God how long shall thy terrible scourge afflict man? Death and not Life reigns! Spare, oh spare!'

At this moment an African slave appeared crossing the deserted streets. On seeing the expression of the gentleman's face, he asked,

'Is massa dead?'

'Yes, go and see that he is shrouded and I will send a coffin. Here is a load.'

At this moment a wagon turned the corner of the adjoining street half filled with coffins, many of them unpainted. The slow wagon as it rolled along the silent, sunny streets, sent forth a hollow sound that went to the soul. The driver asked if a coffin was wanted; and the black paid for one and took it into the house.

'Farewell, noble Vinton,' said he, as he glanced through the open windows of the verandah upon the dead body of a young man laying upon a sofa. 'When the sun rose you were buoyant with health and full of hope. Ere it sets you will be in your grave! I, too, must take warning! My head aches, and walking and want of sleep have made me feverish. I have done my duty in attending Vinton, and will now seek my home, for Mary will be anxious about me, as well she may be; for who goes out well at morn may never see the noon.'

The speaker was Lewis Foster! Five years have elapsed since the events recorded in the preceding story. During the interval he had married a lovely girl, James Layton's sister, and removed his business to New Orleans, where he had now been three years a resident. The summers of the first two years he passed North, where he went on business; the present summer he also intended to go on to obtain goods, when he was detained by his wife's illness, who having shortly before presented him with a son, his second child, had not recovered sufficiently to enable him to leave at the time he wished. It was August before she was well enough to travel, when as the season was so far advanced he resolved to remain through it. This was also necessary to give him an opportunity of examining his affairs, as intelligence had reached him that his clerk whom he had sent North in his place and entrusted with all his money, had proved unfaithful to his trust and taken passage for Europe. The loss, as his business had by no means been prosperous, was so great, that he found he should be under the necessity, unless he could obtain great indulgence from his creditors, of making over all he possessed to trustees, in a word that he must fail.

He had hardly time for reflection upon the condition of his affairs, with a wife and two children, when the yellow fever broke out and enlisted all his feelings and sympathies for his family and those of his friends who remained.

Night and day he devoted himself to the cause of humanity and up to the time we meet him again, himself and his own family had mercifully

escaped. Vinton's (who was a young Bostonian, and had only been a few weeks in the city) was the fifth death bed he had bent over that day. James Layton, his brother-in-law, was also in New Orleans, and an inmate of his family; this gentleman was now a widower. He had also been unsuccessful in business, and allured by the rumors of fortunes easily achieved in New Orleans, had come out the preceding fall. Hundreds of others had also been tempted like him; and he found that the city was overrun with them, each in turn doomed to disappointment. He found he could do nothing, after remaining with Lewis during the winter, he proposed to return North in the Spring with him and his wife. But her illness detained him, and he now found himself as well as Lewis, in the midst of a raging epidemic. He was not one to flee at such a time and leave his friends in danger. He remained, and, like his brother, devoted himself to the care of the sick.

Lewis Foster took his way home through the solitary streets at a slow pace. He carried above his head a thick umbrella, for the sun was fiery hot. The pavements were so heated as to be painful to his feet. The air was still, and as difficult to breathe as if coming from the mouth of a furnace. Not a cloud was in the hazy looking sky; and the dust of the ground was so pulverized by the drought, as to float for hours after it was disturbed, and filled the atmosphere, made it still more difficult to breathe. As he went along, groans of the dying, or shrieks of the living over the just dead, alone met his ears; save at intervals, the voice of prayer. The dead-cart occasionally broke the stillness, as it rumbled along slowly with its disgusting load, ever and anon stopping at a door to add to it. At length, James reached his abode, a neat verandah cottage with a yard before it, once green and adorned with flowers; but now parched by the heat and dust. Mary was at the door and flew to meet him. She threw her arms about his neck and wept! For meetings and partings, though for a few hours, at such a time, were not without emotion.

'You are safe, thank God!' she said gratefully.

'And you, dearest Mary,' he said folding her to his heart. 'And the children?'

'Both well. How is Mr. Vinton?'

'Dead,' he answered in a tone that was methodical. This word of so fearful import was then too common in men's mouths to be uttered with the emphasis and feeling which belong to it at other times. 'Where is James?'

'A negro came for him to see Charles Wilbur.'

'Charles! I met him on my way to Vinton's not five hours ago, and he went in with me, laughed with poor Vinton, told him not to give up for he would get over it, and then left as he said to see a fellow clerk. Is he attacked?'

'James was sent for two hours ago to see him.'

'Poor fellow! I will go to him.'

'No, Lewis! you owe duties to me and the children! You shall not go again! You will be the next victim, and then what would become of me?'

'God!' answered Lewis, solemnly and impressively, pointing upwards. 'But I will remain with you! James will do every thing for Charles. I am quite fatigued, and need some rest.'

'Your cheek is flushed and your eyes heavy! Oh, James, if you should be ill!' cried the wife with anxious solicitude. 'How hot your hands are! your pulse is fearfully rapid! Oh God! what is this! He is ill!' she exclaimed as her husband suddenly grew pale and sunk into a chair powerless.

She spoke to him but he did not reply. He grew black in the face and violent vomiting confirmed the fearful suspicion of the poor wife! What relief was there? What aid? Whom could she call? No one! All around her were either dying or administering to their own sick! She gazed upon her husband a moment as if to assure herself of the horrible truth and then rang the air with piercing shrieks for help! Her voice penetrated a hundred ears, but produced no effect. It was heard with indifference and often echoed by the dying with insane wildness. She ceased her shrieks and administered to him whatever was at hand; and tried to shut her ears to his groans of agony. It was a terrible scene and hour for that young and loving wife and mother. At length she heard a foot step. She looked up. It was James—her brother! But oh, horror! he was staggering along and his countenance betrayed the fatal signs of the epidemic.

'Mary,' he said faintly, 'I have come home to die! As he spoke he fell at his length upon the floor.'

The cup of the poor wife was full. She shrieked not now! She flew to him and raised him up! She kissed him and bade him live for her! He embraced her and looking towards Lewis, bade her with his eyes to look only to him. How dear to her were both. Which could she least regard? Which could she resign?

But we will not dwell upon a scene so full of pain. After enduring six hours of suffering, Lewis Foster breathed his last in the arms of his wife, who the next moment fell in a state of insensibility upon his body. An hour afterwards she was roused by the dead-carrier, who came to remove the body; for the red cross had been made upon the door by an officer who had just before passed in his rounds. She rose up and gazed upon it as if in a dream. She stood silently in a stupor of horror and saw the men bear him forth, and then, forgetful that her brother lay dying in the same room, forgetful of her children, she followed and threw herself upon the corpse. By main force the men removed her and then drove on. She stood like a statue till the cart was out of sight, when the sound of her infant's voice

within the house recalled the mother to herself. She clasped her hands in silent anguish, and sought her fatherless children. James lying on the floor in the agonies of death, first met her sight. She flew to him and he soon breathed his last upon her arm.

Again the dead cart came and the body of her brother was borne from her sight. She sat upon the floor and moved not—nor scarcely breathed as the men went tramping out. She had her two children firmly clasped to her bosom as if she feared they would return and deprive her of them!

From this day the plague abated. The number of the victims was each morning reported less and less, and hope began to take the place of despair and horror. The widow lived! She had been saved from the pestilence by the stronger fever of her brain. Life was a blank to her, save that she realized that her children lived and looked to her for nourishment and life. In affection for these she strove to forget the past. But the blow had been heavy! It had stunned her at the first; and now that she could realize it the anguish of her heart was terrible. A month elapsed and the city authorities reported the cessation of the pestilence. At once, as if by magic, a change came over the late city of the plague. The streets were once more thronged with the gay and the busy, the good and the evil, and the theatres, masquerades, and gambling chambers again invited their votaries. The cathedral was less thronged, save by the few humble and grateful; and the city had thrown aside its veil of mourning and assumed the cap of mirth and folly. Yet eight thousand beings had been swept from the city in the seven weeks past!

The tide of business, of pleasure, of vice and human variety once more rolled on as before. Men began to look after their interests, and the creditors of Lewis Foster divided his goods, save the furnishing of a single apartment allotted to his wife. With this furniture she removed to a small apartment, which she rented. Here she waited for health, for she had been sick both in mind and body, that she might seek employment in sewing—for she had nothing. Her only relative was her brother James; and she had none but Heaven to look to—a blest and blessing trust to all who have faith so to look. But instead of growing better she became worse and at length she incurred debts and her physician learning her state, sued and got judgment for his bill. It was a bright sunny forenoon in December—the most delightful month in the year in this climate, that Mrs. Foster, who was lying ill of a fever, with her two babes beside her, both weak and suffering from want of proper nourishment, was disturbed by the entrance of an officer. He civilly but firmly made known his business and proceeded to make an inventory of the furniture of the room.

She made no reply but gazed on him with a vacant look as if not believing such evil could come upon her and her children. Her eye followed the motions of the officer with a bewildering gaze, while she pressed her

children closer to her bosom. At length recollection and a proper appreciation of the truth flashed upon her.

'Surely, you will not leave me destitute?' she cried in an imploring voice.

The officer paused, gazed upon her face still lovely in its pallor and despair and replied in a tone of sympathy, 'I am sorry ma'am, but I have no discretion!'

She fell back upon her pillow and for a few moments seemed to lay in silent prayer. The officer suddenly roused her by an exclamation of surprise, while he held up to her a paper to which was attached a ribbon, which had fallen from a box he was handling, to the floor.

'Whose is this, ma'am?'

'Do not take that sir—it was my husband's.'

'What was his name?'

'Lewis Foster.'

'The same that is here. Are you aware of his being a member of any society?' asked the officer respectfully yet with earnestness.

'Yes—of the 'Odd Fellows,' in Boston.'

'And he died here of the fever in the fall?' pursued the officer.

'Yes,' she replied, covering her weeping face with her hand.

'Then, dear madam, take heart?' he said approaching her and speaking kindly. 'I am an 'Odd Fellow' too; and as the wife of one your misfortune is sacred to me and my brethren! Take heart, madam! Your debt to this Doctor shall be paid before night and you and your children shall be made as comfortable as you can wish. You shall have a Doctor, too, and a good one, that wont trouble you with any bills, and he shall get you all well too! Come brighten up! You will hear from me again before noon.'

Thus speaking the officer bade a kind good morning and left her, with a heart overflowing with gratitude. At twelve o'clock, the officer was good as his word and made his appearance. He was not alone. A lady and gentleman (he a wealthy member of the Order) came with him. Their carriage was at the door and Mrs. Foster and her babes were removed at once to a luxurious abode. There every comfort was administered to them, and in a very short time she was entirely restored to health. The smile once more beamed in her eyes and cheerfulness and serenity took up their abode in her heart. She is now governess in one of the most desirable families in Louisiana, and a widower who is a neighbor and a man of great wealth and refinement of mind and heart, has already proposed for her hand; whether she will so far bury the memory of Lewis as to accept his hand will probably soon be decided, probably in the affirmative, for it is very rare that widows, especially the young and beautiful, remain long unmarried in the chivalric land of the 'sunny south.'

THE END.

FORAGING PETER.

CHAPTER I.

The facility of acquiring wealth in this country; the numerous ways and means by which the enterprising, the ambitious, the skilful the cunning and the bold may rise; the countless fields for the display of every kind of talent, keeps in constant agitation the elements of society, and prevents the formation of a fixed aristocracy the foundation of which is stagnation and repose. In this ocean-like restlessness, the lowest are thrown to the surface, and every successive wave of fortune heaves up new aspirants for wealth and name. While the elements of society are, with us, in a state of suspension, like the alluvion of a disturbed stream, in England they have been for centuries settled, and society there, to pursue the figure, is like a strong rock composed of a succession of strata, presenting a formation immovable and imposing. Time will yet effect with us what it has in all older nations, and produce a social formation, composed of independent strata. This will not be a recognised hereditary aristocracy, (for society is not without an aristocracy) like that of England, but it will be the same thing virtually. It will not be an aristocracy of wealth so much as an aristocracy of name. That species of aristocracy based upon wealth, so long as our laws do not recognise the right of primogeniture, will correct itself. Its existence is intrinsically temporary, and generally expires with the individual founder of it. But the aristocracy of which we speak will be based upon precisely the same foundations as that of England. The starting point of England's proudest names is the conquest. Noble, indeed, is that family which can trace its pedigree to a knight of the train of William the Conqueror. This is an aristocracy truly

of birth and lineage in their purest and highest acceptation, and one which is universally recognised.

Likewise, those who attentively observe the aspects assuming by America's best society, will not have failed to discover that there is a class forming and daily strengthening in influence, power and wealth, the individuals composing which trace their lineage to the old colonial governors; to exiled cavalier families, and, by far the largest number, to the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the distinguished Generals and officers of rank prominent in our revolution! What man, of whatever state he be a citizen, cannot point to many such families as composing *the* aristocracy at this time of their own state. It is unnecessary to mention names, which have only to be given to receive the unanimous acquiescence of the people at large, in proof of our position. Now of this class of eminent names there is in germ one of the proudest aristocracies to which any nation now existing can lay claim. It is forming and will be powerful, and universally recognised a century hence as The American Aristocracy, a name which will be as significant of high meaning as 'English Aristocracy' is now.

But we are not about to give the reader an essay, but a story; so, leaving the next generation to look after the republican aristocracy which is coming down to it, we will turn our attention to an individual of a very common species of aristocracy of the present day, a class to be found in every city in the land, and in every country village where there is 'a rich man,' self-made.

On the ragged outskirts of a little village down east, (by which be it understood we don't mean the State of Maine, but the region about Cape Ann), lived a clever poor man, who supported himself and a large family by 'doing chores,' that is, ploughing about for farmers in the spring, helping the hostler at the village Inn during the summer, mowing at harvest time, and chopping wood for his neighbors in winter. His name was David Dalton; but he was better known by the soubriquet of 'Lame Davy,' his gait being an extraordinary compound movement between a limp and a jerk. His dwelling was a low wretched, unpainted, black tenement, with a broken roof, a tumble-down chimney, and windows mended with shingles and old clothes, a panel was out of the front door, and as the back door had fallen from its hinges and been cut up and burned in a stormy winter's day when Davy was out of wood, the space was now closed by rough boards nailed together. Davy's wife was a 'managing' woman for a poor body, and managed to keep her children patched up, and give them something to eat every day, notwithstanding Davy scarcely ever brought a fourpence-halfpenny into the house; for those he worked for generally paid him in a 'meal' victuals' and cider and rum.

One blowy, blustering night in January, in a wretched apartment eight feet by ten, Davy's wife gave birth to her sixth child who in due time was

named, (for we cannot asseverate that he was ever christened) Peter, in honor of Peter Drew the village grocer; in return for which Davy looked to receive on occasion sundry favors, such as a quart of molasses, a quarter of tea, a pound of candles, or a string of herring. Contrary to the custom of thriving people where poor children are named after them, Peter Drew took it kindly and every little while would delight his father by asking after the welfare of his 'little namesake.'

Little Peter thrived through his weaning as his brothers and sisters had done, after his eighth month taking pretty much all the care of himself that ever was taken of him. His favorite companions were the pigs, chickens, and an old tabby cat of the next door neighbors; and as early as his fourteenth month he had so initiated himself into the favor of Farmer Cowden's barn-dog 'Bolt,' alongside of whom, after tottling up the yard to kennel, he would lay stretched in the sun half of a long summer's day, when the genrous mastiff would always leave a bone of his own bountiful dinner unpicked for him. Besides this assistance little Davy managed very adroitly to abstract half of tabby's supper every day, and to cheat the poultry out of a good share of the crumbs the farmer's maid threw to them. Thus he thrived mainly, and began early to take lessons in personal independence; figurative to look after number one.

By the time little Peter had attained his third year, 'Lame Davy,' so far as his maintenance was concerned, may have considered his hopeful son as fairly entered upon the world; that is, having taken upon himself his own maintenance. The young forager knew the precise moments of meal-time at every neighbor's table within houses either side of his father's; and what with getting a slice of bread and butter at one, or a chicken's leg at another, the gift accompanied with 'Here Peter, there's a bone!' to the naked-legged infant as he poked his carrotty head in at the door, the little scamp of a pensioner grew fat and flourished.

At length when he had reached his ninth year his father sent him to the town or free-school, to keep him out of mischief; on which occasion Peter Drew, the grocer, presented his namesake with a spelling book, the boy was smart, and shrewd, and intelligent enough, and learned fast. At the age of fourteen, the grocer took him into his store as an assistant, and the result showed the judiciousness of his choice. From this period young Peter began to distinguish himself by an extraordinary ambition to be rich. Acquisitiveness was one of the largest of his phrenological organs, next to self-esteem. He became a valuable adjunct to the grocer, serving him and making him no small portion of his income.

As the moral and religious education of our hero had been little regarded by his parents, he had very little reverence for practised honesty; he cheated, when he could safely, the immorality of it consisting in being "found out." At the age of twenty one Mr. Drew took him into co-partnership, by which time Peter's father and mother had paid their debt to nature,

with all of his brothers and sisters, who, less skilled in providing for themselves, had pined and starved, became diseased and died ere the eldest had had reached his twelfth year. Peter, therefore may be said to have saved his own life by his superior skill in foraging. This talent he carried with him into his business, and by picking here and picking there, driving sharp trades, and taking advantage of men's ignorance, he soon began to lay up money. By and by Peter Drew fell sick and 'died, without a will. His business and property being all in the hands of his partner, the settlement showed greatly to the surprise of every body (for Peter Drew was thought to have accumulated great riches) that the heir, who was a poor widowed sister, would not realize more than fifty dollars; which sum Peter Dalton paid over to her in person. People shook their heads, and Peter finding that he was not only unpopular, but that men had no confidence in him, and that he was too well known there, from his origin upwards, ever to hope to get into 'good society,' which he now aspired to, he resolved to dispose of his store and stock, and move to Boston and there establish himself in business.

He came to Boston with seven thousand dollars in cash, and worth in real-estate situated in his native village, to an equal amount. Here he soon found a person well established in the wholesale grocery business, who was willing to receive him as a partner. The new firm with the additional capital and force extended its operations. Peter, whose ambition to rise in the world was ever uppermost, soon found on looking about him, that 'merchants,' must own vessels before they can take rank among the leading men of business. He therefore entered into the shipping business, and freighted a brig to St. Thomas. His enterprise was successful, and he next chartered and dispatched a ship to New Orleans for cotton to freight to Liverpool. The profits of the home cargo was beyond his expectations. He now, with his partner built a ship and sent her to India.

His business now grew upon his hands, and his ship returning after a prosperous voyage, he resolved to build a second, and also to transfer his business from Long Wharf near the T, to Central Wharf; as being a more 'respectable' location, and, as he said, offering greater facilities for his extended business operations.

Six years had now elapsed since Peter came to Boston, and he found himself already a richer man than any body he had left behind in his native village. But he found that he was by no means rich for Boston. He was of an aspiring spirit, and inwardly resolved that he would yet be called rich on 'Change.' He therefore brought all his genius of acquisitiveness into action to contribute to this desirable result. Successful voyages to India, and round the 'Horn,' were sure and pleasant ways of adding to his eighty thousand dollars, which he now set down as the minimum of his wealth; but he was ambitious to increase it yet faster by some bold enterprise. The idea of marriage happily came into his head, and he resolved to look out

and marry a rich wife. P  ter was now in his thirty-fourth year, and though by no means an Adonis, was presentable. It is true his manners were rather vulgar, and he was rather sanguinary with the king's English, and he seldom washed his hands or cleansed his teeth; but gold is a rare refiner of vulgarity, a panacea for wounded grammar, and will adorn unwashed hands and gild filthy teeth. Therefore when he offered himself to Miss Appollonia Bulley, the only daughter of his friend Ira Bulley, of the firm of Bulley & Broadnax, Ship Chandlers, India Street, he was accepted, and in due time led the fair maid to the altar. Peter, however, was too wise, foolishly to marry a fortune still in the father's pockets; for the match being every way desirable in the eyes of Mr. Bulley, who foresaw in his future son-in-law one of the richest men in Boston, he settled upon his daughter on the morning of her marriage, fifty-thousand dollars.

This was a very handsome 'operation,' for Peter, and he himself thought so as he came out of the Suffolk Bank after having transferred this amount from Ira Bulley's name to his own.

It now became Peter to look out for a dwelling house; and as his ambition was to get into good society he determined to take one in Colonnade Row, this being in his estimation a very stylish part of the town. His wife thought so also; and accordingly a house was rented there, and furnished in a very showy manner for Mrs. Appollonia Dalton was, in her own notion a very fashionable person, her great aunt, who was an English woman, having been first cousin to a Sir George Somebody. If this connexion, and her own and her husband's money, did not make her rank among the best society in Boston, pray what considerations should we ask? But it was a long time before the Boston aristocracy could think so, and then only when Peter had got to owning several ships, stores and dwellings, and so identified himself in business with the first merchants of wealth and intelligence that they could hardly avoid extending to his family (for he had several children) the courtesies of social life. So at length, therefore, Peter got to the top bent of his ambition, and was called rich on 'Change,' and his wife was invited to parties in Beacon Street

To Mrs. Dalton the day on which she received the ticket to her first party in that aristocratic quarter was an era. She was by no means a lady of natural refinement, though she had advantages of birth and education to which Peter had no pretension. Her mother had been a lawyer's daughter, and her father was a Deacon's son, and he himself had been a colonel in the militia. Miss Appollonia, therefore, had some pretensions. She had received the usual "piano-forte education" of her class, and considered herself quite "accomplished," and no doubt with her money, she thought herself "as good as any." She had certain country cousins, and other poor relations, to whom she made it a point never to allude to nor hold and correspondence with. Among these was a Mr. Henry Decker, a poor book-loving young man who sixteen years ago, just before she married Peter,

had come up to Cambridge and entered as a beneficiary at Harvard. Though proud of having a cousin in college, she was mortified at having a relation educated from a benevolent fund, and when he called to visit his uncle, as he did once or twice during his first term, they treated him with a rudeness that marked their ill breeding and contemptible pride. He went through his course of studies with great credit, and after he graduated, paid a visit to Boston, to say farewell to his rich cousin who had now been two years Mrs. Dalton. Peter had been already informed of this poor relation of his wife's, who had been educated by a charity fund, and when his wife now took him aside in the hall and told him that he had probably come to ask him to do something to start him in the world, and that the best way to get rid of him was not to ask him to dinner, he took her spirit and entered into her wishes so fully, that the insulted young graduate, a very amiable excellent man, left the house in disgust, resolved never to enter it again.

They heard of him from time to time, as keeping school in his native town and studying law, but truth to tell, gave themselves very little trouble about him. In the meanwhile they waxed rich, and, by degrees got themselves claimed among the "rich people" of Boston. By this unnatural elevation above their suitable and natural condition in life (for claims to good society, should be measured by mind and refinement, and not by money and impudence) exposed them both; to innumerable mortifications consequent upon their ignorance of the laws of their present condition, and their grovelling affinity with their previous one which embittered their triumph and made them contemptible in the eyes of those whose favor they were nervously solicitous to obtain. Peter also had visits from poor relations, whom he had never heard of before, but who were keen-scented in finding him out now that he had got rich; but as he aspired to be thought of good family and hated whatever was calculated to remind him of his low origin, he gave them such reception as left them little inclination to call again to see him. In everything Peter and his wife were well mated, but in nothing did they more cordially agree than in their hatred of their poor relations. They lived in horror of their country cousins, and one day Peter seeing the 'poor student', on the opposite side of the street, hastened home and bade his wife shut the front of the house and see herself whenever the bell rang, that he was not admitted; for they expected an alderman and his wife, and the rich Mr. F—— and his wife to tea that evening; and they trembled lest Henry Decker's presence might disgrace their gentility in the eyes of such stylish people. When, however, Mr. Peter Dalton, got back to his counting room, who will paint his surprise and displeasure at seeing there his wife's cousin, in a well brushed seedy hat, and black thread-bare coat (the very personification of a poor scholar) waiting his arrival. But the events that followed this meeting, are of sufficient importance to deserve a place in a part by itself, which will be found below.

CHAPTER II.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND INDIA MERCHANT.

'How do you do, Mr. Dalton? How is cousin Appollonia?' was the salutation of the threadbare scholar to the rich India merchant, as, doubtful whether to turn about and run away or enter his counting-room, he stood hesitating upon its threshold.

Now, to a man so purse-proud, and who was at all times so solicitous to 'cut' poor relations, whether his own or his wife's, as Peter Dalton, this was a familiarity of address, coupled, as it was, with the levelling word 'cousin,' which was exceedingly distasteful to his pride and self-respect. Looking furtively round to see if his clerks had overheard the word, he seemed relieved to observe that they were all busy. He then, without replying, stepped back towards the outer door, and beckoned Henry Decker to him. This person slightly smiled, and obeyed the sign, well understanding its motive. Mr. Decker was now a pale, intellectual-looking man, about thirty-eight years of age. Born of poor parents, educated as a beneficiary, he was, up to this time, poor. He had studied the law, keeping a school at the same time, after quitting college, but a natural diffidence and sensitiveness deterred him from ever practising at the bar. He, therefore, continued to keep school, and had now for sixteen years been teacher of the academy in his native village. His income was small and afforded him few luxuries of life; but these to him were books, in selecting a library of which he expended every dollar his sustenance and wardrobe did not necessarily lay claim to. Fond of study, and happy in his profession as a teacher, this poor but respectable person passed his life without care, and commanding the respect of all whose regard was of any value. Though, like Peter Dalton, of an obscure family, education, as it ever does, had refined his manners and made him a gentleman intuitively.

As he now appeared before the rich merchant, there was nothing in his appearance that Peter need be ashamed of. It is true he looked like a decayed gentleman, but GENTLEMAN he evidently was to every eye but Peter's. But Mr. Dalton knew him to be poor; and as poverty in any one, much more in a relation, was unpardonable in his eyes, he believed all others would look upon him just as he did, and that their contempt for him would be reflected upon himself. He therefore resolved to get rid of him as speedily as possible. So, after glancing his eye over his neat but well worn and

often patched attire, he said in a pompous tone, as if a man's gold should make him superior to him who possesses a mine of intellect which eternity will ever be working and never exhaust.

'So, Mr. Decker, you have come to Boston again. I should suppose for a poor man a trip from Framingham to Boston so often would be expensive.'

'It is something so, cousin,' said Mr. Decker, with an emphasis on the last word; for he was not blind to Peter's failing, and having a vein of quiet humor in his composition, he was willing to indulge it; 'but I cannot be said to come often, as this is but the fourth time in twelve years. I am glad to find you looking so well and are prospering.'

'Humph!' ejaculated Peter to himself; 'he thinks I am prospering for the benefit of his pocket. But he'll get no money of me.' And he involuntarily buttoned up his coat, and looked a whole Board of Bank Directors refusing to discount paper for a man they suspect not to be 'good.'

Henry Decker smiled, for he plainly read his thought: and Peter replied aloud,

'Hard times, sir! no money! Banks refuse to discount! Pray, excuse me, sir, I have to see a broker on 'Change, and I am five minutes past the hour,' he added, taking out and displaying, ostentatiously, a massive gold watch, loaded with seals.

'I—I am sorry to detain you, cousin, but I have a small favor to ask of you.'

'I thought so,' growled the merchant in an under tone. Poor relations are natural beggars—born to annoy and disgrace people. 'I have no time!' he said gruffly.

'But, it may be for *your* interest to listen to me a moment,' said Mr. Decker, unmoved. 'But, if you are now so busy, I will call another time.'

'The word 'interest,' coupled with the individual personal pronoun, when aimed at Peter's ears, never failed to penetrate. He stopped, and said in a tone less caustic—'Oh, if it be a matter of business, Mr. Decker, that alters the case,' and at the same time he wondered what could be the nature of any business which the schoolmaster could have with him. 'I will let the broker wait, if you will be expeditious.'

'As this is a personal family matter, perhaps it would be as well to be where we could be uninterrupted for a few moments,' said Henry Decker in a quiet way; for hitherto they had been standing in the door in front, and through which busy people were continually hurrying.

The rich man stared at the boldness of such a suggestion from a poor relation, but his acquisitiveness being awakened by the word 'interest,' he said, apologetically for his supreme condescension, as he led the way to an inner counting room—

'This must be some extraordinary matter, Mr. Decker, to require this privacy;' and then the idea came over him that he wanted to borrow some

money of him ; but it occurring very reasonably to his mind that such an operation could not be mutually for their interest, he rejected the suspicion and closing the door as he was went to do in consultation with men of business, he waited with a serene eye for the schoolmaster's communication. To a spectator too distant to detect the threadbare condition of his black suit, Mr. Decker was the gentleman of the store, and Peter some vulgar fellow in his employ, dressed up in a Sunday coat, for Peter always wore shining broadcloth, as well he might ; it was all the gentleman he could lay claim to.

'You are aware, Mr. Dalton,' said Henry Decker, after he had taken the chair Peter directed him with his eye to occupy, 'that my cousin, Appollonia——'

Here the wealthy India Merchant gravely interrupted him :

'Mr. Decker, it might be very well, perhaps, if you were a brother, even in your humble situation, to make use of the term signifying the relationship ; but for one who is but a cousin to Mrs. Dalton, and in such a different condition in society, to be constantly dragging in his cousinship by the ears and tail, is going a little too far.'

'I beg your pardon, sir, and that of Mrs. Dalton,' said Henry Decker, successfully assuming the look of a man who felt the reproof ; 'I trust I shall not so far forget myself a second time.'

'I hope not. You know riches kills, or ought to, all relationship. I would not acknowledge my own father, if he were alive and should come into my counting room in open day, and any body was in it.'

'No ? I have heard your father was poor and humble, but I did not know before that he was such a very low fellow,' said Henry dryly, and with the keenest irony, yet looking as simple as a child.

The merchant colored, and tried, though not very successfully, to correct the impression made by his unlucky speech. He felt deeply the sarcasm of the poor scholar, and for a moment there was an awkward silence, during which the student pulled from his coat pocket a well-worn newspaper, which after opening, and laying his finger on a paragraph, he said,

'As I began to remark, you are aware Mr. Dalton, that your wife and myself are cousins-german.'

'I need not be reminded of it, sir,' replied the merchant freezingly.

'She is the daughter of Ira Bulley, and I, the son of Ann Bulley, his sister who was married to Edward Decker, a sea-captain.'

'No doubt your genealogy is very interesting to yourself, Mr. Decker,' said Peter coldly, 'but I beg to remind you that a merchant's time is his money. You were to show me something for my interest.'

'And if you will be patient, Mr. Dalton I will redeem my pledge,' said Henry Decker quietly. 'Ira Bulley, who is now deceased, and my mother who is with God, were the only children of James Bulley, who was the only child of Andrew Brown Bulley, who was an officer of the customs

under the colonial government. His father was Thomas Bulley an English——'

Here Peter sprung from his chair with indignant contempt.

'What are your Tom Bulls and your Brown Bulls, and your English Bulls to me sir? If you have nothing better to entertain yourself with this folly, I beg leave to bid you a very good morning!' and Mr. Dalton made three decided strides towards the door and laid his hand upon the knob. Henry Decker did not move, but looked as if he expected to be heard out. Peter saw his manner was imposing as if something did really lie at the bottom of all this, and resuming his chair with a force that nearly dislocated it, said peevishly:

'If you have anything to say of importance to me, pray out with it.'

'If you had not interrupted me, I should now have got through.'

'Then go on, and the better speed to it will make better welcome.'

'This Thomas Bulley, the GREAT grandsire of your wife and of myself, (I beg pardon for this necessary conjunction of my name with hers) we have been taught by an indistinct tradition, was the younger son of a nobleman, but of what rank or name was not handed down.'

'Yes, yes, I have heard something of the relationship of my wife's to a noble family,' said Peter trying to look indifferent to the honor, which it was plain he hugged to his bosom: 'but he is the true nobleman, sir, let me tell you, who has made his own fortune, and inherited nothing from posterity.'

'Ancestry, doubtless you mean,' said the school master dryly, 'well sir, this may be the opinion of some men, especially those who have been the builders of their own name,—who like you have risen from obscurity and the dregs of society.'

'Do you mean to insult me in my own counting room?' said Peter angrily.

'I am but commenting upon your own text, and did not mean to give offence. You were boasting of making your own name, and certainly did but little while ago, give me to understand that your father was such a disreputable person that you would not openly recognise him, were he living. This was spoken so calmly, yet so firmly, that Peter could say nothing; and Henry Decker having succeeded in his wish of humbling his purse-proud relation, continued:

'My object in now coming to Boston is, as we are mutually interested, at least in the honor of the annexion, to show you this paragraph, and consult with you as to the steps necessary to be taken in the premises.'

Here Peter's eyes brightened up, and he began to show signs of being interested, and the scholar read as follows from the newspaper, which Peter saw to his surprise was a copy of the London Times.

'We learn that the recent decree of Lord Aylmer has left this ancient title without any lineal representation, his lordship having died a bachelor.'

The vast estates and title of this Earldom will, therefore, have to pass collaterally. It is not yet ascertained at the Herald's College who will inherit, but it is certain the descent will be to a remote branch, of which we learn there is no representation left in England. The family name is Bouillie, the origin being Norman. The line failing in the person of the late Earl, will have to reascend to a younger brother, five descents back, who, on account of some difference of his elder brother with him, for marrying beneath himself, quit England in disgust, and, it is known, went to the New England Colony, where he died about the time of the revolutionary outbreak, leaving heirs of his body. Some one descended from this Thomas Bouillie; if any in the male line shall be found by the College of Heralds, will succeed to the vacant Earldom. It is said the Lord Chancellor is pursuing measures to have the true heir brought to light, and that the primary steps usual in such cases, are already taken.'

Henry Decker having finished reading this announcement, cast his eyes upon the merchant, who had listened with evident interest, and who when he had done, said,

'Let me see that paper, Mr. Decker. Ah, this name is spelled Bouille,' he said with a look of disappointment; 'your mother's was Bulley. At the first I thought you and my wife might be interested in this business. But the two names are very different.'

'In spelling, but not in sound. And nothing is more frequent than to find the orthography of old English names changed after their importation to this country.'

'Poh, poh! there is nothing in it,' said Peter, contemptuously. 'But where did you come by that London paper?' he asked, his commercial eye running over the 'Shipping' and 'Price Currents.'

'In our village is an English gardener, a very intelligent and respectable person, who has a London paper sent to him occasionally by a brother who is living there. He has always been so civil as to send me the paper after reading it; and last week as I was perusing this copy of the Times, my eye lit upon this paragraph, the reading of which gave me no little surprise, and excited in me some ambition to make an effort to climb to the promised distinction—for I am the only male heir to Thomas Bulley.'

'If this should be so, of which I do not believe a word, and the descent is in the male line, how, I want to know, my Lord Bulley, is my wife to benefit by it.'

'By elevation of rank. She would become a countess by right I think, certainly in courtesy as being an Earl's sister! Besides, should I die without an heir, your eldest son would succeed to the title!'

For a moment Peter's head was giddy with the vision presented to his ambition and pride. The idea that his wife might become a countess, and his son a lord, dazzled him! But it was only while the titles were tinkling in his ears. The schoolmaster, in his threadbare coat before him, had first

to become an English Earl before these dazzling dreams would be realized; and when he thought how little probability there was of that, he laughed with a sardonic aspect, and said contemptuously—

‘This is all very well to amuse children with, Mr. Decker, and you had best go back and astonish your scholars with the tale. So long as Bulley and Bouillie are two different names, Henry Decker and an English nobleman will be two different personages.’

Thus speaking the merchant rose and was going out, when the scholar detained him:

‘I am positive the names are identical.’

‘But how can you prove your title to the Lord Chancellor?’ retorted Peter, scornfully. ‘I will have nothing to do with it.’

‘I shall have no difficulty if——’ Here the schoolmaster hesitated.

‘If what?’ growled the merchant, half guessing what was coming. If, continued Henry Decker, without regarding his chilly manner, ‘if I could obtain a loan of sufficient funds, say three hundred dollars, to enable me to take passage to England and lay my proofs before the proper court.

‘I would have sworn money was at the bottom after all!’ snarled the merchant; ‘but I have no money to spare, Mr. Decker, and if I had, I have no faith in your pretensions.’

‘But——’

‘What security can you offer?’ he demanded with a malicious sneer.

‘None save that the chances of my success more than counterbalance the risk!’

‘I have no money to give away! If you want money you must go to them as can afford to heave it away on fools. You have no more chance of proving yourself heir to that dead lord than I have of being king of Congo. I have trifled away too much time with you, or rather you have trifled too much of it away with me, and I bid you a very good day *my lord*.’

Thus addressing him, he threw open the door of the counting room and stood by it until Mr. Decker came out. He then accompanied him to the door and bade him good day, adding:

‘I will not fail to remember your lordship to the countess at home, and especially to my son the hopeful Lord Isaac.’

Henry Decker took all the rudeness of the rich man, with that quiet dignity which consciousness of superiority made him feel, and without showing anger or cringing fear, calmly left the store of the India merchant.

He took his way directly towards the Probate Court for the purpose of examining its ancient records, where he was confident from the coincidence of facts studied in the Times paper, he should find his mother’s name spelled differently from its present modern orthography.

He obtained access to the records he wished to examine, and after a long search as far back as the year 1764, and to his delighted surprise, he found

the name of Thomas Bouillie as the executor of a will. An *e* was wanting to make the name similar to that in the Times. It now occurred to him that if Thomas Bouillie was of sufficient condition and estate to be appointed executor of a will, he might have had property, and left a will himself. At length after a long and laborious search he found such a will and appended to it in a good bold hand, the signature of Thomas Bouillie. On reading it, he saw that the testator declared himself, 'of Aylmershire, England, Gent.'

'This is clear enough,' exclaimed the school-master. 'This Thomas Bouillie was that brother of Lord Aylmer named in the paragraph in the newspaper. Now to prove myself his lineal descent. I am no lawyer, and have little means to pay one, nevertheless I must consult one; for though I am certainly his only living male descendant, I must prove the fact before the Chancery Court of England, for which, I shall not certainly apply to my purse-proud ignorant cousin!'

It so chanced that there was an eminent lawyer in Boston whose son during a summer's visit at a relations in the country, had been a pupil of Henry Decker. Of him he now thought, and knowing him to be as honest and upright as he was learned and able, he determined to call on him and lay the whole matter open before him. With this resolution, he left the Court of Probate, taking with him a brief minute of what facts he there gathered in relation to Thomas Bouillie, and was soon closeted with the intelligent lawyer he had selected for his legal adviser.

The reader who is sufficiently interested in the progress of the events of this narrative is referred for their result to the sequel of the present story, which will be found in chapter III.

CHAPTER III.

THE "POOR COUSIN," OR THE COUNTESS IN PROSPECTIVE.

The slumbering family pride and innate female ambition of the wife of the India merchant, when she was informed by him at night, of the business upon which her cousin had called at his counting room, was at once awakened ; and so far from mocking with Peter the high pretensions of the poor scholar, she at once expressed herself sanguine of success.

'Why should'n't I get to be a Countess, I should like to know,' she said warmly, 'as well as other folks in America have done who have inherited titles? I always told you we ought to hold up our heads with the highest of the Otis's, and Quincy's, and Sears's, for I had come of a noble family.'

'All ever I heard of your nobility was, that you have had a great aunt that was first cousin to Sir—— somebody,' said Peter, not a little vexed to find his opinion opposed.

'Yes, but we didn't know *certain* about it. I *thought* it was a great aunt ; but now as you say, my cousin says, it must have been my great grandfather, who was youngest brother to this dead Lord ——, Lord who was it?'

'The Lord Harry for that matter,' retorted Peter kicking his boot off with vehemence, for this conversation took place as the couple were preparing for bed ; if he had tried to gull me with the belief that he was heir to the British throne, you would in some way have managed to make out your relationship with the royal family.'

If Peter had not got angry, but had quietly argued the matter with her, she might have entered fully into his notions of the vanity of Henry Decker's hopes. But opposition only made her more determined to take up the position her husband opposed, merely from the spirit of contention which sometimes possesses loving wives.

'You are *low* in birth and breeding, Mr. Dalton,' she said passionately, 'and it is not to be expected you should have them high 'spirations which

elevate the minds of them as is born with some blood in their veins. I married beneath myself, I did, when I married you! I am sure if I ever should get to be a countess I should be ashamed to acknowledge you for my husband in English society!"

'The devil you would,' said Peter in great rage, and elevating the boot-jack, it was the turn of a penny that he did not let it fly across the hearth at her head which she was adorning with *papallotee* for the night. But it in time bethought the irritated husband that it would not read very well in the morning's paper, how that 'Peter Dalton Esq. East India merchant was bound over to keep the peace, having broken his wife's head with a boot-jack.' And Peter let the weapon fall, as his wife, said significantly:

'I guess you'd better.'

Here open war ceased, and silent sullen hostilities continued for the rest of the night.

The next morning while Peter was waiting for his breakfast, his wife entered with looks of pleasure and triumph, lugging in an old escrutoire which, after thrusting aside the plates from the breakfast-table she laid upon it with an emphasis. Peter looked up from the newspaper he was reading, with a surprised and enquiring glance at her, and then at the writing desk, and not a little gratified to find that this eruption was now new demonstration of hostilities; for since the last night peace had not been restored. But as Peter was always willing to hail and recognize the first signs of returning peace on his wife's visage, no sooner saw that she was smiling, and had evidently some important and pleasing matter to communicate, which a certain paper held in her hand was to aid, then he laid down his paper, and said in a cheery tone:

'Well, what now wife?'

(Here be it parenthetically recorded, that long-trained, old, broken couples, do not resort after a squabble, to a sort of treaty of peace, to mutual explanations, tender criminations, kisses and embraces, and the ten thousand loving endearments which signalise the 'making up,' of younger married folks, and which such seem to think is always necessary before things will flow on with their former unruffled current. Peter and his wife had had many a hard quarrel in their day, and five minutes after Peter would ask for a little more sugar in his coffee, as if nothing had happened; and in this wise way peace was restored without any foolish treaty. Let younger couples follow their example!)

'Well, what now wife?' asked Peter cheerily.

'You said,' responded the lady with a smile, and placing her finger on the packet of papers before her, 'that we had no claim at that lordship in London, because that name was spelt different from my father's! Now I knew I had in this old desk, some old letters, some of which grandmother said had been written by grandpa's grandfather to his wife. I have never

bad time or cared to read 'em, and so they have laid in the desk till now. But when you said if it could be proved that the family name was Bouillie, we might stand some chance, I thought of these letters; and here all the morning I have been looking them over, and what do you think I have found? That the name signed to all these letters is Thomas Bouillie! Now look for yourself, Mr. Dalton.'

Thus speaking the happy countess *in futuro* placed in his hands the packet of old letters. The merchant took them with a look between hope and surprise—for his ambition was awakened to be proved the husband of a countess. His quick mercantile eye went over the letters with rapid inspection, and after a few minutes silent examination of them; the signature contents, and marks of age, he rose from his chair with a hop, and turning a pirouette on his heel, sat down again. But he said nothing for the lapse of some seconds, and then exclaimed emphatically:

'Upon my soul, Mrs. Dalton, this begins to look like a pretty fair business operation! After all, your schoolmaster cousin may not be the fool I took him to be. This certainly looks as if it were likely to turn out a profitable speculation!'

'Then you think Henry will get it?' exclaimed Mrs Dalton delightedly. 'Oh! won't this be a triumph! I the first cousin to an English lord!'

'And if he should chance to die without marrying, our little Isaac will be a lord,' continued Peter, carried away by the glittering visions of greatness with which this discovery of the proper way of Bulley filled his mind.

'How I will crow over the aristocratic Mrs. ———, and the proud-headed Mrs. ———, and the haughty Mrs. General ———'

'I think we will move to England,' said Peter.

'Oh would'nt that be heavenly!' exclaimed the Countess Appollonia clasping her hands and lifting her white blue eyes enthusiastically heavenward. 'Oh, we must ask cousin Henry to dine with us. Lord! I wonder what will be his title?'

'Lord Aylmer, the paper said.'

'And I the Countess of Alemare? How aristocratic' We must certainly have my cousin Henry to dine with us!'

'I shall have to loan him the money if I do,' said Peter suddenly looking very grave, as he always did when money was directly or indirectly the subject.

Here Mrs. Dalton's countenance also fell six degrees; for it there was any one who loved money next to the rich India merchant it was his wife. She was close, avaricious, and meanly parsimonious. Money was the means by which she and her husband had got into society; it was their title of honor; their testimony of worth in the world's eyes, to diminish it was in the same ratio to fall. It was their escutcheon; and a knight would as soon have blotted out any one of the insignia of the exploits of his

ancestors graven on his shield, as the pillars which supported his own name and rank, as Peter Dalton or his wife to consent to the withdrawal, without 'undoubted security,' of a single dollar from the pillars of their own respectability. As the nightly noble could point to his coat of arms for the ground of his pretensions to rank; so could Peter point to his bank books as the basis of his own!

'Mrs. Dalton's countenance fell, therefore, when Peter alluded to the appalling condition upon which they could purchase the honor of the future lord's company at dinner. She was silent a moment:

'Then he really has no money to go to England,' she at length asked scornfully;—for to have no money in her eyes was to be despicable. 'I did not think of that!'

'The money will have to come out of me, if we encourage him. He may or may not be the heir. He firmly believes he is; and I begin to be inclined to the same opinion. He will, therefore, being so earnest, find some other way of getting money. I will not risk it to him.'

'But if he should not be able to get it, then I might lose the chance of proving myself relative to this noble family,' said she, pride and avarice struggling together at her heart. 'It would be a pity to be noble and not have the world know it!'

'I should like it as well as you, wife, if I could bring it about without risking anything. It is a difficult matter to prove descent back five generations. He will have to take with him the strongest possible evidence; and that will cost him something to get beforehand! He will want at least five hundred dollars; and I positively, this matter aside, would not loan him five dollars to keep him out of the work house.'

'Nor would I, Mr. Dalton; for a man has no business to be poor and shame his rich relations! But then if it could be managed without our advancing any thing! But I don't see that it can! I wouldn't ask him to dinner.'

'No—its best to let him alone! There may be a mistake all about the matter, and give once an invitation here, we shall never get rid of him; and so if there is nothing in this at least, we should be the losers!'

'That's true. But I am sure there is no mistake! I always told you I was descended from a noble English family, and I know there is no mistake. Now, if Henry could only prove it all!'

'There's the rub wife,' said Peter emphatically.

'I hope he'll get money and go to England,' she said sighing as she thought of the little possibility there was of her ever being saluted by the agreeable title of Countess of Alemare. 'I confess with you it would be a risk to advance it.'

'I assure you I never loaned a dollar without security and I never will,' said Peter with mercantile firmness. 'It is no way of doing business I assure you!' and thus speaking the merchant rose to go the wharf. 'Let us leave

this matter with Decker,' he said he was going out; 'he'll find somebody to loan him the money. I think he had best see these papers, at any rate; they will help him and may drive him ahead to gain his object. I will take these with me, and find him and give them to him. It will show that I take an interest in his success and he may forget my refusing him the money.'

The foregoing communication has, perhaps, sufficiently illustrated the characters of the India merchant and his wife; it exhibits avarice and niggardly parsimony struggling with ambition of a distinction' which can only be purchased at a slight sacrifice of their sordid love of gold.' But (to moralize for a couple of paragraphs) the same principle of action though on a scale immeasurably greater—the same narrow motives sway half mankind who that it may hold on the present world risks its hopes of one more glorious! who rather than sacrifice a little here to gain much there, hold on to their much gain here, and there sacrifice all!

On his way from his counting-room in the afternoon Peter met Henry Decker, who had first terminated a long consultation with his friend the lawyer, was now seeking his lodgings at the Elm Tavern.

'Oh, ah, Mr. Decker,' said the merchant blandly and taking him by the button familiarly; 'I am sorry that the hard times will not let me assist you in your views with a loan; but to show you that I am not indifferent to your success I have at your disposal certain papers, discovered by my wife, which I find establishes the identity of the name of Bulley with that of Bouillie. They were original letters of Thomas Bouillie my wife's ancestor.'

'I am greatly indebted to you,' said Henry Decker after glancing his eyes over the letters and discovering that they would serve to strengthen the testimony he was accumulating.

'If you succeed, I hope you will not forget my little assistance in this way,' said the merchant.

'I shall not fail to remember you,' said Henry with ill-concealed irony. 'I am happy to inform you that through the assistance of a friend I shall be able to leave for England in the first packet!'

'Ah, indeed!' exclaimed Peter with astonishment, and wondering how a man so manifestly a poor man could borrow a dollar any where. 'Who has advanced you?' he asked curiously.

'Mr. ———,' replied the scholar quietly, yet watching the effect of his answer upon the surprised and mortified visage of Peter.

'What, the great lawyer?'

'Yes; I went to the records of wills after leaving your counting-room and found there the will of Thomas Bouillie my ancestor with his name appended to it spelled after the English fashion. I then waited on Mr ——— and laid before him my claim and the facts I had gathered to substantiate it. He examined the papers and was so sanguine that I could prove my pretensions that ———'

'He advanced you the money.'

'Most generously and freely.'

'You did not show *me* papers and proofs. Mr. Decker, or I might *not* have refused you!' said Peter apologetically. 'All I had was a newspaper account and your own word that you was the man.'

'It is of no consequence, Mr. Dalton, said Henry, not concealing the proud smile that mantled his fine intellectual face.

'Then you leave in the next packet?' remarked Peter sorry that he had not let him have the money; for as he had that day thought about his claim, the firmer was his belief that, if proper steps were taken that he might substantiate them; and now when he found that through the kindness of a stranger these steps were entered upon and the requisite money advanced he felt very sure.

To make amends for it he invited Henry to come and dine with him the next day; but the schoolmaster civilly declined, pleading an engagement to dine with his lawyer! Peter was vexed and after again reminding him that he had placed these important letters in his possession, he left him (Henry Decker first taking the leave) muttering that 'he didn't believe Lawyer — would ever see his money again, and that in his opinion (Peter well knew he lied against his conscience) he did not believe any thing would ever come of it, and he was glad he had not risked his money like that fool Mr. —

The papers given Henry Decker, on being examined by the lawyer, proved of the last importance. They were he said of a character that would be, aided by collateral evidence in possession of Mr. Decker, admitted into any court in christendom as proof of the facts desired to be substantiated.

The third day after his first interview with his lawyer, Henry Decker had got ready all the legal documents necessary not only to prove the identity of Thomas Bouillie of Boston with the Thomas Bouillie the younger brother of the Lord Aylmer; but also the proofs of his own lenial descent from the Thomas Bouillie of Boston.

A few mornings after the wealthy merchant's last dissatisfactory interview with the poor schoolmaster, his eye which had been nervously watching for the announcement for the last two or three papers, lit upon the following paragraph:

'Sailed yesterday the ship Kentucky, Rogers, for Liverpool. Passengers, Henry Decker, Esq., and others.'

'Well he's really off at last,' he said with a long drawn sigh as if relieved from a state of suspense. He *may* get it, and then I think,' he added elevating his forehead, and trying to look like a gentleman (for he was only an *aper*.) 'I rather think I shall hold up my head with the best of 'em!' And Peter Dalton took three strides across the breakfast room, and once more read over the name of his wife's cousin. For ten minutes the newspaper seemed to contain nothing else but 'Henry Decker, Esq.'

'Well, wife he's off,' said Peter, Mrs. Dalton at that moment coming into the breakfast room in a flowery looking cap and with a novel in her hand; she having read in Godey's Lady's Book that the Countess of Blesington used sometimes so to make her appearance in a morning. Poor Mrs. Countess Appollonie Dalton Ale-mara! her head had been completely turned ever since her husband had told her cousin had succeeded in getting the money to take him to England.

'Gone! sailed to England!' she almost shrieked theatrically! 'Let me see the place!' and she snatched the paper and fixed her eyes upon the printed announcement of the fact of her cousin's departure with intense inspection! She at length seemed to realize the truth and for a moment was quite overcome. She let the paper drop gently to the floor, sunk as prettily as she could, for her weight, for she was a fat body, into a chair and fanned herself with the novel.

'Oh, oh! this—this, oh! This is too—too exquisite!'

'Why wife, what now has got possession?' exclaimed Peter alarmed—ignorant man! not to know it was aristocratic to faint—and that all Countesses fainted! She sighed gently, blowed a little, and then recovered herself without having lost in the pretty experiment one tint of her fiery red visage.

'Oh, Dalton you will be the death of me! 'wife!' call me no longer by such vulgar terms! call me 'my countess,' Dalton.'

'My ninneniss!' roared Peter! 'wait till your cousin gets to be a lord, which I think he will get to own an Indian first. It is true he has gone and I suppose has taken the proper papers with him! But I have been asking Mr. ———, the English Consul about their lordships that have no heirs, (not letting him know my motive) and he has told me that the lord chancellor is made guardian by law of the Realm of all such 'hereditaments,' as he called 'em; and that if no heir be found within a certain period the estates *escheat*, as he terms it, to the crown. Now as the chancery court representing the crown interest, is one party in this affair, in which Henry Decker is the other, it is in my opinion, pretty clear who wins! The court will have it all its own way, and will manage to throw such obstacles in the way to Decker's claim, that he will have to return, defeated as sure as he is now sauguine that he will succeed. The estates of this Lord Aylmer, as the consul told me, (for I asked him about them) cover almost a county and are immensely valuable; the deceased lord being accounted when he lived, one of the richest noblemen in England. Now, this is too pretty a farm, wife, for the king to give up, when he can take it as I can turn a copper, and send poor Henry Decker whistling for his ragged nobility. Therefore,' added Peter very decidedly, 'I am of opinion, your cousin, be he lord or lacquey, will get his trouble for his pains, and you will be about as much Countess as Betty the kitchen maid will be Mrs. Dalton.'

‘A fine comparison, you make, sir,’ roused up the offended lady; ‘I would have you to know if I am not a Countess, I am not to be compared with a cook, sir! Mrs. Dalton! yes, I dare say, if I was out of the way she’d be liked to be Mrs. Dalton very soon, sir; for she’s just low enough for such a low bred fellow’s taste as you, sir!’

Thus speaking, the offended lady stalked out of the room with a lofty movement which was a sort of travestie of Lady Macbeth’s tragic walk, even as her short dumpy figure travesties the majestic person of that queenly woman. Mrs. Dalton was truly wrathful; but her ire was produced as much from grief and disappointment, at the probable downfall of her castles in the air, as at Peter’s introduction of Betty the cook, by way of illustration. But poor Betty was a very good vent to carry off her vexation and disappointment, and was therefore made serviceable.

From that day the subject of the lordshp was not alluded to by either; though both were on the tip toe of expectation when they should get, by some means they knew not how, intelligence of Henry Decker’s movements.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RETURN.

The impatience of the wealthy India Merchant and also of the 'Countess Ale-mare,' increased as the time drew nigh, when judging from the length of their 'poor relation's' absence they might reasonably expect some news. The more the former reflected upon the difficulty of substantiating such a claim in the Lord Chancellor's Court, the more assured was he that he would (should he even be the true heir) fail of succeeding to the princely inheritance; while his wife grew more and more sanguine. Henry Decker had now been ten weeks away and of late Peter had been observed very attentively examining the London files.

'You have a ship expected into the Thames, Mr. Dalton, I suspect?' said a Central Wharf merchant who had observed him closely examining the files of the Times brought by the last arrival.

'No,' replied Peter starting and coloring as if caught doing something wrong; 'but I—that is, the state of the London market is very interesting just now.' And Peter smiled and half-bowed as he turned away to look at a New York paper.

This feverish interest to hear of the 'Schoolmaster' (for he expected any step taken in such an important matter would be made public and put into the prints) grew upon him daily, and made him so nervous that the words 'London' or 'England' which he chanced to meet with in any of the city morning papers made him start with a quicker beating of the pulse. His wife on the contrary, grew more and more confident every day, and committed a hundred ridiculous follies in anticipation of her cousin's success. One day Peter came in cross from having heard ill news from one of his ships, and as dinner was not ready he sat down grumbling by the centre table and began to turn over a book of prints. From the leaves a parcel,

of freshly embossed cards fell out and his astonished gaze was rivetted on the name,

'THE COUNTESS OF ALEMARE, COLLONADE ROW.'

'What in the infernal name is this?' he exclaimed addressing her 'ladyship' herself, who was reclining at her length on the sofa reading 'Byron.'

'My card,' she said slightly turning pale at his stern looks, but speaking with considerable confidence.

'Your card!' he repeated with indignant contempt; and taking them he tossed them into the grate and then by way of enforcing the act flung the book of prints after them! 'I wish your cousin had been at the devil! You are making a fool of yourself and of me too! Let me tell you once for all there is no chance for success. Lawyer — may whistle for his five hundred dollars. Now mark my word!'

'But,' interposed the lady with timid hesitation have you any doubts of Henry's being the heir?'

'I confess I have very little,' he said candidly after having made a short pause.

'Then whether he get it or not I am clearly discarded from this noble family of Alemare and it is becoming in me to assert my dignity. If he fails, it will not effect my descent; and I shall not be backward in letting some upstart people here in Boston know *who* I am! Not I!'

'They will set you down as a fool! Take my advice and let the matter alone! If your cousin succeeds you will have honor; if he fails the least you say about it the better.' Thus giving his opinion Peter sat down to dinner,—the Countess Appollonia Ale-mare in the sulks!

Week after week passed by and Henry Decker had been absent four months, when hearing nothing from him, and the lawyer of whom they would have inquired being a member of Congress and absent in Washington, they both quietly gave up the subject. Mrs. Dalton gradually settled down into her former state, content with her present condition, (though not without a second hope) and Peter ceased to examine the files of the London Times. His opinion was that Henry had failed and privately returned and gone back to his village and school to bury there his disappointment and disgrace. And he secretly cherished this hope.

At length when six months had elapsed and Henry Decker was almost forgotten, the merchant was electrified by opening his morning paper full upon the following paragraph:

'We learn by the London Times received by yesterday's packet that there is at present in England an American gentleman, who lays claim to the title and estates of the late Lord Aylmer. 'This person,' says the Times, is a well bred man and has a highly intellectual look, combined with a pleasing amiability of manners. He is said to be poor. His claims are reported to be very strong, and the Court which is engaged in examin-

ing his proofs of heirship will shortly decide upon the merits of his claim to succeed to this ancient title and vast possessions. We suspend our own full opinion, but there is more probability that the estate will escheat than pass in succession to the claimant.' 'We know something' adds the Boston paper, 'of the merits of the claims of this gentleman, having been informed of them some months since by his attorney here; and in our opinion as well as in that of this eminent lawyer, his claims to the succession are incontrovertible, and he can only be ousted by an act of flagrant injustice, by a tyrannical abuse of power.'

The merchant having read the paragraph to its close exclaimed emphatically,

'And to this abuse of power will he become the victim, just as I prophesied! Well, he has really gone into the lists with the Chancellor! He deserves credit for his perseverance. I am reconciled to myself now that it is clear that he will be ousted, for not lending him the money! He will come back penniless and I should never have seen a dollar of my money more! This paper says that the decision was to have been given in a few days. I may then expect Henry Decker back in the next packet, if he does not shoot himself, or can get money to pay his passage! It is just as certain, as the London paper hints, that his claim will not be recognized as that he will come to me when he lands to borrow ten dollars to take him down home to Framingham!'

Peter withheld the paper from his wife, for now that her Countess-mania had cleverly passed by, he did not choose to revive it; for he knew a spark would rekindle it.

He now watched very closely the lists of passengers on the arrival of any packet from England. But several weeks passed in fruitless expectation, when one morning as he was going down State Street, a Liverpool packet was telegraphed as being upon the beach beneath the lower light. The evening paper as he opened it in his counting room gave the following item of intelligence.

'The ship 'L'Abri,' twenty-five days from Liverpool, went ashore on—beach at day-light this morning. She will be lightened and got off without material injury. Her passengers will be brought up to town by a steamer that has been despatched to her. Passengers; Robert Eckhart, and lady; Henry Deland, lady and servant; B. A. Davis; Charles P. Dewitt; J. Drummond; Capt. Dresback, *Guards*; Mr. Hornbook; Mr. Ackerman; Mr. Decker; Mr. Flemming; George Robinson, bearer of Despatches; the Earl of Elliston; The Hon. Capt Crockford, British Army; Lieut. Blakeley, and twenty-nine in the steerage.'

'As I thought,' exclaimed the merchant so emphatically as to make all his clerks stare; 'he has come back as he went, or worse, for he had a debt on his shoulders he'll never pay. I knew it! I was as sure he would not succeed as I am sitting here! It is well I have not to lament the loss

of five hundred dollars, as of my wife of her expected nobility. Not but I feel sorry for the loss of it too! It would have been a feather in my cap to be the husband of the cousin of a lord! It would have opened all the best society to us, and made Isaac and the children hold up their heads with the best. Besides, there was a chance of Isaac's inheriting! Well the thing's up now! Here's the schoolmaster come back again schoolmaster! It must be he thought the printer has made a mistake in the spelling of the e. 'Now I hope Mrs. Dalton will rest content and tease me no more with her relationship! I shall perhaps have a visit from her cousin! but' he don't get a dollar from me, I'll assure him. I wonder how he managed to pay his passage! There was quite a respectable lot of them too, and he came in the cabin! Poor and proud! But set a beggar on horseback he'll ride to the devil! The Earl of Elliston! Here's a true nobleman for you after all! though the schoolmaster didn't come back one. This will take off the wire edge of my wife's disappointment; it is something to be in the same city with a live lord!

A faint footstep interrupted the India merchant in the midst of his meditations and looking up he beheld standing before him Mr. Henry Decker! He had expected him, but he was taken by surprise as well as astonished at his boldness in coming unannounced, into the sacred inner counting room which the merchant was then occupying alone. The schoolmaster stood before him in proper person, holding respectfully in his hand the same seedy hat, and habited in the same thread-bare, greyish black suit. He had not changed a particle save that his complexion was browner and healthier from the sea-voyage, and his pantaloons something more worn in the knees.

'So, Mr. Decker you have come back,' said the merchant coldly; 'I just saw the announcement of your name among the passengers of the *L'Abri*.'

'Yes sir, I came in her! I hope you are well, sir, and my cousin Appolonia also,' said Henry humbly, and blushing and withdrawing his hand which had held out to the merchant but which the other did not seem to see; for he kept his own in his pockets, and threw himself back upon the hind legs of his chair in a pompous way he had when he wished to repel undue familiarity.

'Mrs. Dalton is well,' responded Peter with an emphasis on the hyphenal designation of his better half, as if meaning thereby to resent the poor schoolmaster's familiarity. He deigned no reply to the inquiry after his own health.

'I suppose,' ventured Henry Decker, 'that you would like to know how I succeeded in my matter.'

'I have no need to inquire,' retorted Peter, eyeing significantly the thread-bare suit of his wife's relation; 'sometimes eyes are as useful as ears.'

'Yes, sir,' responded Henry quietly sliding himself into a chair and placing his hat deferently upon his knees. The merchant stared. 'I hope

you will excuse the liberty I take in sitting down unasked, Mr. Dalton,' he added, apologising for his freedom, 'but I have not quite got my land legs on yet, and I find it is quite fatiguing to stand on shore!'

'I dare say,' growled Peter devising in his mind some way of relieving himself of him. 'I am sorry you have not succeeded Mr. Decker; and now the result is as it is, you must acquit me of being unfriendly in refusing to loan you the money.'

'Oh, yes sir,' answered Henry.

'I presume you have not brought much back with you.'

'Expenses in England are very great, and my passage was high and I must confess it is pretty low with me just at this moment, he, he!' And the schoolmaster laughed as if he had said a very witty thing. But Peter could not see any thing in what he said to laugh at, and looked very stern and dignified.

'I hope you have got enough to take you to Framingham,' said the merchant loftily.

'Why, cousin—'

'I beg, Mr. Decker, that you will be so good as to drop that term altogether, interrupted the merchant severely and frowning a thunderbolt.

'I beg ten thousand pardons,' cried the schoolmaster hurriedly and seeming much mortified, 'but I quite forgot myself, Mr. Dalton.'

The merchant was mollified by the profound humility of the apology, and said kindly, or what he meant to be so,

'I should be glad to invite you home to tea but we are going out this evening.'

'Oh, it makes but little difference, I can amuse myself with the children,' said the schoolmaster meekly; 'you and coz—I mean Mrs. Dalton needn't make a stranger of me. I can find a book to read till bed-time!'

The merchant opened his eyes and suspected his ears! Did the 'poor cousin' mean to go home with him!

'By the by, England is a great country, Mr. Dalton,' suddenly exclaimed Mr. Decker in quite a self-complacent tone, as if there had existed the best understanding between them. 'The sea also is much wider than I had conceived, and the king is like any other man only a little portly like and well-fed. But this reminds me of my supper. The sea sharpens one's appetite amazingly.'

The merchant was confounded at this audacity of a 'poor relation,' and all too with such a meek look and deferential manner, fumbling his greasy hat between his knees and looking so awed and timid.

'This is the top-touch of impudence,' he said to himself; 'the fellow is without means and intends to *cousin* on me for tea and lodging, hoping I'll let him have money to get rid of him. But he'll find himself mistaken.—Not a dollar of mine will he finger.'

'You seem to have grown something fleshy, cousin, since I left,' said Henry Decker, interrupting his thoughts, and, as if getting holder, he threw one leg across the other, and gave at the same time such a confident ahem for a poor man that the India merchant's astonishment and displeasure were complete. He rose up and said sternly,

'Mr. Decker, I am engaged and must go to my house. I have told you I cannot invite you to tea.'

'Oh, very well, I'll come and dine with you to-morrow, as I should like to see Appollonia before I leave town.'

Mr. Dalton it so happened was to give a dining party the next day to several India merchants, three or four aldermen and even the mayor was to be a guest. He therefore turned round to the schoolmaster and with decision commensurate with this circumstance, said,

'To-morrow I am to have a select party of gentlemen to dine, and it will be impossible for me to receive you. It seems your voyage to England has not improved your modesty. I never was so annoyed, sir. I have little regard for people that invite themselves. I wish to lock my door and bid you a good day, sir.'

Here the merchant went out, and Mr. Decker, very meekly as became a poor relation rose and followed him, and slowly, passed out to the street, while the merchant was giving some instructions to his clerk. In a few moments Peter came out, thinking him gone, and encountered him on the side-walk.

'I was waiting for you,' said the schoolmaster, quietly.

'The devil you were! I thought you had taken the hint I gave you.—Now once for all Mr. Decker, I do not wish to have you a guest at my house. I am used to better dressed men, rather! You presume too much on being a cousin of Mrs. Dalton. She would be mortified to own you as a relation and you know it! Once for all I do not want you at my house.'

'Oh, I am sorry to have incurred your displeasure, Mr. Dalton, indeed I am,' replied the schoolmaster abashed; 'I thought Appollonia might like to see me, as I have just got back from England. 'I've got some little presents for each of the children—they didn't cost a great deal but coming from England, I thought they might be pleased with 'em.'

Peter was too close to buy toys for his children, but had no objection to other person's making them presents. The holidays were at hand and he had that very morning been importuned by them to buy them something. The word 'presents' spoken by the schoolmaster, therefore, vibrated not unpleasant upon his ear, and the idea to him that if they got these presents, it would be quite unnecessary for him to purchase any, and so much would be saved.

'Presents, ah? Are they pretty?'

'Yes, I think the children will like them. If you will permit me to call to-morrow some time I will bring them with me.'

'Oh, very well. Let me see—we dine at four—do not come then or near that hour. Say one o'clock; the children will then be at home from school and Mrs. Dalton will no doubt be glad to have you spend a quarter of an hour at the house, for relationship's sake.

The schoolmaster was plainly made happy by this permission, and cheerfully bidding the merchant good day he let him proceed alone towards his mansion, not a little gratified to get so cleverly rid of his poor relation, whom he began to believe had determined, through a persevering impudence which feigned humility, upon him for a home.

'Has Henry Decker been here with the children's presents?' inquired Peter on coming from his counting-room at three o'clock the next day.

'Yes,' said the wife scornfully, 'and pitiful presents they were too! A tin whistle for Isaac, and a sugar rooster for each of the other children!'

'The whole not the value of a fourpence, I dare say.'

'No: but what better could be expected? He had on the same thread-bare suit you said he had and looked as poor as a church mouse? He boasted too, he was acquainted with that great Earl the paper this morning says has taken rooms at the Tremont, as if an Earl would speak to him! He deserves to die in the poor house or in the jail, as he will, if this lawyer he owes sues him, for making me think I was a Countess!'

'Did he tell you that he could not prove himself the heir?'

'No, did he say so to you?'

'Not in so many words. The fact is I believe he is no more one of the Bouillies than I am a Mooley. I should like to have seen him when the Lord Chancellor gave him his quietus! But he has the impudence of a highwayman with all his seeming bashfulness, and would have spunged on me yesterday if I would have let him.'

'I had hard work to get rid of him to-day, and was afraid he would stay he lingered so——'

'Was you speaking of the poor gentleman who was here to-day, marm?' interposed the nurse who came into the parlor at the moment.

'Yes.'

'Well, he asks Thomas, he does, at the door, if there is to be a dinner party, and Thomas says yes. He then asks the hour, and when Thomas says four, he said he believed he would 'drop in,' he did, marm.'

'He did, did he?' almost screamed Mrs. Dalton.

'Let me catch him,' retorted Peter, putting his thumb and finger significantly together as if he had a man by the ear.

'The impudence!' murmured Mrs. Dalton with rage.

'The beggarly pedagogue!' thundered Peter.

Mrs. Dalton bolted from the room to give Thomas orders, on pain of losing his place, not to let him in; which orders Peter came out and reiterated with the additional penalty of having a broken head. Thomas of course promised faithfully and with that sincerity which became a footman who stood in fear of a broken head and dismissal from service.

The lady was at length composed again, for as she was already in full dress for her expected guests, it being half an hour to four, she was too discreet to let her face get flushed with anger; and taking a seat where she could conveniently superintend the preparations for dinner, while Peter at a mirror near by rolled up his 'pudding' into a new white neckcloth, she said rather in a soliloquy than absolutely addressing her husband,

'I should feel proud enough if I could have this earl to dinner with the mayor and the rest. It *would be* a triumph! An earl and a mayor and three aldermen, besides half a dozen rich India merchants! But there is not time now—and it would require management to get him as the big-bugs will be fighting for him. But if he stays here long enough I'll make a party for him, and it shall be a splendid one. He puts up at the Tremont. Dalton shall call on him and leave his card. I wonder if he has a wife with him. No, or it would have been mentioned. Dalton shall call on him first and I'll secure him to my party. It is done!' she said emphatically.

'What is done, wife?' asked the merchant, turning with surprise at the emphasis with which she closed her monologue.

'That I give a party to the English Earl! It will make me the tip of the ton if I can get him to come. You must manage to get at him. Such great folks I know keep very close and are hard to get introduced to! But you must try and find out who is going to call, and call with him. I must have him here, that is settled.'

'I am willing. I should like to know an Earl. I have never seen one.—It would be a grand operation to have him here to a party, I agree with you!'

'Yes, and I am glad I thought of it. I shall then choose my society! I shant invite the ———, nor the ———, nor ———, and they will be mad enough. Let them try and play aristocrat above me, and their children above my children. I am not going to be second to any of your Boston families!'

There was in Boston a coterie comprising several old families of high breeding and great refinement, whose names were associated with the ancient *noblesse* of the colony, and which added lustre to the literature of the day, from which the Daltons were to their infinite annoyance rigidly excluded; an aristocracy of *mind* united with birth, to which money could purchase no ticket of admission. It was to individuals of the exclusive set to which the merchant's wife alluded.

Peter was about to make some remark which had reference to the probability of any of the guests soon dropping in, when a ring at the door bell announced, as a glance through the curtains told Mrs. Dalton, no less a person than his Honor the Mayor himself, accompanied by one of the Aldermen. Peter hurried and blundered at the tie of his neckcloth; Mrs. Dalton took a peep into the mirror and then seated herself in great state in a scarlet velvet arm chair which she filled, though her neck being something short, her head did not quite come up to the top of the back; and the next moment the distinguished guests were announced.

But we leave the account of this great dinner and its events to another portion of our story.

CHAPTER V.

THE INVITED AND UNINVITED GUEST, OR THE BANQUET AND BALL.

The dinner at Colonnade Row was given by the India merchant on the occasion of the formation of a new company for pursuing a certain mercantile enterprise, in which his guests were the co-partners. Peter as well as his Honor was largely interested in it, and as he was ambitious of being made its President, he resolved on giving the company a dinner at his own house, hoping much from the kindly influence of turtle and generous wines upon their suffrages.

The drawing room of the merchant was profusely ornamented rather than furnished. Crimson curtains faced with saffron-colored satin and bordered with a fringe of gold-silk, shaded the windows; the marble mantles were crowded with Chinese ornaments. India shells and oriental curiosities, presents to the merchant from the captain of his ships. The chairs were of the glossiest mahogany with red velvet seats. There were scarlet sofas with scarlet fringes, scarlet ottomans and scarlet foot-stools. The carpets were of the richest and gaudiest colors, and the mirrors were large and costly, and the pier-tables elegant and heaped with plate and china. There was every where the eye fell, a lavish display that told that the master of the house was rich! But taste, which goes as far as gold, there was none. All was gaudy, ill-arranged and gairish. But taste is one of the graces of refined education, and this Mrs. Appollonia Dalton could not boast of. Every object in the room was put there to speak the opulence of the owner. There was no needle work which every gentle-woman has in her parlor, no flowers in vases, or a geranium or a camilla in the window. There were no books on the centre table that showed they were reading people, and no pictures to show that they were people of taste and education. That well

arranged elegance, that rich harmony of things, that just selection and adaptation which characterises the abodes of refined and well-bred rich people, was wanting here; and as the Mayor cast his eyes round he needed no foreign information to tell him that Peter Dalton and his wife had not always been accustomed to the luxuries of high-bred life.

'So, Mr. Dalton,' said the alderman, looking round after he had seated himself, 'you have very handsomely furnished rooms; very elegant, all this, very.'

'Yes, pretty well,' answered Peter, who, had he been a true gentleman, would have taken such a speech as an insulting one, and an evidence of the speaker's ill-breeding. But the alderman was by no means ill-bred; he knew 'his company,' and was assured Peter would take his remarks as praise. The merchant did so. And glancing round with a secret smile of proud satisfaction, as if he would pass off such things with lordly indifference he added,

'I, however, leave these things to Mrs. Dalton. Women like to make a glitter. I have only to write out the checks and hand them to her. She's my check-mate, Mr. alderman. Check-mate, your Honor. Did you hear, ha, ha, ha! A good one wife, eh?' And Peter again laughed at his capital pun, looked at the mayor who smiled, and at the alderman who laughed aloud and said,

'Excellent. You are a wit, Mr. Dalton.'

'Not much—I only keep my jokes for my friends,' responded Peter in admirable humor.

'Yes, Callers' have told me my rooms is furnished elegant,' spoke up all at once Mrs. Dalton, on whom the alderman's compliment had not been thrown away, and which she had been digesting till now; 'them mirrors is eight inches one way and five another bigger than them great French ones of Mr. Sears'.

'Indeed, madam!' repeated the alderman with well acted astonishment, and using his neck to take a second look at them. They are very tall!

'Yes. It is so pleasant to see one's whole length, from the shoes to the feather's when one is dressed, and know exactly how one looks when walking in the street.'

'It must be madam,' said courteously his Honor, whose eye the lady caught as if for him to reply.

Mrs. Dalton was then about to draw their attention to the beautiful picture on her rug, of Diana hunting a Doe, which she described as a young woman a-chasin' of a reindeer, when the street bell announced other guests.

With suitable ceremony the merchant and his lady received them as they were shown into the room by Thomas; and it being now four o'clock and all the company having assembled—save one of the merchants who sent

an excuse for his absence—the drawing room doors were rolled back and dinner was announced.

'Your Honor will please escort Mrs. Dalton,' said Peter, taking his wife's fat hand and leading her to that gentleman, and the lady with suitable dignity took the mayor's arm. Peter then waived in the other guests, standing in the door like a gentleman-usher, and followed last.

The table made a brilliant and glittering display, and the guests took their seats full of that pleasing expectation which characterises the sitters down to a good entertainment. In number, including the host and hostess, they were nine, with a tenth plate made vacant by the delinquent guest, who had sent his apology. The napkins were unfolded and laid upon the lap, and Mrs. Dalton had just began to help to the turtle soup, when the street door bell rang with an emphasis.

'There is Peterman, now, go to the door Thomas!' cried Peter with pleasurable expectation; 'I thought he would get here if he could notwithstanding his note said business might keep him away altogether.' And he was getting up from the table, to go out and meet him in the hall, when the adjacent drawing room door opened, and the 'schoolmaster' closely followed by Thomas entered to the surprise and consternation of Peter and his wife.

'It makes no kind of difference my good man,' said Henry Decker speaking to the footman who was trying to prevail upon him to turn back. 'I can just take a plate with them, tho' I have dined! I like company especially pleasant company.'

'But the mayor is there and——'

'I never dined with a mayor, and this is lucky,' said the poor cousin with manifest pleasure. 'Pray don't hold me!'

'I did not mean to let him in sir,' said Thomas in a low voice apologetically to Peter as the latter came into the drawing room with the determination to thrust his relation out; 'but as soon as I opened the door he pushed right by me and here he is got into the drawing room!'

'How do you do cousin!' said the schoolmaster, as pleasantly and self-possessed as if he had been an invited guest, and was only apologising for his delay; 'I am just in time as I see the soup is not served!'

'You infern——'

'Oh yes, I know you said four o' clock! I never forget an invitation to dine! I am always fortunate.'

'I told you sirrah, I was to have a private dinner.'

'Yes—I distinctly remember! I prefer private dinners! Something so social in a private dinner! But I beg your pardon. I will not keep you here talking, as I see my cousin is looking anxious for us to take our seats, as the soup will cool.'

'You are cool enough the devil knows,' muttered Peter, who finding he could not mend the matter without an absolute row, and seeing that he could not otherwise be prevented dining with him, he thought it best to

put a good face on the matter, and winked as much to Mrs. Dalton. The guests had not heard all that passed and feally believed that this was some friend of Peter's who was foolishly detaining him in the room while the soup was waiting to apologise for his tardiness.

'Behave yourself, then, if you will thrust yourself here, and thank the company present that you are not kicked out of my house,' said Peter sternly; and he led the way back to the table, and sullenly pointed to the vacant seat, but introduced him to no one.

Mrs. Dalton looked like a masked fury as the schoolmaster politely bowed to her, and then as he met the eyes of the guests inclined his head respectfully.

She was however gratified that he was dressed so well, and really thought he might pass for a gentleman, if people didn't know who he was. And so Peter thought; and when they found he was unknown to all present they both felt relieved. But both did in their hearts, determine on revenge when opportunity should offer. No offence in their situation, could equal this. A poor relation to take such airs upon himself!

Having taken the liberty, Henry Decker now that he had secured a seat at the rich man's table, quite dropped his 'airs.' He was once more the same humble, diffident, deferential, poor man! Soup was at last handed to him, and he took it bashfully, without lifting his eyes, and said to the waiter who gave it to him:

'I thank you kindly, sir.'

He made no use of his napkin in the silver ring, and, taking it up, seemed to examine it with much speculation as to its possible use. The guests were too much occupied with their soup to give a second thought to the quiet gentleman in black, supposing his not being introduced owing to a forgetfulness on the part of the host. Their attention was drawn to him, at seeing him look up from his plate and suddenly, yet respectfully address their host as cousin.

'Cousin Peter, I suppose you find it quite a contrast between living in this house, and that one-story black ten-footer you were born in! It must have been quite a change from the old pewter spoons to these silver forks! You've been a lucky man to get up in the world as you have, Peter!'

The guests started! Peter could have jumped down his own throat to have stopped his mouth; while Mrs. Dalton nearly exploded with rage. But what could they do? Wisdom and discretion they felt were the better part; and Peter said to his guests:

'Oh, ah, I had forgotton to introduce my wife's distant relative—a country schoolmaster!' said Peter, as if he had just now recollected himself; 'schoolmasters are sometimes very respectable persons, he, he!'

'It is said John Adams and Dr. Franklin once kept a school,' said Mrs. Dalton, wishing, now the secret was out, to gloss over the disreputable features of the relationship. 'Mr. Decker, however is not exactly a cousin but

only has the habit of calling me so, from our having been to school together when little children.'

'It is pleasant to be thought to be related to rich folks, you know,' said Peter trying to laugh, apologetically addressing the mayor; but at the same time thoroughly astounded at his wife's lie, told so directly in the face of what he had just before acknowledged. 'A poor man, your honor,' whispered Peter to the mayor, 'that sometimes drops in upon us, when he comes to town. He probably did not know I had gentlemen to dine with me.'

'He seems to be a very inoffensive person,' said Alderman Maddox, who had overheard the apologetic whisper.

'Oh, quite so. Perfectly harmless,' repeated Peter patronizely. 'His only fault is he is poor.'

'A very common crime among schoolmasters, I think,' said, with a laugh Jacob Hicks, a grocer and shipping merchant, who was supposed to be very rich.

Dinner now went bravely on, amid the clashing of knives and forks, the clattering of plates, the popping of corks, the gurgling of decanted wine, the flurry of servants and the compound movement of nine pairs of jaws talking and eating at once. They were in mid-dinner, and no farther notice had been taken of the poor schoolmaster, who quietly ate what was set before him, not forgetting to thank the waiter very politely and gratefully, and looking as if he was greatly awed (as Peter thought) at the great people he had got amongst. Seeing him so, the India merchant felt his self-love healed, and felt disposed to be generous and forgive him, and was about to put some condescending question to him about 'his school in the country,' when as fate would have it, the schoolmaster took up a silver tankard of water that by some means was left near his plate, and seeing a shield engraved upon it, said innocently:

'I did'nt know you'd got to have a coat of arms! well this is being aristocratic! They said down country, cousin Appollonia, you were among the first in Boston; but I did'nt know you'd got to this.'

Mrs. Dalton stamped one foot with vexation under the table and looked as red as shame and anger could make her. Peter looked daggers of displeasure at him, and a suppressed smile was seen to steal over the features of more than one guest; while Henry Decker became an object of special interest to every one. The mayor thought he saw in his countenance an appearance of quiet gentlemanly refinement that by no means harmonized with his rude language, and curious to know something of him, he addressed him a common-place question. Hitherto the schoolmaster had not been addressed either to the host or hostess, and with the corresponding look and tone and language of a poor country pedagogue, who felt awkwardly his position, and had striven by saying something to relieve himself. But at the question of the mayor there was an instantaneous alteration, as surprising as it was sudden. He threw aside his humble abashed manner, as

if it had been a cloak assumed ; his head became manfully erect ; his fine dark countenance beamed with blended courtesy and intelligence, and as he politely and gracefully replied to the mayor, he sat in the presence of all the guests a gentleman confessed ! Never was such a transformation ! They forgot the thread-bare costume in the *man*, and each exchanged glances with each other, expressive of their mutual surprise and pleasure. The change was visible even to the prejudiced eyes of Peter and the hostess ; but *they* wondered, indignant how a ' poor man,' dare put on such high airs at a rich man's table and in such a presence. The question put to the poor schoolmaster was a commonplace one in reference to the adventures of youth. Henry Decker in reply, held his honor, and all the guests for tea minutes delighted listeners to an eloquent dissertation upon the subject, pleasingly illustrated by anecdotes, well told and appropriate, at the same time charming them by his refinement of language and captivating manner of speaking. When he had done, the mayor and the rest expressed their gratification with such genuine admiration that Peter and his wife thought they were not educated enough to comprehend all he said began to think that the schoolmaster was something after all ; and the former thought, as the mayor had noticed, him, he himself could do so, without disgracing himself. He therefore, waiting a pause in the conversation, condescendingly invited him to take wine. But the mayor had just solicited the same courtesy and Mr. Decker declined Peter's invitation with a cool politeness that chilled the merchant and made him feel himself at his own table inferior to his thread-bare guest. The conversation in which the other guests joined, was continued for some time (for the desert was now on the table) on the subject of education, and the public schools of Boston, when the mayor chanced to refer to a school system on the new plan lately organized in London of which he had heard.

' Yes,' said Henry Decker, ' I have examined this plan, having recently visited the school of which you speak.'

' You have been to England then ?' responded his honor with a little surprise.

' I have been only two days back. I had some important business, which took me there last year, and I returned yesterday in the packet *L'Abri*.'

' Ah, I had thought you had just come up from the country,' said his honor looking towards Mrs Dalton, who quickly turned her head pretending to say something to Thomas, who stood behind her.

' The *L'Abri* ! She was the ship that got ashore on the lighthouse beach,' said Alderman Maddox.

' And the same one in which the Earl of Elliston came passenger,' said the mayor. ' Did you chance to see much of that nobleman, Mr. Decker while on board ?'

' I had no particular conversation with him,' answered the schoolmaster quietly, as if he thought he was not sinking any lower in their estimation

even in frankly confessing he had come fellow passenger with a nobleman and had not talked with him.

'I expect noblemen choose their own society,' said Mrs. Dalton somewhat sharply. 'Has your honor seen the earl?'

'No madam, I have not yet had the honor, I understand he is at the Tremont House, and I shall not fail to wait upon his lordship, and extend to him the courtesies of the city. The title is of an ancient and powerful family, largely concerned in agriculture, and some of the name have distinguished themselves both in the field and the forum.'

Mrs. Dalton now fidgeted till she drew her husband's attention, and then signified to him by a wink, that he must speak about the proposed introduction. Peter understood her, and said with a slight degree of hesitation:

'What time does your honor think of calling on the earl.'

'It is uncertain. I shall try and drop in in the course of the forenoon,' said the mayor.

'I should esteem it an honor, if you do not object, to call with you,' said the India merchant.

'I have no doubt his lordship would be most happy to see you, Mr. Dalton,' said his honor, 'but I fear I shall have to decline the pleasure of your company. I shall only make a formal official visit,' and the mayor courteously smiled and bowed, as if he had dismissed the subject.

'I shall, probably, call upon the earl, cousin and will be most happy to give you an introduction,' said Henry Decker, with an assurance and freedom, as if, thought Mrs. Dalton, he had been hand in glove with lords all his life.

Peter wanted the introduction, and wished to have it under good auspices. He did not think that he now proposed the best he could obtain, and politely, to the eyes of others, yet contemptuously, as he meant it should be to his eyes whom he addressed, declined the offer, saying:

'You are very kind, Mr. Decker; but as you will probably go down to the country to-morrow, I will not take your time and so delay your departure.'

'Oh, not at all; I shall remain in the city some weeks, said the 'poor cousin' in a careless manner.

Mrs. Dalton rolled up her eyes, and Peter swore inwardly that if he came near his house after that day he would shoot him!

'He will of course see me if I call alone,' ventured Peter to the mayor

'Of course, Mr. Dalton, and doubtless feel flattered by the attention.'

Peter and his wife interchanged glances of triumph, and the lady soon after rose from the table and took her leave, giving her 'poor cousin' a terrible look of mingled rage, pride, scorn and contempt, as she swept by towards the drawing room, to the door of which she was escorted by the gallant alderman Maddox. In a few moments afterwards Henry Decker

rose and took a polite leave of the guests and a very deferential one of Peter who felt not a little relieved when he heard the door close behind him, which by the peculiar 'slamb' he knew was by his wife's hand!

'A very intelligent and well bred man, your friend Mr. Decker is,' said the mayor.

'A scholar and a gentleman,' said the merry alderman Maddox, tipily; 'let us drink his health and wish him a better coat!'

'The next hour was devoted to discussion of the mercantile affair that had brought them together and Peter to his great gratification was chosen President of the board. It was decided by them, before breaking up, that suitable honors should be paid to the noble English guest then in the city, and that their ladies must give parties for him.

This decision was overheard by Ms. Dalton, and she resolved to be foremost with a party, for reasons already given in a former part of our story.

CHAPTER VI.

At twelve, or little before that hour, the next day the wealthy Peter Dalton was seen making his way up the granite portico of the Tremont. Arriving at the office he promptly inquired of the Deacon in a loud tone, that all might hear, 'it the Earl of Elliston was in!'

'He is! but there goes his Honor the Mayor now to call on him.'

'I will then just go up at the same time,' said Peter, hurrying after this dignitary whom he saw going up stairs.

'Pardon me sir,' said Olmstead in his most courteous and polite manner, 'but his lordship has sent down word that he is at home to-day only to the mayor if he should call. You can leave your card sir.'

The India merchant growled as he did so, and as he went away began to think about putting his name up for the next mayoralty, if it gave a man such privileges; for the mayor was not a quarter so rich as he was! The mayor, whom, leaving Peter to grumble his way home, we will follow, was ushered to the door of a large, handsome apartment, one of the *chambres distingues* of the Tremont, and announced by a servant in plain blue livery who stood in attendance.

'I am happy to see you, Sir, and feel honored by your kind attention,' said a well formed, dark complectioned man, about thirty-eight years of age, with a fine intellectual countenance, laying down a book and coming forward with a hand extended. The mayor was about to take it when he started back. A smile on the other's face seconded his surprise:

'Mr. Decker?' he exclaimed half in doubt.

'Yes,' answered the nobleman smiling.

'And *not* the Earl of Elliston?'

'Both, sir. I was Mr. Decker yesterday, (for I chose to be) to-day I am what I truly am, Lord Aylmer, Earl of Elliston.'

'I must confess, myself mystified! Yesterday I dined with you, and you were said to be a poor schoolmaster, now I find you to be Lord Elliston.'

'I owe you an explanation! But here now enters a gentleman who will himself explain.'

And the mayor turning beheld familiarly entering, the Hon. Mr. ——— who had been Henry Decker's lawyer, who being called upon by the Earl in a few words explained what is known to the reader of the claims of Henry Decker, and what is *now known* to the reader of his success in substantiating them. Mr. Decker, or rather Lord Aylmer, then in a lively manner, informed him of his connexion with the Daltons, of their purse-pride; of his interview with Decker in his counting-room; and added,

'You will readily appreciate how I enjoyed, in my cousin's ignorance of my success, the opportunity of letting him show his true character, which the dinner of yesterday held out to me. I felt that I owed him a return and think now I have nearly paid him. But I have got to have the full bent of my humor upon him. My cousin hinted, when I took the sugar plumbs to the children, that she should give the 'lord' a party; this was to show me how high she was in society. Mr. Dalton will probably call on me, but I have arranged to have his card sent up to me, and then will follow the invitation, which I shall not fail to accept. I must take care that the poor cousin and the English lord are not one and the same before them!'

The gentlemen were highly amused at the whole affair, and the mayor promising to keep the secret, congratulated Henry Decker on his accession to his title. He also commended him for his admirable tact at the dinner. While they were speaking, the servant entered with Peter's card.

'I shall ere to-morrow night get a ticket of invitation to a party at his house,' said the Earl. 'I am too well acquainted with my cousin if I do not have it to-night, as soon as she knows Mr. Dalton has left his card.'

While Lord Aylmer was dining at evening with his friend the attorney, true to his prognostication, a card from his cousin Appollonia was handed to him. He read as follows:

COLLONADE ROW, No.—, FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

Mr. Peter Dalton and his Lady most earnestly request the high honor of his lordship's, the Earl of Elliston's noble company at a sworree to be given by them in his honor Tuesday evening next.

P. S. Commence at 9 o'clock, and *very select*.

To a man of satirecle and humor like Henry Decker, the invitation was highly gratifying as well as sufficiently amusing. He had lived a poor man, but he was a scholar by education and native refinement had made him a gentleman. He had always felt his poverty, and he had been keenly sensitive to his treatment by his cousin and husband. But the restraint of poverty was now gone and he could smile, laugh and be witty, as if he had never been in humble circumstances; so soon does a man change with his circumstances; or rather how do circumstances make a man show or conceal his true nature. A pleasanter, wittier or more humorous gentleman, courteous and dignified withal, as became his high rank, the Mayor and the

Honorable lawyer thought and said that they had seldom met with. Poor Peter Dalton and his poor wife! They had got themselves into very bad hands!

The next day Mrs. Dalton saw a plain carriage drive to the door, a footman in livery ring and leave a card, when the carriage drove off. Thomas came in bearing a note on a salver.

'It has a coat-of-arms on the seal!' she exclaimed, seeing an Earl's coronet on the seal. She tore it open in great flutter, and out fell a card. It was that of the Earl of Elliston. Beneath it was written, simply the words,

'Invitation accepted.'

'Short, but this I dare say, is aristocratic,' she said with unbounded delight! and she began to feel how she should lead the ton!

Tickets were sent every where to the houses of the rich and great; and the Dalton party was the talk of the rich parvenue portion of society. At length the expected night came, and by ten the rooms were filled: for it was understood the English lord was to be there. Mrs. Dalton was in a fever of expectation. So was the India merchant, whose impatience, however, was restrained by the mayor, who was present, who kindly invented a score of excuses for his lordship's delay. At length he was announced. Mrs. Dalton pressed forward from the crowd of dancers, to her post where she received her visitors. Peter pressed forward to meet him, wiping his forehead, which had been covered with perspiration all the evening at the idea of speaking to and entertaining a lord.

'The Earl of Elliston!' announced in tones that showed that Thomas did not have a lord to announce every day.

Mrs. Dalton stretched her neck and stood a-tip-toe, and trembled with vanity and triumph. The crowd retired to make way for his lordship to present himself to the hostess. He appears in full view!

'That infernal 'poor cousin of my wife's has thrust himself in here as I expected!' exclaimed Peter, 'but I see he has had the grace to get a new suit of clothes!'

'Mercy! That Henry Decker here as I live!' murmured the next lady as she saw him; Oh, how mortified I should be if he should come up and speak to me and the Earl just coming behind him!'

Henry Decker advanced with great dignity and grace directly to the hostess and bowed low! Peter Dalton was hurrying with indignation to see him stepping in before the lord whom he was popping his eyes out of his head to discover behind the schoolmaster, and was advancing sharply, to thrust him aside, and Mrs. Dalton was turning her back to him in contempt, when both were electrified by seeing his Honor the Mayor approach him and salute him aloud with the title of 'my Lord!' and then turning round to Mrs. Dalton, says,

'Allow me to present to you our city's noble guest, at this present yours, Lord Aylmer, Earl of Elliston!'

Dear reader ! we have no more to add. Pen cannot increase, imagination cannot conceive, truth hath not language to utter, the overpowering, overwhelming absolute confusion, consternation and horror—(yes horror is the expressive word) of Peter Dalton and his wife at this announcement ! The lady shrieked and Peter swore ! and the company was thrown for a few moments into the most mystified confusion ! But things resumed their course again ; the music and the ball went on ; and Lord Aylmer was the lion of the hour ; but sooth to say, rather, had Peter Dalton and his wife have had the honored Devil for a guest that night, than Lord Aylmer, Earl of Elliston.

In conclusion we will add that Lord Aylmer now resides on one of his estates in England, and that he is recently married, (out of spite we think) and that 'Isaac' has no chance of succeeding to the inheritance.

Having so publicly denied the relationship to the poor 'schoolmaster,' the Daltons could not *now*, to the lady's intense mortification, acknowledge it without shame, even for the *eclat* of being related to an Earl ! Mrs. Dalton has never forgiven herself, therefore, and we seriously fear her life will be shortened ten years, through vexation, she having lost much fat already ; nevertheless it is a solace to her to reflect that she is, after all, first cousin to an Earl though the world may not know it ; save that they get the information by means of our story ; before ending, which we would seriously warn all wealthy, self-made *Lame Davy's* 'sons' and *other* rich folks, not to treat with disrespect a 'poor relation,' because he carrieth a seedy hat and hath thread-bare habiliments.

THE END.

[ERRATA.—The folio, 35th page, read 19th, and folios that follow, read consecutively.

BLACK RALPH.

OR, THE

HELMSMAN OF HURLGATE !

A Tale.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM, ESQ.

*Author of 'Captain Kydd,' 'The Quadroone,' 'The Beautiful Cigar Venae,'
'Frank Rivers,' 'Forrestal,' 'The Clipper-Yacht,' &c.*

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BLACK RALPH.

CHAPTER I.

IN contemplating the interesting scenes and events of the American Revolution, we are accustomed to view them as only affecting ourselves, as Americans, and as occurring only within the boundaries of our own land; so that a story of the 'Revolution' to be laid in England or France would at first view startle and appear an incongruity of history. Yet the one being our foe and the other our ally, closely involve their interests as individuals with ours and throw as profound a degree of sympathy over the progress and issue of events on the common theatre of war, as if their own fields had been the scenes of contest. The war of the Revolution produced in the vales and homes of England and the vine-clad hills of France, many a scene of domestic trial and woe as touching as was daily witnessed among the rude forest homes of our own land. Brave warriors parted from wives and sweethearts in sunny France to join the issue with us for liberty; many a gallant soldier bade last adieu to a weeping maiden, ere, obedient to his king, he buckled on his sword to sail the seas to do battle against the rebels of the crown; and many a hardy patriot of our fathers shouldered his rifle, amid prayers and tears, to take the field to oppose the invader. Yet, beneath their armed breasts they wore human hearts all—the foe, the ally, and the rebel! The tears of the one fell as sweetly in the eye of Pity as the other! The roar of every battle-field shook France and England as well as our own land, penetrating the remotest hamlet, and making many an expecting heart shrink. The pulses of the three great nations were for the time, bound together and throbbed as one. The interest of each was equally deep, where wives, mothers, and maidens were the judges of that interest. The war was one—the issue one to them! And many is the tale still heard beneath the vintner's porch in *la belle France*, whose theme is the war of our Revolution, and many is the sad memory of that contest yet preserved on the gossip bench of many a village ale-house in merry England. How many were the lives at that day, began in Europe, that terminated in America. If every man's life, fairly written, be a romance out-doing fiction, how many thousands of truthful stories in that war opened in England or France to close their scenes here—perhaps in blood.

We shall, therefore, make no further apology for opening our story, which professes to be a Romance of American waters on the shores of France. In doing it, we but follow in the steps of the circumstances of the time and of events which will bring us by and by to the more immediate scene of the Tale.

Our story opens in the month of June, 1777, on the north coast of France, in the neighborhood of Calais. It was one of those sultry days, so common in the tropics and which sometimes vary the monotonous heat of climates further north, that a young man was engaged with a hand-telescope in idly surveying from a balcony the expanse of water which lay between the smooth beach at his feet, and the white cliffs of England that appeared on the northern horizon like a snowy cloud sinking to its rest. The place on which he stood was a sort

of ledge or platform, projecting from a window in a tower far over the precipice. It communicated with a large apartment within the tower, which itself formed the salient angle of an antiquated and highly picturesque chateau of the age of the Twelfth Louis. Though bearing the marks of time and of many a siege, it was not ruinous; but still wore the imposing and martial air of its old feudal state. Modern refinement had also added to its elegancies and comforts which the iron age of its founder knew little of.

After sweeping his glass once more indolently over the channel which was beautifully mottled with sunshine and shadow from dark detached clouds that sailed slowly over it, the young man turned it a moment landward upon the city of Calais, which with its grey walls, towers and stately citadel lay a league distant to his right, and then listlessly, yet with a slight impatient gesture, threw it aside.

'So,' he said pacing the balcony to and fro, 'this is a wearisome pastime enough; my eyes ache with watching the dull movements of fishing shallops and the rapid flight of snowy sea-gulls. The white chalk cliffs of Britain tire me with their sameness, and even Calais with its busy quay ceases to afford my wearied vision interest. I will take my horse and ride along the sands a few miles; perhaps from yonder headland I may get a sight of the van of the squadron before the sun sets. To-day is the third day since it was to have weighed at Havre, and for two nights the troops had been bivouacked on the beach waiting its arrival to take them on board. I am heartily tired of the land and pant once more to tread the deck of my ship.'

'Gallantly spoken this, for a youth who is the guest of a lady whose charms would have broken many a brave lance in the good old days of chivalry, and to whose youth and beauty even modern gallants do not fail to do homage.'

The young sailor slightly colored as he acknowledged the presence upon the balcony of his father and cousin.

'Nay,' he said gaily approaching them, 'I trust my fair cousin Josephine will not attribute my anxiety to depart to any indifference to her grace and beauty, but rather to the zeal and ambition natural to a young man, who is for the first time about to enter upon the warlike duties of his profession.— Were I like my honored father here, an old warrior, I should be then too proud and happy to cast my leaves of laurel into your lap, cousin, and reclining at your feet, let you wreath from them coronals, and bind them on my brow.— But I must first go and win them.'

'Fittingly spoken, cousin,' said the maiden laughing; 'shall I give you a half century's leave of absense, ere you return to honor me with the duty you have imposed upon me.' The last words were spoken in a lower tone, and conveyed a deeper meaning than they seemed to do.

The young man started, fixed a penetrating glance upon her downward face and then answered, coldly: 'Perhaps a half century were a suitable period, lady; nor in less time can I hope to win the laurels of a hero, nor in less time do I think you will make the wreath I idly spoke of.'

The brow of the lady glowed, and her eye at first flashed, and then fell heavily upon the cheek, with the weight of tears that filled them to the brim, yet were not shed. He bit his lip, as he saw the effect he had produced, yet did not attempt to alleviate it, and turning on his heel began coolly to survey the channel. The old Marquis Fernay was not so indifferent to what usually passed around him, as not to discover by their manner, that some misunderstanding, the grounds of which he was ignorant of, existed between his son and niece.— He looked from one to the other, and shook his head with indecision and embarrassment. On one side Josephine was standing with her large eyes shaded by their tear-weighted lids, her head dropped, and her cheek half turned, and her whole attitude expressing graceful grief. On the other stood his son Louis, fingering nervously with the gold tassel of his sword knot, and with his back towards his cousin seemingly absorbed in the contemplation of the opposite cliffs of England.

'Humph! humph!' muttered the Marquis; 'here is more mischief again brewing. There is no planning—no applectic admiral now. I wanted to see

them good friends, and to get them to marry, and keep the family estates together, they are determined to hate each other. But yet she loves him I'll be sworn. I can see that with half an eye. It is all of this scape-grace Louis! I brought her from the Convent where I put her when her parents died, on purpose to see Louis when he came home on this visit, and that he might see her. Yet Jacques and Lisette, my valet and laundress, both say that Captain Louis don't care a fig for her, though she thinks a great deal of him. Confound the boy. If now I had kept her locked up in the Convent, and he had happened to have heard I had a niece there, rich and beautiful, devil a convent wall in all France would have kept him outside or her in. They would have flown away at matins like two pigeons. But just because I bring them together, they must turn up their noses to each other—stand back to back—one ready to cry, the other to—sacre. I'll lock him up the rascal and keep him on bread and water. Louis!

'Sir!'

'You turn and say sir, as demure as if you had done nothing to offend me.'

'I am indeed innocent of the intention, father,' said the young man surprised.

'But you *have* offended me.'

'Then I am exceedingly sorry, sir.'

'Sorry is not enough. You must do as I wish you to do.'

'Certainly, sir. Your will shall always be my own.'

'Very well, sir. Come to my room by and by. I leave you here with your cousin. Entertain her boy,' added the Marquis in better humor—'ah, you lucky dog, if when I was a young man of your age—but never mind; look after your cousin, and show her the prospect with the spy glass. Josephine I leave you to Louis's care. You will come to dinner together, when you hear the chateau bell ring. Adieu, mes enfans!'

The Marquis de Fernay, then quit the balcony by the oriel window leading from it, leaving the cousins alone. For a few moments they stood in the attitude in which we have described them. The tears which had filled Josephine's eyes and which her pride restrained from falling, were forced back into their surcharged fountains, for wounded pride will quickly dry a dewy eyelid and restore the fire to the eye. Louis still kept his back towards her, though with a side glance observing her, and begun to hum an air in the last Opera.

This young gentleman who chose to make himself so agreeable just now, was the only son of Le General the Marquis De Fernay, one of the eldest families of the *ancient regime*. His father had, like all his ancestors, distinguished himself in military life, and rose to the highest rank therein. He had now retired from active service to his chateau, there to pass the remainder of his days. Hospitable and convivial, he found sufficient society in that of the neighboring barons of the better classes of the citizens of Calais, as well as in the occasional presence of his son and niece. Louis had exhibited an early predilection for the sea, originated and cherished by his vicinage to the ocean, and at a suitable age, the Marquis placed him on board of a ship of the line commanded by his own brother Admiral Fernay. Louis became at once enthusiastically attached to his profession, and at the age of nineteen, a year after his admission into the Navy, he was regarded as one of the most promising youths in the service. He was handsome, frank, and full of that daring spirit which ensures success, as well as promises a life of danger. His uncle, the Admiral was a man of stern and cold character, and had little sympathy with those beneath him in rank, or with youth. He had taken occasion in several instances to reprove his nephew with that license of language which relationship is supposed to allow, but which Louis' spirit did not fail deeply to feel.—He became prejudiced against his uncle, and took no pains to suppress his dislike to him. This increased the tyrannous exercise of power on the part of the former, which at length rose to such a height, that Louis asked and obtained leave to be transferred to a man of war. But before he had taken his departure, an attack of apoplexy carried off the Admiral, and in him he only enemy

Louis had on earth. This occurred two years before he is now introduced to the reader, on a brief leave of absence from his ship of war, which was attached to the squadron of Admiral D'Estaing, destined to the American states, then struggling for their independence, and with which France had just formed an alliance. D'Estaing's squadron had sailed from Toulon, and was to be joined at Gibraltar by a fleet of transports of troops from Havre and Calias, under the convoy of a line of battle ship and frigate. To this battle-ship Louis was attached as a third lieutenant, and learning that she would lay off Calias till the troops were embarked, he had obtained leave to post up to his chateau, and their wait their arrival. With what impatience he was now watching for the first lift of the fore yard of his ship above the horizon, has already been seen. He had been at home now three weeks, and notwithstanding the amusements in doors, of the chase, of the Theatre in Calias, and the society of the fair cousin, he became ennuied the first week, and took no pains to conceal his impatience for the arrival of his ship.

To most young gentlemen the society of a very lovely girl—for such Josephine Fernay certainly was—would have made the wings of time full swift in their flight. What could be the cause of this indifference to her presence, this blindness to her beauty? Louis himself was a fine looking, manly fellow of twenty-two, with black flowing locks, a large full dark eye, a noble figure and every way endowed with powers of mind and person to captivate and win; and in the presence of other ladies more than once betrayed the susceptibility of his heart. Yet his cousin Josephine, for all the impression she made upon him might have been eighty years old, and lame and blind, at that. Now this was very provoking to the Marquis, who had determined they should fall in love with each other and by and by marry.

The youthful Countess Josephine herself was an enchanting girl of eighteen summers; with soft hazel eyes in which a hundred little loves lay sleeping; a brilliant complexion; a cloud of the richest dark brown hair; a person beautifully rounded, a neck, hand and foot that were perfect. Her carriage was light yet full of sweet dignity, her voice musical and her heart susceptible. She had great sweetness of disposition yet was high-spirited and determined—qualities that marked peculiarly the race from which she sprung. Moreover, Josephine had loved Louis when she first saw him three weeks before, on his arrival.—And he had become wholly overpowered by her beauty at the same instant and was about to tell her on the spot how romantically he loved her, when the old Marquis seeing the impression made upon both by the other's presence hastened to take present advantage of the propitious moment, and said with great joy.

'Ah, boy—I knew you would like each other! I planned it! I had her brought from the convent where she was at school, on purpose to surprise you. Its planned you are to marry her.'

'Then I shall be sure not to,' answered Louis quickly and firmly.

'Why what's the matter with the boy?' repeated the Marquis with a look of contempt.

'That I do not mean to love or to marry to please other people. This is an affair in which I shall do all the planning myself, father.'

'But I thought you seemed to like her. Isn't she beautiful?'

'Perfectly—but I won't marry nor care a fig for her if you have planned before hand that I should. I suppose she has a hand in the plan too.'

'Not a finger tip? It is all my own and the Admiral's.'

'What Admiral?'

'Her father.'

'The late Admiral de Fernay! Is this his daughter?'

'Yes, your cousin. Did I not mention her name.'

'You may be sure then I shall neither love, marry, nor—'

'Nor what?'

'Nor trouble her long with my presence.'

Such was the first interview and denouement between Louis and his cousin. He might in consideration of her loveliness have got over the fact that she had been 'planned' to meet him and produce an impression upon him which was

to ripen into marriage; but he could never get over the fact that she was the daughter of his uncle, the apoplectic Admiral. He from this time looked upon her with a sort of mingled fear and dislike. He could see in her sweet smiles only his sardonic ones; in her voice hear only his tones. Her air, manner and presence irresistibly recalled the idea of his old tormentor. He felt her beauty; he was not insensible to her worth as he saw more of her, and he would have reasoned himself into the absurdity of his prejudices against an innocent girl, so far, at least so far as to forbear betraying his feelings to the unconscious object which excited them. At length he in a measure overcame the feeling by nobly and resolutely opposing an opposite course of conduct to that which his emotions of strange dislike would have suggested. In this he had much to overcome, but he was so far successful as to remove from her mind those painful sensations which the sudden change in his manner towards her had produced. So, that the second week of his visit he found himself behaving with tolerable civility to his cousin; and in his presence the smiles and roses which an undefined fear of having displeased him had driven from her face, came back again. In a good feeling moment, too, he promised the anxious old Marquis that he would for the remainder of his visit endeavor to forget that his cousin was the Admiral's daughter and regard her only in the light of his father's amiable ward.

When alone and reflecting upon these things Louis could not but acknowledge the beauty and grace of his sweet cousin and the claims she presented above all women he had ever seen to his admiration.

'Oh,' said he when returning to his room after an agreeable hour in her company on horseback along the sea-shore, 'Oh that my belle cousin had been any other than my uncle's daughter! I can forgive my father's planning for our union, as it is natural for the old *noblesse* to wish to retain their lands in their own families. This is very well, and the Countess Josephine's estate would prove no obstacle. But in all the loveliness of her looks, when I am ready to throw myself at her feet, some slight tone or glance so irresistibly reminds me of her father that my devotion is crushed—my admiration, but for a strong mental effort became instant dislike. This will never do to be haunted so by the old Admiral! Yet I feel a deep interest in the fair girl—because I have discovered that she loves me!'

Yes, the Countess Josephine passionately loved Louis. She had heard much of him in earlier years—and since her dear father's death when the Marquis became her guardian, the fond, partial accounts of his son she often heard from his lips so awakened her interest that at length her heart insensibly, as it often will in such cases when peculiarly susceptible, became interested in him. In truth she was taught to love him ere she beheld him; and, when, at length, this moment arrived this pre-created love was confirmed and sealed as well by his noble and generous appearance as by the kind manner and deep devotion with which her presence first impressed him. How deeply then must she have felt his altered looks—his bearing of sudden dislike! How her pride—her woman's chaste and holy love upspringing from the freshly broken soil of her heart and leafing, budding, expanding into beauty and fragrance only for his eye—his hand.

Yet that eye turns coldly away—that hand crushes the tendrils that sought to reach and entwine themselves around his heart. Poor maiden! sad and heavy was her heart till its own sense of the folly of his prejudices nerved him with resolution to combat it. Then she became happier and strove to win the heart which had already so thanklessly got possession of her own. In vain the sweet girl had sought in herself the cause of his antipathy. At length the Marquis told her. From that moment she resolved, by all the sweet power a lovely woman can with her heart in the purpose to overcome his prejudice and secure her own happiness by uniting it with his in whose life her own was irretrievably wrapped up. Quietly, deeply, perseveringly she pursued her object, with pride and delicacy, yet with the humility of unrequited love and the perseverance of passion.

Louis's prejudice lessened—the strong-hold of his pride was shaken, and the

day we found him in the balcony, he confessed to his father, that 'if the Countess Josephine had not that peculiar way of turning the eye, like the Admiral, when she smiled, he could love her with all his heart and soul.'

'Let her wear specs,' said the Marquis, laughing.

'I should see it through a ship's side.'

'Suppose you begin then, by forgiving the old Admiral heartily. That'll square accounts, and then confound this cock in the eye of your cousin. You won't care whether it's the Admiral's or mine.'

'I have forgiven him—even the blow he once struck me with the flat of his sword.'

'He was impetuous. But forget that too.'

'I cannot, with such a resemblance to him as my cousin's face would daily call up.'

'Then I see no prospect of the union without putting out your eyes or her's.'

'No, I can never marry her, for I can never love her. She is a sweet, noble, generous creature—I have found that out—but I can never abide the Admiral! But more; now that I have discerned, she wishes to win my heart. I find myself fortifying it.'

'Then you deserve to have it carried by storm, or taken by treachery. You shall marry your cousin, or I will disinherit you.'

'I am willing to marry my cousin, but I feel a decided objection to taking the old Admiral with her. Lay the father aside, and I'll wed the daughter, that is, if on better acquaintance, we can agree to love each other.'

This conversation took place the day Louis came to the balcony to look out for his ship, and it was overheard by the fair object of it. From that moment she resolved to forget her cousin, and let her love die in the heart whence it had sprung. The Marquis who had long missed her, found her in her room sad and thoughtful, a few moments before appearing with her on the balcony, to which, he invited her for the air and prospect, not expecting to find Louis there. His soliloquy, as we have seen, they overheard, and although the language of it pained her, Josephine resolved not to retreat or betray any emotion. But her heart was too full to conceal it, and in her reply, she was forced to laugh merrily to refrain from weeping, like an April rain. Never were two young people placed in more peculiar circumstances than the cousins, on being left alone on the departure of the Marquis, who resolved to give them one more opportunity of bringing about the consummation of his paternal hopes.

They remained as we have described them, Louis with averted face yet watching his cousin's movements; she in a shrinking, pensive attitude, half lingering as love drew her, to half retreating as pride would have driven her from him. At length feeling the embarrassment of her position in the presence of so thoughtless a lover, and recalling her determination to conquer her heart, she made an effort to recover herself-possession, and feel at ease in his presence. Her pride was wounded that she had suffered him to know the true state of her feelings towards him, and she resolved to do away any impressions upon his mind that she was weak and simple, or what was equally to be removed, the idea that he was bold and scheming.

'So, fair cousin,' she said, with a powerful effort that showed the mastery she had over her feelings, when she would call her power into exercise; 'so you are soon to leave us! Do you love the sea?'

Louis was surprised at the cool and self-possessed manner of this address from one whom he had known only as timid and shrinking, and turning round, he replied with courtesy and an irresistible feeling of respect:

'Yes, Josephine; to-morrow or the next day, with this south wind my ship will be here.'

'You will find it an agreeable change from this lonely chateau and its only inmates, an old soldier and a simple girl, for the deck of a battle ship with brave men around you. I am told that sailors love the sea.'

'Yes, cousin, I already feel an affection for its tumbling waves and wide skies. It is now my home, and I love it as well almost as I love the green vale of France. For the wide sea is even as my native land to me, when my foot is

upon a French deck, and the flag of France is flung to the wind above my head,' answered the young man, enthusiastically.

He advanced a step nearer his cousin as he spoke, who retreated a step timidly with down-cast eyes. He felt for a moment vexed, then pleased, as the idea occurred to him that she was no longer *pursuing*. He looked at her and thought he never saw her so lovely—but the arch of her eye-brows reminded him of the apoplectic Admiral, and he did *not* throw himself at her feet! His glance at this moment caught an object on the horizon, and springing for the telescope he placed it to his eye for observation. After looking a few moments with an earnest manner, he dropped the glass with an impatient word of disappointment.

'What did you expect to see?' asked Josephine, advancing.

'A ship of the line.'

'Look farther southward just coming round that headland,' she said, looking without the aid of the glass, and pointing with her glove in the direction indicated.

'It is the liner; and astern of her the frigate just shows her fore and main royal above the cliff,' he said, observing them through the glass. 'Confound her—he muttered, 'she is more like the old Admiral than ever—for he was always the first to discover a sail, and could see farther with his naked eye than any officer that sailed under him with his eye-glass. No, it is settled—I can never think of her as my wife. I should see the old Admiral's head carved on all the four bed-posts.'

'You will not leave us at once,' said Josephine, who who had been watching the majestic advance of the vessels of war as they sailed near the shore.

'Before night, cousin. Excuse me now. I must ride to the quay.'

Thus speaking, Louis hastily quit his cousin, and in a few minutes was seen by her, galloping on horseback along the road to Calais.

'Let him go then—' she said between pride and grief; 'he has no heart—and my love would wither upon his bosom like the tendrils of the vine, which in seeking a fair green tree for support, entwines around some inhospitable rock, and there perish.'

CHAPTER II.

AFTER the departure of Louis to the quay, and when he had finally disappeared from her view, the young Countess Josephine retired to her chamber, which overlooked the channel, to give vent to her mortification alone. She felt that she fondly loved her sailor-cousin, and that her happiness was intimately involved in the issue of this love. As a woman she felt wounded vanity, that her charms produced upon him so light an effect, and that her powers of pleasing were not sufficiently great, to do away from his tenacious mind, the memory of her father's tyranny.

'I will yet conquer this foolish prejudice in Louis,' she said, with spirit, dashing an unbidden tear from her eye, 'he has a noble nature, a generous warm heart, and if woman's love can win it without overstepping the limits of maidenly beseeching, Josephine de Fernay shall yet reign its mistress. I know I have a great task before me, trammelled as I am by a maiden's reserve, but I do not despair one day seeing him, proud and wilful as he now is, suing at my feet.'

Thus determining, this gentle girl, in whom profound and intense love had suddenly awakened a resolute and active spirit, walked to her window to watch the progress of the ships of war, with the movements of which she now began to feel her own happiness was so closely interested.

The detached masses of clouds which all that sultry afternoon had hung low over the channel, alternately falling in dense columns of rain, or sailing along with gleams of sunshine darting between upon the sea, and had now gathered in a huge embankment above the promontory which the line-of-battle ship and frigate were doubling. It was driven across the sky by a strong south wind, and as Josephine looked forth she saw that it covered half the southwest, and threatened a thunder storm. As its shadow swept along the water, she saw the fishing-boats hoist their small brown sails, and run for Calais and the nearest shore; and farther out from land the large vessels which in great numbers dotted the channel sailing on all courses, take in their lighter sails, and signifying their preparations for the coming danger.

Turning from them, her eyes watched with a new and deeper interest the movements of the ships of war. They were both a full league to windward, and being nearer the source of the tempest, the other vessels would feel it first. She saw, however, that they had yet made no preparations for it; that the line ship carried her main and fore-sky-sails, and that the frigate had every thing set from deck to truck; for the wind was still light and fitful. They were evidently fully aware of the coming storm, though partly sheltered from it by the promontory they had just doubled, and were taking advantage of the little breeze that blew, to try and reach anchorage ground in the outer road of Calais, before it should burst upon them. This was the opinion of Louis, who seeing the gathering clouds had reined up about half a mile from the Chateau upon a point of land washed by the waves, to take a view of the vessels and for a few moments to watch their motions.

Slowly and majestically the line of battle-ship followed by the frigate a cable's length astern, approached the offing of the Chateau, and not half a mile distant in a direct line. Josephine could see distinctly the men moving about in her rigging, the officers in uniform upon their quarter decks, and at intervals as the wind died away the far off cry of the leadsmen as the ships felt their way along the shore, which in that neighborhood was rendered dangerous by sunken ledges. She was so much interested and wrapt up in watching their progress that she did not take notice of the rapid and powerful march of the tempest of clouds which came triumphantly on, like 'an army with banners.' She was only recalled to it, by the sudden darkness that grew around her, and a flash and crash of thunder that shook the rock upon which the Chateau was founded, till it reeled. The lightning blinded her for an instant and the thun-

der had so confused her senses, that it was several seconds before she could recover her recollection and command self-possession to look around her. When she did so, she beheld a stream of flame rising like a meteor from the foremost of the line-of-battle ship, and darting high into the murky heavens which were now all overcast, save a fine bright space far to leeward towards which, the clouds were driving with wild velocity, their edges streaming like hair blown out in the wind. She gazed with silent horror as the flame grew larger, and shot higher, and its lurid glare fell reflected in a long red line across the water. As she looked, she saw it fork outward, seize the mainmast, and wrapt it in flames, and then dart like a fiery serpent along the cordage in all directions till the whole of the loftier sails and spars of the majestic battle ship, were enveloped in fire and rolling clouds of black smoke that in darkness and horror seemed to mock the storm clouds that rolled on above, upon the wings of the wind.

As yet there had been no wind in motion, in the lower stratum of the atmosphere, though the velocity with which the tempest was sweeping above the channel, showed the strength of the blast that raged in the region in which it reigned. The slight breeze which had held until a few moments before the fall of the thunderbolt upon the ill-fated ship was now followed by a profound calm—the sure precursor of the wild commotion of the elements that was to follow; in this silence the roar and crackling of the flames reached the terrified maiden, and ever and anon came shoreward a wild confusion of sounds of human voices.

‘Ha, the frigate is warping away from her,’ said the Marquis, pressing with energy his niece’s arm, having flown to her chamber on hearing the near peal of thunder, and approached the window undiscovered some moments before, where he had stood so absorbed in the sight of the burning vessel, as to forget to address her or give her notice of his presence until now.

‘My dearest uncle,’ she cried with trembling and gratitude, ‘I am so glad you are here. This spectacle is horrible.’

‘It is my child! Yet how sublime in its horror. Oh, the wives made widows this hour.’

‘Will they perish then? Cannot the other ship save them? Oh, God, let not so many creatures, made in thine own image, thus miserably perish in the sight of their heaven!’ cried the maiden, lifting her hands and eyes imploringly to Heaven.

‘I fear many will be lost. The frigate is hauling off from her out of reach of the flames, lest she may share the same fate. See the topsails have caught, and the burning masses are falling upon the deck and into the sea. Hark! there is a gun! another! They call loudly for the aid that n’er can reach them! Another gun! Hark! there peals the thunder, Heaven’s artillery mingling its sublime roars. What a scene and hour of sublimity. Oh, this is fearful!’

‘Cannot we aid them? See they lower the boats on every side, and they are fast filling with men! Look! how madly they leap into them, and methinks as many miss them and fall into the water as into the boats! What an agonizing scene! Yet I cannot turn my eye away, while my heart seems to burst with its wild efforts to implore Heaven’s mercy for them. Cannot, Oh! cannot we save them uncle?’

‘No, my child! I, alas, am too old to venture in a boat if we had one! You cannot aid them. Listen! The tocsin is sounded in Calais! What a glorious glad sound that! The city is up! And see the frigate’s boats are approaching to their consorts relief with the speed of all their oars. The most of them will be saved if the storm withholds its approach a quarter of an hour longer.’

‘Oh, for a prophet’s arm and prayer at this hour to intercede for them and bid it stay!’ cried the maiden earnestly, as her eyes were cast upon the black heavens, which threatened each moment to burst with all their magazines of destructive elements upon the hundreds of fellow beings, now either combating with the flames or exposed in the boats.

The fire had now reached the forecastle, and wrapped it in a sheet of flames. The boats had all been lowered, as fast as they were filled with the men, put

off at a short distance from the ship, and there lay on their oars. The frigate's boats came with timely relief and took off many others, but ere they were all rescued, the tempest which had been seen a few moments before to strike the sea half a league astern of the vessels, now came on with resistless fury, driving before it a perfect cataract of foam many feet high. Guns were rapidly discharged from the frigate, recalling the boats with their crews, several of which that were nearest reached it in time for shelter; but nine boats containing four hundred men were still exposed; and unable to reach the frigate, rowed, impelled by fear for the shore. Many, including the officers, were still on board the burning ship with the storm within half a mile, which rendered almost inaudible the thunder. The frigate had previously taken in all her light sail and reduced herself to a close reefed fore and mizzen top-sail and jib.—She had time to get the few boats in, that safely reached her when the tempest struck her. She was laying at the instant with her weather quarter to the direction of its approach, and the first shock threw her almost flat upon her beam-ends, and completely enveloped her hull in a cloud of foam and spray. She plunged terribly to recover herself from the imminent peril of her situation, and after seeming once or twice as if she would have tounded, bows foremost under the waves and gone bodily down, she righted, shook off the showering spray and bending to the blast, drove before it under her topsails, without the loss of a single spar, or the parting of a rope. This struggle had been witnessed with deep interest not only by the Marquis and his niece, but also with the intensest anxiety by young Louis, who, from the headland where he had lingered, had seen as well as his cousin all we have described. The frigate was soon lost to sight, driving in the roar of the storm, and now the spectators from the chateau and the young horseman who had remained seated in his saddle, almost paralyzed at the spectacle of the burning battle ship, turned their attention to this ill-fated vessel.

‘Execrations upon the dastards’ cried Louis, as he beheld from his post several barges which had come out from Calais to their relief, put back for the storm.

The ship's boat loaded to the water's edge, were pulling from it towards the shore as if life—as truly it did—hung on every dip of their swiftly flashing oars. The ship was now, except the quarter-deck and waste, enveloped in sheets of flame. The guns of distress had long since ceased to be discharged. But the heat now ignited the powder, and those on the fore-castle deck began to fire themselves as the tempest came on. The scene was now terrific, too appallingly sublime for human eyes to endure—for the human heart to fear! The heavens had grown black as midnight, and wild with the driving storm, their agitated surface livid with excitement, lightning the vast concave, echoing and re-echoing with thunder! The sea for leagues to the windward, was white with foam, and mingling its roars with shrieking winds! The conflagration of the battle-ship had all retained their coolness and self-command. Their attention had first been given to the safety of the men, and their authority had been only exercised to this end, when it was discovered the conflagration could not be stayed, and that the flames were rapidly enveloping her. They had seen all the boats filled and ordered them to lay off at a safe distance to await the issue. Thus the storm which they trusted would hold back awhile, was close at hand, and threatening to fall upon them before they had taken any thought of themselves.—There were seventeen officers including the commodore, and eighty men still on board; the latter crowded fearful, yet under discipline, upon the quarter-deck or in the waist. There were two more boats still attached to the ship, one afloat and the other a life-boat, in the mizzen rigging. In a few minutes they felt that their fate would be sealed. They saw the boats on all sides hastening to the shelter either of the frigate or the land, and the commander with emotion, gave orders for deserting the brave ship he had commanded in so many battles. The order was obeyed with alacrity, yet without disorder. The boat was brought along side, and the seamen ordered to get into it. It held but seventy

‘Let the remaining ten take the life-boat with the officers,’ said the com-

mander. 'Put off there in the boat and make for the shore before the storm burst upon you. Now launch the life-boat.' It soon floated light beside the ship. The heat now became so intense, and the danger grew so imminent from the blazing spars and canvass, that fell in showers about them, that the officers and men were instantly ordered to enter the boat. 'I will be the last man on the deck of *Le Minerve*. Come, my child,' he said, taking in his embrace a lovely girl of nineteen, who had hitherto been reclining as he gave his orders, almost insensible upon his shoulder.

'Oh Henri—the prisoner! the prisoner! oh, my father,' she shrieked, disengaging herself from him and clinging to a stay with both hands. 'Will you be so cruel as to murder him thus.'

'No—good God, no! I had forgotten him. He is confined in the gun-room. Who will release him? If a seaman he shall have a hundred lounds—if an officer, promotion.

'A brand has fallen against the magazine door, and half burned it through,' exclaimed a sailor, returning with breathless terror.

'Then he must perish,' cried the commander: 'into the boat all, and pull for your lives. *De Saussure*, take my daughter from me!'

'No—no—he shall not perish,' cried the young lady with determined energy.

And as she spoke she burst from her father and the officer who was lifting her into the boat, and flew across the heated deck amid the roar of guns, the crackling of flames and the terrors of so appalling a scene as that wild conflagration presented. She descended into the sumptuous state cabins now deserted and in confusion, and opening a trap-door, descended still farther to the deck below. She heard the voice and footstep of her frantic parent in pursuit, and dropped the trap-door leaving herself in darkness. Her foot had trodden there before in silence and darkness, and well she knew how, in danger, to find the place she sought. She had to go forward some distance along a narrow passage. The roar of flames, and the thunder of cannon above and around her was fearful, yet she trembled not.

'No, he shall not perish, or I perish by his side,' she repeated energetically. The air was close and hot, and charged with smoke, so that it was with difficulty she could breathe. Still she pursued her intricate way to the gun-room.—Suddenly a fearful shock convulsed the huge fabric of the ship to its centre, and the upper decks above her head were torn open their whole length, and the confined atmosphere rushing out ignited with instant combustion. The masts had fallen, carrying the decks with them! For an instant she stopped to recover from the shock, and then darting down a ladder, flew across the gun-deck her way lighted by flames darting into the port-holes, and came to a door in an oaken wainscott. To her surprise it was unbarred and open.

'Oh Henri! Henri! she shrieked, with a cry between joy and hope.

'Madeline, bless God, is it you who have made this sacrifice for me?' answered a young man who was lying in an open cell chained to a bolt.

'And should it not be me, from whom you have been thus cruelly confined! Come, fly with me! Life hangs upon a thread? The ship is in flames!'

'So a seaman informed me, who humanely as he fled by, threw open my door; but I could not move! Fly, dear Madeline. Save your own life, and leave me to perish!'

'I live only in you—and if you die I die!'

'This is madness.'

'Let me see your chains. They are fastened to this bolt. Let us with our united strength try and draw it from the deck. See, it is loose, and may yield!'

The words of hope—the love of life, inspired him, thought against hope, to make the effort. Once, twice, *thrice*, was their combined strength exerted, and the fourth time the bolt yielded!—for love and life are strong.

'Now fly—we may yet live for each other!' cried the noble girl taking him by the hand and dragging him from the spot. 'Fly, for the conflagration has reached within a few feet of us. A moment's delay, and we are both lost.'

The young officer—for such his uniform bespoke him—smiled faintly as the

red glare of the flames shone through the door, upon his features, and he pointed to his fetters.

'See, Madeline, I cannot walk. My feet are chained together!'

'My cruel father!' she cried in despair. 'But you must not perish. No, no! I have strength—I have energy—I will bear you hence in safety.'

'No, rather let me die here. Save your own dear life, while there is yet time.'

'Only with your life do I save my own,' she answered, decidedly. 'I am strong—God will aid me—I will save you! Come, dearest Henri, let me bear you in my arms.'

'And whither?' he asked, between doubt and despair. 'Hear the roar of the flames!'—feel the heat of the deck above us!—hark! the gun within ten feet of us has discharged itself!—how can you *alone*, how can we *both* escape but to perish in a watery grave!'

'The life-boat is waiting. My father would never leave the ship without me!'

'I can bear you along the decks as I came! The flames may burn me—the heat may scorch my face—but I shall heed nothing so that I save you. Oh, Henri, if you love me, yield!'

'I do,' he answered as a loud crash told the falling in of a portion of the main deck: 'Heaven nerve you to the task, noble creature.'

'Love never doubts,' she answered, taking him in her arms—for confinement and illness had made him lighter than he otherwise would have been. The burden was heavy, but energy and resolution with the thought of all she was striving for, made it light. Bearing him along the deck by the way she had come she reached the ladder in safety. This he ascended himself without her aid. On gaining the next deck she found the tempest had burst upon the ship, and that the flames of the crushed decks which she expected to have to meet were extinguished by deluges of spray that broke over the ship and poured in torrents into the holds. The roar of the hurricane was now deafening above and around them, and instead of smoke and fire, the heroic girl with her burden had to force her way by wading along the decks in deep water. She, however, was undismayed, and thanking heaven for this temporary suspension of the conflagration in her pathway, she retracted her steps towards the foot of the ladder leading to the trap door of the state cabin by which she had first descended. But here she encountered new flames from the fierce effects of which her loose garments, thrown around her face and that of the helpless and fettered young man, in a measure protected her. At every foot-fall, as she advanced, she could feel the ship rock and heave beneath her as the storm shook its massive frame, and momentarily she feared it would part and engulf them.—She reached with him the ladder and the state room in safety.

'Now one more effort and we are upon the quarter deck and shall know our fate,' she said. 'Nay, Henri—this is no time for you to say I shall carry you no further.'

'The ship reels as if she were foundering,' said the young man with energy. 'Oh these fetters that make me at this hour dependant for life on one who needs my protection for her own safety. Cannot you find me a file Madeline? I would die at least free.'

'Before you could use a file we should perish. Here, oh, here are the keys! Behold! Now you are free! she joyfully exclaimed, her eye having caught sight of several bunches of keys hanging over the captain's transom, one of which she knew was that entrusted to the keeper of the prisoners, and flew to obtain.

'Thank God for this mercy,' said the youth as he discovered among them several key for fetters. He tried one—it would not fit the ward of his own;—another and another with equal want of success.

'Will Heaven let you perish with liberty and life thus within your grasp,' she cried with anguish; 'come, let me bear you to the deck, and if my father has deserted me we can at least die, as he has forbid us to live together,' she cried, embracing him passionately.

'No, we shall both yet live and be blessed, dearest,' he joyfully exclaimed as

the trial of another key proved successful. 'See! I am free!' and casting aside his heavy chains he stood upon his feet and caught her to his heart.

'Now, now, I am to be your preserver, not you mine!'

She clasped her hand with gratitude, and falling upon his shoulder wept the full tide of her joy. Thus he raised her up and hastened with her to the deck.

Fearful and wild beyond description was the scene that met his eyes. The sea around him was boiling with foam, and the mad wind was sweeping over it with a deafening roar! The skies were black as midnight save when riven by the forked lightning, and the mingled thunder and wind and roar of the waves formed a sound such as human ears had never before heard. No land was visible for the murky gloom that made sky and water seem to meet close around them. Through this empire of the king of the tempests the hull of the line of battle ship was driving furiously; rolling this side and that like a drunken man, but still plunging onward to its destiny. The masts, sails and spars had all been consumed, and the bowsprit and bows were only now on fire—the sea, which had been swept over her at the onset of the storm, having put out the conflagration further aft. The flames of the bows instead of ascending or turning towards the stern were driven straight forward by the force of the winds, notwithstanding the velocity at which the ship herself was driven.

On the quarter deck all was confusion and ruin, and the charred deck and bulwarks, showed that those who had last stood there had finally been driven from it by the flames, before they were extinguished by the waves. The young man having taken a hasty view of the scene and his position, felt that there was now little chance of life—for he knew the ship in those waters could not drive far without going ashore, and shipwreck in such a storm presented few chances for escape. He sighed as he gazed upon the pale and exhausted girl who had risked so much for his safety, and to whom he now owed his life. She looked up and raised her head from his shoulder, upon which she had leaned insensible since he had left the state room with her, and as divining his thoughts said, as he bent his ear closely to her lips to catch the words in the noise of the storm,

'Fear not, Henri, God has not given me courage and strength to save you to permit either you or I to perish now. We shall both be saved. But my poor father!'

'The life-boat is not aboard! He probably left the ship before the chances of safety were quite gone. Be not apprehensive for him—for a life-boat will live even in so terrific a sea as this.'

'I have no hopes,' she answered, despondingly. 'He has perished. There were many in the boat—and with him have perished this day all who two hours since sailed with us in hope and pride. How many gallant men will lie in the deep sea to-night, whose voices and foot tread were but now heard on this deck.'

'All may be saved! Think only of your own preservation now, said the young officer. 'We seem to be the only persons left in this mighty fabric which has become the sport of the wild winds and waves. Let us secure our self-possession and be prepared to take advantage of whatever opening for safety Providence may point out.'

His words gave her fresh energy, and after hiding her face a few moments longer to commend herself and him she loved so well, to God, she stood up beside him and calmly surveyed him with the sublime spectacle of the tempest through which they were driving as if impelled by the wings of destruction.—Above them, around them, before them, all was one elemental chaos. By degrees the fire from the bows ate its way aft and reached the bulwarks about the gangway. This was a new subject for alarm. Hitherto there had been no rain amid the storm—for the violence of the windy tempest drove the water in sheeted rain horizontally through the upper regions of air ere it could fall upon the sea. But now it began to descend with great vehemence and soon completely deluged the decks and extinguished the flame which had again become a source of painful anxiety. It drove them for shelter to the helmsman's house, a strongly built covered shed, and here they remained calmly waiting 'he fear

ful issue. Night was rapidly setting in and both expected it would be their last on earth. Seeing her perfectly comfortable in her narrow quarters, from which was visible the whole ship and sea before her, the young officer left her to examine the compass and found that they were driving NE. by E.

'You say we were near Calais, dearest Madeline, he asked, 'steering parallel with the shore, when the ship took fire by the lightning?'

'Yes. I was in my state room at the time, and hastened on deck. There was a large chateau close to us, not half a mile distant, and I could see the towers of Calais over the land.'

'Then we must be near the Hague and driving into the North Sea—for on this course we should otherwise have driven ashore long since. If the ship's bottom is sound and we safely weather the headland of Zuyder Zee we may be, if the gale lasts, wrecked in three or four days on the coast of Denmark.'

This calculation was coolly made and stated with frankness to the companion of his danger, by the young man. He had hardly communicated it to her, however, before the rain which had beat against their shelter behind, came suddenly in their faces.

'The wind has chopped round,' he cried, 'and we shall stand a chance of being wrecked on a coast at least nearer home.'

The ship herself now began to labor heavily and shear as if struck by a head sea, and he felt satisfied that the wind had shifted to the opposite quarter, as it often does in an instant in violent hurricanes. The sea which had been raised by the former direction of the gale now being beaten back and agitated by conflicting force, became confused and tumultuous, and tossed the hull fearfully as it strove to make head against it. The young officer now saw by the compass that their course was changed and that the unwieldy mass on which they depended for safety was driving south west. He saw this would bring them to land in the vicinity of Calais if they did not before.

He cheered the noble girl by his side with assurance of safety, and after having brought her from the cabins such refreshments as he could find, they remained watching the storm which had increased in violence from its new quarter, and trying, which poor human nature finds it hard to do in danger, to put their trust in Providence for a safe deliverance from the imminent peril of their situation.

From the window of the chateau the Marquis de Fernay and his niece, and from his saddle upon the height upon which he had halted, Louis, had seen the progress of the storm. The former, as we have seen, beheld the frigate driven out of sight into the gloomy shades of the tempest, and turned all their thrillingly wrought attention to the fate of the line-of-battle-ship. The Marquis with a glass beheld the two last boats lowered into the water and the group of officers about her. He had also informed Josephine that a female in white leaned upon the arm of the commanding officer, whose rank he recognised by his uniform.

'Ah, there is some commotion,' he said earnestly; 'I see one boat is filled with men and putting off while the other delays and there is a rushing to and fro.'

'Do you see the lady still?' inquired his niece.

'No. She is no longer visible. The commander has also disappeared. How madly they delay. The flames are approaching them on one side and the tempest is almost upon them on the other. Yet they linger! Oh, that they would escape! Now I see the commander again. Two of his officers and his men are forcing him into the boat—'

'And the lady, uncle?' asked the young Countess breathlessly seizing his hand.

'She is no where to be seen. They have forced their officer down into the boat and have left the ship. The poor lady, I fear me, has somehow perished. 'Tis a fearful scene. The boat has left her, and now all the crew, full five hundred men, are upon the water striving for life in open boats. God be their preserver! Hark, that fearful thunder crash! How dread that roar of the wind! See the sea lift its angry mane and lash itself into foam! Look! the boats! how they are tossed and the waves leap over them? Hark to the shrieks!' cried the Countess sinking upon her knees, 'Oh, God! what a moment of agony! There

has one boat filled with living men gone down! Another has disappeared! See! a cannon ball from the ship itself has sunk a third! But four survive! There disappears another! Merciful heaven! spare thy creatures.'

'Let us fly niece! This is too dreadful! Let us fly to the chapel and pray for them, and afterwards when the storm will permit, hasten with aid to the shore. Alas! see the sea is sheeting with foam and in the warfare of the elements none are longer visible, yet, I trust all will not perish in such fearful misery.'

With these words the Marquis dragged his niece from the window to which they had both till now lingered with that fascination which irresistibly and unaccountably binds the senses to the contemplation of scenes of suffering and horror from which the heart shrinks and under which reason totters.

CHAPTER III.

TOWARDS midnight the gale, before which the wreck of the line-of-battle-ship had been driven for so many hours, now in the direction of the north sea, now back again upon her former course, began to lull. The spray ceased longer to dash over the stern and fall upon the deck where the young prisoner and the maiden were sheltered, and the ship rolled less heavily, as the waves gradually sunk to repose. At one o'clock in the morning the hurricane had terminated and Henry with pleasure informed his companion that the clouds were breaking in the north-west, and that their chances of safety were now secure.

With deep interest they now watched the clearing away of the approaching clouds, and as the heavens became lighter their hopes brightened. While they were looking abroad upon the sea which now heaved and broke into waves which momentarily grew less in size; the full moon suddenly broke through the dark masses of clouds above their heads, and shone brightly down upon the sea. Its bright beams continued to shine for a moment only, when they were withdrawn; but it was the smile of hope to their hearts and they drew from it an omen for their safety but alas, not to prove so to both of them.'

At length the storm cleared away and the moon ruled in the heavens' and lighted up the sparkling sea with a brightness that seemed like that of noon-day, contrasted with the late gloom and horror that prevailed over sky and ocean.

'Look hither, Madeline,' said the young man who had taken a stand upon a gun upon the quarter-deck which overlooked the bulwarks; 'there is land and from the direction of it, it is France; but whether south or east of Calais, I cannot tell. It is not more than a league distant. How fortunate that we were not driven upon it in the midst of the gale! We should inevitably have perished.'

'What bright light like a rising star is that so near the sea?' asked the young girl.

'It is a light-house. Ah there is another to the east. I know these lights. We are near Calais; the centre one is its harbor light.'

'It is not far.'

'Not five miles. But we have no chance of reaching that port unless taken off by some boat or vessel. I find the ship is drifting shorewards very rapidly, and there is some danger yet from breakers. If she should drift with this heavy landward roll upon a rocky beach the ship would certainly go to pieces. She is very much strained in her timbers and I find on just sounding the well that she has five feet of water in her hold. She may founder ere we reach the shore, or go to pieces on striking it. I acquaint you, dear Madeline, of these dangers that you may nerve your mind to meet them.'

'I thank you, Henri; but I have little hopes of escaping with my life. I feel my heart heavy with foreboding, and all my hope which in the midst of the storm buoyed me up has died within my bosom. We shall never be saved.'

'This is superstition, dearest, and you should not let such feelings fill your

mind at such a time, when all the energies of your soul are called for. Every man who has been saved from danger, has saved himself by the combined exercise of hope and action. See how rapidly the ship drifts. The outlines of the heights can be distinctly seen. See to the south there is visible the towers of some buildings.'

'It is, I think, the same chateau—yes it is that was abreast of us when the lightning struck the ship. Yes, there are the faint towers of Calais to the east. Strange that the storm should have driven us so wildly away from the spot and then left us here again.'

'Yes, I can see Calais distinctly with the moonlight reflected from its turrets. There are lights moving in yonder chateau. Perhaps your father may have been saved and is now there.'

'No, no! Some painful emotion tells me that he has perished. The same sensation forwarns me of my own death. Henri, dear Henri, I shall never tread yonder shore.'

'Do not give way to such fancies,' answered the young officer, tenderly embracing her. 'We are now within two-thirds of a mile drifting towards a rocky headland not far from the base of the chateau. I will now fire the upper deck guns at brief intervals as a signal for succor. A boat can live, the water is so smooth between these headlands, and if they put off from the shore before we strike, we shall be saved.'

'And if we strike?'

'We shall strike very heavily and I fear go to pieces. In this alternative I must save your life as you have done mine.'

The maiden was silent and the young officer saw her clasp her hands in prayer as he left her to get a match and powder for priming the guns he intended to fire to bring aid. There was, indeed, most imminent hazard in remaining on board the wreck until she struck; for there was a heavy landward roll in which she went surging and laboring now and then pitching violently, and threatening each moment to founder. The young sailor feared either alternative, and began to feel as the crisis approached, deeply solicitous for the safety of the life of one who was so dear to him. These two youthful persons partners in such a peril, were not only lovers but were betrothed. Henry Monteith was the son of a Scottish gentleman of fortune who had resided long in France, having purchased an estate adjoining that of Captain Navarre, the commander of the line-of-battle-ship *Le Menerve*. His son was an officer in the British Navy, and during a period of amnesty, visited his father.

He there accidentally beheld Madeline Navarre, and found means to become acquainted with her, though secretly, for Captain Navarre not only secretly had a singular dislike from some cause or other to Scotchmen, but he had managed to quarrel with his neighbor about certain land-marks. Therefore, Henry Monteith who very soon won the affections of the lovely Madeline, had to keep his love secret from her father till such time as he could claim her for his own, which he resolved to do when he should get a first lieutenancy, he being then a third lieutenant. Thus their true loves ran smoothly. Henry making two cruises and returning at the end of each to renew his vows of affection. At length war was declared against France by England, and Admiral D'Estaing was ordered with a fleet to America, to help the colonies to achieve their independence. The Captain of the *Le Minerve* received his orders, and informed his daughter that he should take her with him, hinting at the same time his suspicions of Henry Monteith. Madeline had nothing to do but silently acquiesce and then secretly to send word to her lover, who was at his father's, who had the same day received orders from the French Government to retire into the interior. This intelligence filled the young suitor with grief, while it inspired him to action.

He had a private interview with her and was made happy by her consent to fly with him the next day to the altar, leaving her father and all else for his sake. The hour was appointed for the flight, and Henry made his appearance at the mansion of his lady-love to receive her. It was deserted and shut up, and to an inquiry put to an old servitor who was in charge, he was told that Captain

Navarre and his daughter had gone on board the line-of-battle-ship *Le Minerve* the evening before, and that she was to sail the next morning.

'This is sudden,' said the surprised and distressed young man on hearing this astounding intelligence.

'Yes,' answered the old servitor dryly, 'but the captain got wind of some Englishman lurking about here to run off with his daughter, and so he thought he'd take her on board, as the safest place.'

'Not if I had a good British frigate to lay alongside of her,' thought the chagrined lover, turning away from the old man who, from his demeanor he believed knew both himself and his object.

Henry Montieth was not a man, however, to be defeated by obstacles in the pursuit of an end so dear to his heart as that he had in view. He formed his plan and proceeded to put it into execution. Purchasing the hat, coat and sword of a boarding officer, which he put on over his own undress uniform, he walked down to the quay and boldly calling for a custom house boat he leaped into it and bade the oarsmen pull him on board the *Minerve*. The men obeyed without a word and rapidly the barge approached the line-of-battle-ship, which lay off at anchor a mile and a half from the city in full sight of the quay. Pleased at the success thus far of his exceedingly bold and skillful step the young man encouraged the rowers, till at length they came near the *Minerve* and were hailed from her fore-castle.

'Custom-House boat, with a message to Captain Navarre,' returned the young man. 'Pull away men, and bring me without delay alongside the gang-way.'

A rope was thrown him, and quitting his boat with the order for his men to lay off on their oars, he soon stood upon the ship's deck. A midshipman received him and conducted him to the state-room where he beheld Captain Navarre seated writing.

'An officer of the customs with a message, sir,' said the midshipman bowing, and then stepping aside for Henry to advance.

'Well, sir—deliver it. I am getting ready to sail and am occupied each minute,' said the captain without looking up, though our young hero's face was unknown to him.

'A schooner has just got under way in the upper port and as some suspicions are attached to her the captain of the port would esteem it a favor if you would bring her too and not let her put to sea. She is beyond the range of any of the port guns.'

'This is a singular request to make of the captain of one of his Majesty's line of battle ships,' answered Captain Navarre looking at the speaker. 'Where are his own armed schooners to look after such suspicious craft.'

'Put to sea this morning in chase of smugglers.'

'Very well, I will give orders. What is her name?'

'The Madeline.'

'Eh! Why that's the name of my daughter. Do you hear that, child,' he called towards an adjoining state-room; 'some pirate or smuggler has named his vessel after you, the scoundrel.'

'Sir,' answered the young lady who having heard her name repeated by Monteith in his own tone, (for this beloved name had been purposely given by him that he might speak it to reach her ear,) and half-doubting, half-believing his presence, she came bounding forth from her room. Her eyes instantly met his and recognized him. Her color fled and sudden trembling seized upon her. He gave her a look of caution and intelligence and she recovered herself before her father discovered any thing to arouse suspicion.

'I said,' repeated Captain Navarre, 'that this officer has been sent in behalf of the Customs to request my services in stopping a vessel which bears the name of Madeline. You heard him for he called the name loud enough.'

'Yes, sir.'

'I'll stop the vessel and blow her out of the water for daring to take your name. Tell the captain of the port so, sir.'

'Yes sir,' answered the young man who had interchanged several glances of

hope and encouragement with Madeline, who each moment trembled lest he should be detected. 'That is your daughter, sir.'

'Yes, what then?' gruffly answered the captain, looking at the speaker with a scowl.

'I am glad to have found her, sir.'

'Found her, sir? What do you mean, sir. She has not been lost, though it's not her own fault she wasn't.'

'I meant to say, sir, that I discover in her the owner of this bracelet which a lady dropped yesterday evening on the quay. 'I was so fortunate as to pick it up, and before I could follow her to inform her of her loss and return it she had disappeared. I now recognize this young lady to be the loser. Here is the bracelet, Mademoiselle.'

'You are an honest person. You must have lost it coming down to embark, Madeline. Strange you have not missed it. It is my daughter's bracelet, I recognize it. What reward shall I give you?'

'None other sir, than the honor of reclasping it upon the fair wrist to which it belongs.'

'Let him, girl,' answered the captain laughing, seeing that she turned pale and retreated. 'It is a reward easily paid.'

'Permit me this honor, lady,' said Henry, approaching her where she had arrested her retreat, (shall we say designedly?) at some distance to the right of her father and near her own state-room door. He knelt with his back to the captain who, taking up his papers again, did not watch them, and fervently pressing his lips to her hand, he added in a quick, low tone,

'I was at my appointment and learned you had been removed hither and in this disguise have sought you.'

'Oh, Henri, you will be lost- How could you be so rash! My father will suspect who you are? Fly!'

'Could I think of myself! To-night I will have a boat beneath the state-room window. Have a rope let down by which I can ascend and I will draw up a firm ladder made of wooden cross pieces I shall provide, by which you can firmly and easily descend with my assistance into the boat.'

'We shall be discovered and then—oh, no, no! This place is too wild. I could never reach your boat from the lofty windows at the stern. No—let me go with my father—and save yourself. We shall meet again in America.'

'I am resolved to secure your escape, dearest. We are drawing the attention of your father. I will be at the stern to-night when you hear four bells struck. Your clasp has been bent and comes together with difficulty, lady,' he said in a loud tone. 'I did not think to make this use of your gift, dear Madeline,' he added smiling. 'Depend on me and be true!'

'You are long, sir officer,' said the captain, who for a moment had forgotten them, and now turned round to see what was the reason of the officer's delay.

'Yes sir; it clasped with some difficulty. The lady is very grateful, sir.'

'No doubt, no doubt; women think much of such baubles. You have a foreign accent to your French!' he added, eyeing him sharply.

'Yes. I was educated partly by an English tutor, and he spoiled my vernacular.'

'Humph! The English spoil everything. If it had been a Scotchman he would have spoiled you altogether.'

'Yes, sir. You will bring the schooner too.'

'Aye. The Madeline, you say. The scoundrel! I'll have him under my lee, and her captain swung at my ship's yard-arm, if I find any wrong in him. I detest suspicious characters.'

'So do I, sir.'

'I hate spies and smugglers and Scotchmen.'

'You have reason to, sir.'

'Now go on shore and tell the Post-Captain I shall certainly oblige him, and give him my respects.'

'Yes sir.'

Thus replying, our successful lover quitted the state-cabin of the *Minerve*,

leaving her captain busy at his desk as he found him, but with an uneasy suspicion of something wrong, he knew not how or where, but he connected it vaguely with the schooner, which he began to believe had something to do with his daughter's elopement, if it did not actually contain the young Scotch lover himself.

'Yes, he said throwing down his pen. I see into the whole of it. I have got my suspicions on the right scent which something in the words of this custom house officer roused.—Yes, the schooner that he says has suspicious movements, has got underweigh with some object in view, with which my daughter is concerned. That accounts for her strange movements. I'll bet my head that Scotchman has hired her and is lying in wait to run off with my daughter, or she with him. I see it. It is a good fortune the Port Captain should have sent to me. I shall have him right in my hands! Oh, the villain. Pierre!'

'Monsieur,' answered his servant.

'Say to the first Lieutenant I wish to see him.'

The officer sent for, made his appearance in the state cabin.

'Who has charge of the deck?'

'Beauregard.'

'Where is Fernay? It should be his watch. Send him hither if you please.'

'You gave him permission to join the ship at Calais.'

'Oh, ah, very true. Go on deck and see if you see any suspicious schooner coming down the harbor. Stay! Give my orders to Mr. Beauregard to bring too every schooner that attempts to pass or approach the ship this afternoon. I will be on deck by and by. Go, you have my orders.'

'Yes, I see it. This schooner is going to carry off my daughter,' he said rising and pacing the deck. 'Yes, I've got my suspicions roused. Madeline,' he called to the maiden, who had retired the instant Henry Monteith had left her.

'Sir,' answered Madeline coming into the state room and looking alarmed and anxious.

'There is a conspiracy on foot, and you at the bottom of it I suspect.'

The young girl thought she should have sunk through the deck of the cabin for she believed Henry had been discovered, and the whole had been exposed. She was silent, and it was fortunate that she was, for an unlucky word might have betrayed her. Her father continued, and each sentence he uttered, relieved her.

'Yes, a schooner is getting underweigh under suspicious circumstances. This custom-house officer who found your bracelet, came on board with a message from Mr. Perot, the Port Captain, to advise me of the fact and desired me to bring her to. He did not know what made her suspicious, but *I do*. You know too.'

'Indeed, sir, I am at a loss,' she answered, greatly relieved at finding her father did not suspect Henry, or his plan of escape, but had got upon another track.

'Well then, this schooner is, I'll be sworn, under charge of your Scotch lover, and his plan is to come down alongside with the evening tide, and then if he can, get you out of the cabin here, smuggle you on board, and leave me to shut the cage door.'

Madeline again became embarrassed. She now believed her father had got some accurate intelligence, and that to come near in a schooner and then send a boat from it, was Henry's intention. Her heart failed her and she knew not what to say or do, to maintain her self-possession. She felt all was lost. That the discovery had been made, and that Henry would be taken as in a trap. She rapidly devised in her thoughts a hundred ways of communicating to him information, and preventing the catastrophe she now certainly foresaw. But she could decide on none; for she was a prisoner without any means or resources at command.

Captain Navarre had, however, received no information, other than Henry himself had given him, in his invented tale of a suspicious schooner, which his mind, naturally suspicious, and now particularly so, on account of his daughter's late attempt at elopement, conjured up into a vessel expressly prepared to

carry off his child. These suspicions working in his active mind, at length produced a result which came very near the truth.

'I know of no schooner, father.'

'No, perhaps you didn't: but that don't alter the case. It is not your fault that you did not; but I have kept you so close that no one could tell you your Scotch gallant's movements, unless a sea-gull flying past the cabin windows. No, no. I shall watch you sharply until we get off soundings. Now go to your state-room. I must go on deck and look for this schooner. If I catch him I'll put him in irons and send him to the Bastile.'

Madeline returned to her state-room, where she gave herself up to unavailing tears for the fate of her daring lover, whose arrest she now felt to be certain.

In the meanwhile, the captain went on deck, where he had no sooner arrived, than his attention was drawn by his lieutenant to a schooner with long tapering masts, and a red and black hull which was slowly moving round the head of the pier, and laying her course down the harbor.

'That's the suspicious schooner, my life on it,' said Captain Navarre, leveling his glass. She is not a French build, and her canvas is English cut. She carries a small green flag at her forepeak, and sails well. Have a gun ready to bring her too when she comes within hearing.'

'There is another schooner getting under sail, under her lee,' said the lieutenant.

'Yes, I see her—a drogher for dried fish! She is not suspicious, M. Beauregard. Keep your eye only on this fellow with the green flag.'

'I see a third vessel schooner-rigged, and foreign appearance, abreast the telegraph,' said the captain looking with his glass; she is coming out. She carries a large top-gallant sail and heavy main-sail with a red cross in the centre. I don't know which is the most suspicious looking, this or the green flag. Ah, there she sets Swedish colors. She is peaceable enough—besides I see a Custom House boat just quitting her.'

With intense interest the captain watched the graceful approach of the schooner first seen, and which he truly believed had something to do with his daughter's presence on board the *Minerve*. Under a light yet steady wind she came down the harbor, and was within half a mile of the *Minerve*, when a gun was fired at her from a cruiser at anchor in the current, and then another, but of which she took no heed.

'By Jupiter, they are trying to bring her up the harbor. How is it that this Custom House officer told me the Port Captain had no vessels in port. There she fires again at her. We'll stop the rascal here. Run off with my daughter! Level your piece, M. Bouregard.'

The schooner as she got further out from the quay felt the wind a point or two more freely and came down towards the line ship, parting the waves and heaving the spray before her at six knots speed. Gun after gun was fired from the cruiser, and seconded by the fort, and the shot threw long wakes of foam upon the surface of the water, but without touching her. She made no alteration in her course, and the only notice she seemed to take of it was to set her flying jib.

'She is a bold craft,' said Captain Navarre, 'and means to run past instead of skulking awhile till dark about us and then—running off with my daughter.' This last sentence he muttered to himself. 'Now he is in range. Let him have a shot across his fore-foot.'

The thirty-two pounder shook the ship to the centre in its discharge and the shot was plainly seen to pass over the schooner, and strike and bury itself in a bank on the opposite side of the harbor, throwing up a large cloud of dust.

'The gun is two elevated, sir.'

'Mon Dieu! charge a lower deck gun and blow her out of the water.'

In the meanwhile, the schooner kept steadily on her course and was abreast of the liner when a second shot struck the water half a cable's length on the side of her next the ship, and throwing up the water high into the air, bound clear over the schooner—dive beneath the surface—fifty fathoms beyond on the

other side. The fort and cruizer now ceased firing leaving the issue to the ship-of-the-line. A third gun from the lower deck elevated, struck the water close beside her and covered her in a shower of spray, wetting her canvas forty feet from the deck.

'That must have taken her hull,' said Captain Navarre, levelling his spy-glass; 'no, it must have glanced beneath her.' She is taken care of by the devil! Let me see who is at her helm and on her decks. By Heaven! a mere boy is steering her, and a man is standing beside him with folded arms looking coolly at the ship as if calculating the chances of being hit by the next shot. I see four men only on her fore-castle. Every thing is hauled home and in its place! She has a seaman to command her, if he be what I suspect, cloven footed. I see tarpaulins on her decks which I am sure conceal guns! Let her have another shot! she is dead abeam!

A fifth gun was discharged, and the captain eagerly watched its effects with his glass. It struck the head of the bow-sprit, shivering it, and tore away a portion of the bulwarks, and passed through the edge of the foresail taking the bolt-rope.

'He is vulnerable. Another gun aimed like that, my men,' cried the captain, 'will bring her to her knees. Charge, and fire rapidly, or she will soon be beyond reach. In two minutes more she will have passed our line of fire. It will be a lasting disgrace to the French marine if she escape. Fire!'

The concussion of the report of the pieces, made the ship vibrate to her keel. The shot went far astern of her, ricochetting from wave to wave, tearing and shivering in pieces a ledge of rocks against which it struck. Steady, and undisturbed by all the excitement her presence caused, the schooner held on her way, and was soon beyond the bearing of the ship's heavy ordnance. Captain Navarre paced the deck like a mad-man at this discomfiture. He gave an order to man boats and pursue her; but a seven knot breeze before which she was now moving seaward, convinced him that a chase would only serve to deepen the mortification of his failure. He, with his officers, watched her with surprise and interest as she lessened in the distance, each lost in his own conjecture as to the character of a vessel which had so successfully eluded the combined force of the cruiser, the fortress, and a ship-of-the-line. Captain Navarre comforted himself, as he saw her disappearing to the north-east, hull down, with the assurance that for the present at least, his daughter was not to be a passenger in her.

Madeline soon learned the cause of the heavy cannonading, but she knew that Henry was not in the schooner, for she had watched with a small spy glass, from the cabin window, his retiring boat, and seen him land at the quay, just as the firing upon the schooner was commenced by the castle and cruiser. She knew, therefore, that he was for the present safe, and that so far as the schooner had been concerned, her father's suspicions had been wrongly directed.

That night, a little after nine o'clock, a boat, rowed by six men with muffled oars, put off from a point of rocks opposite the ship-of-the-line, and rowed towards her. The moon was within a few nights of its full, and gave a clearer light than men compelled to muffle their oars could desire. Swiftly that boat came towards the dark mass that lay like a huge castle afloat.

'What boat is that?' challenged the sentinel from the gangway.

'Castle.'

'Come along side.'

'Aye, aye,' answered a cheerful voice which the expecting, trembling Madeline knew to be Monteith's. Her father had retired, locking her in, and since three bells she had been waiting between hope and fear, her lover. How the challenge of the sentinel made her blood leap! how throbbed her young heart at the sound of his voice in reply.

The boat came up along side, and Monteith ascended to the deck, dressed

French army officer, and requested to see the captain, for whom he had important despatches. Captain Navarre was informed of his presence and object on board, and throwing on his Indian morning gown, received him.

The assumed officer bowed, and presented a packet. Captain Navarre tore the seal, and read as follows :

SIR—You are commanded by the Minister of War, to give passage to America, to M. St. Clair Lorraine, a Colonel, and bearer of private despatches to the Marquis de La Fayette.

(Signed.)

PROVEAUX, Minister of Marine.

To M. NAVARRE, Captain, Line-of-battle-ship Minerve.

'Sir, you are welcome. Monsieur le minister shall be obeyed, answered Captain Navarre, courteously.

'I will send my boat back, if you please, and then retire to my state-room,' said Monteith in a careless tone.

As he went on deck for this purpose, and inwardly rejoicing in the success of his second *ruse d'amour*, a paper fell from his sword-hilt to the floor.

'It seems to me, said Captain Navarre, to himself, as he rose to pick it up, 'that this officer's face and voice are familiar. It does not seem a long time since I have seen and conversed with him. M. St. Clair Lorraine! I don't recollect such a name, Hal 'To Mademoiselle Navarre!' What is this? A note to my daughter! I must read it. Here is treason and conspiracy. Who can have the audacity to write to my daughter?

DEAREST MADELINE—I find the scheme I suggested when I was fastening on your bracelet this afternoon, wholly impracticable for many reasons. I have determined to take passage in the same ship with you as M. St. Clair Lorraine, bearer of despatches, and meet my ship in America, where it is to join Lord Howe. I have written for and shall obtain leave, and in the meantime anticipate it. Betray no surprise or recognition on meeting me in the morning at table. I look forward to a happy passage across the Atlantic in your sweet society. You will think I am an audacious intriguer; but what will not love undertake for its object?

Devotedly,

MONTETH.

It would be impossible to express in language, the astonishment and utter consternation of Captain Navarre, on reading this fatal missile. The identity of the custom-house officer and the French bearer of despatches, now flashed upon him. It was several seconds before he could speak, for the depth of his emotions of anger and vengeance.

'Ho, a guard! Seize the spy and traitor!' he shouted, till his voice rung through the cabin. He flew to the deck, where Henry having just dismissed his oarsmen was returning. 'Ho, you villain,' cried the infuriated captain seizing his collar, 'you Scotch rogue! you pretty custom-house officer, and bearer of despatches! I'll have you hung, sirrah. I have read your note to my daughter! I will have you guillotined. Ho, seize him and put him in irons, and take him to the gun-room prison?'

Monteith knew that all was discovered; and anathematizing his carelessness in letting the note he had intended to convey to Madeline be lost, he quietly yielded to his fate, and suffered himself to be borne from the deck to the prison.

We have now explained the past history of the loves of the two persons now on board the wreck of the Minerve. Henry had been imprisoned the seventh day when the conflagration occurred, during which time, the faithful Madeline, by means of bribery, had repeatedly visited him. The mode of his release through her courage and devotion, is already known to the reader.

CHAPTER IV.

WE left Louis de Fernay, our French lieutenant, on his way to Calais, and when a mile from the chateau, arrested by the conflagration of his ship, which he watched with grief and horror, until the tempest swept her from his view,

still on fire as she disappeared in the distance. The reader, however, has followed her terrific course towards the north sea, and then seen her driven back again nearly to the spot from whence she had started, with the storm abated, and the two lovers, looking from her deck upon a moonlight scene of bay and shore, with the chateau in bold relief half a mile distant; the heavy ground swell driving the huge fabric helplessly onwards towards the rocky beach beneath it.

Louis did not leave his post on the headland till the violence of the gale drove him for shelter to the nearest roof, which was that of a deserted fisherman's hut, situated under the lee and against the cliff. Here he and his horse found partial protection from the wild force of the driving blast, while his bosom was torn with doubt and fears for those on board the frigate, the few who might still be on board the burning line of battle-ship and for the fate of the boats and their crowded numbers. Anxious to know the worst he made several different attempts to leave the hut and return, at least to the chateau, where if any were saved they would probably be found sheltered. But the fury of the wind and the darkness of the coming night forced him back. He therefore, though with a sufficiently impatient spirit, made up his mind to be detained there until the storm should break up or morning should appear.

With this view he fastened the door, unsaddled his horse and fastening him to a bolt in the stone chimney of the hut, placed the saddle upon the floor and laid down using it for a pillow. The hut was wholly dark save when a flash of lightning showed him the wretchedness of his quarters. The howling of the hurricane mingled with the roar of the breakers, as they leaped madly against the side of the cliff which they shook to its foundations, for a time drove sleep from his eyes. At length slumber stole over him, and sleep deep and heavy sealed his senses, lulled by the monotonous roar of the waves and wind to which his ear had now become familiar. How long he had slept, he knew not, when he was awakened by a loud clap of thunder and noise of a heavy fall within the hut, that startled him to his feet. It took him a moment to recollect where he was and the circumstances which had placed him there. The wind was still and the roar of the breaking surges only met his ear. There was more light too in the interior of the hut, and looking out from a small wicket window he saw with pleasure that the clouds were breaking up and the heavens becoming lighter, though still wild and tempestuous. He now missed his horse and feeling for him, found he had broken from his fastening by the chimney, leaving a piece of his bridle in the bolt. The door being still fast, he was surprised at this and began to search round the sides of the hut to discover some other opening by which he might have got out.

He found the place was spacious and walled on one side by the cliff, which to his surprise, he found was penetrated by a large opening. He stumbled over a heavy door which lay before it upon the ground and which had evidently fallen from the passage, which it had been intended to secure, and which had been thrown down by the shock of the thunder clap which awakened him. He found by his hands that it was broad and high enough for the passage of a man, but irregular in its shape as if a natural fissure in the rock. His horse, he was confident, must have wandered through it and he resolved to explore it not only in search of him but to gratify his curiosity. He drew his sword and carried it in his hand, for he recollected that smugglers infested the coast and that this was probably one of their haunts.

Listening before he advanced and hearing no sound save an impotent dash now and then of his horse's hoofs, which showed him that his lost companion was not only there but had penetrated some distance from the hut. With cautious steps carefully feeling his way with the point of his sword he advanced in perfect darkness several feet over a stony floor, the sound of the sea growing fainter as he proceeded further in. The passage was of irregular width and was partially blocked up by a gun pointed outwards which he ascertained to be a twelve pounder. At length it opened wider into a sort of a cavern, which by the sound of his sword hilt struck against the sides, he knew was of narrow dimensions; but a prolonged reiteration of the sound to the left, showed him

that it extended in that direction. He soon found the passage which by a shallow flight of three or four steps led him into a large vaulted apartment, for he knew its size by a sensation he felt of space above and around him. At the opposite extremity he was surprised to see a faint glow like half buried embers, and while he was deliberating whether to advance further or not, in such a mysterious place, his blood was curdled by the rubbing of his horse's nose against his shoulder.

Smiling at his sudden alarm he caressed his truant companion and taking his bridle, led him forward towards the glow worm looking spot, which as he came nearer he saw with pleasure were embers. He was within a few feet of them when he fell over a human body that was prostrate in his path. A loud fierce growl of rage caused him to spring further from him and by a sharp blow with his sword disengaged his leg which the man had seized. The horse close behind him was then evidently laid hold of by the fetlock as he was stepping along over him, for such a yell of terror as followed the grasp upon the hoof was never uttered by human lungs before. It made Louis' blood run cold. There was a struggle too! The horse had trodden upon his garments and held him down, while with yells and curses he strove in the darkness to disengage himself.

'Ha! The devil! ha, the devil! Jacques! Pierce! the devil has got me at last! Mercie, Marie! Mercie, Jesu! Sacre! oh *helas, aie!*' Here there was a dying away of the tones and the voice subsided in a low moan.

Filled with consternation as Louis was by this unexpected and startling event he could not help laughing, and hastened to the ashes to make a light. He found on stirring the bed of embers that there was a profusion of hot coals which as he opened them, shed a glare upon a huge chimney in which he stood and by which he discovered his horse standing quietly over the prostrate form of a man. By its light he also saw a piece of tarred rope which had been used as a torch and which he immediately lighted, a bright blaze which it gave out showed him a large cavernous chamber the lofty sides of which were piled with every sort of merchandize from casks of spirits to cases of silks and hales of laces, all ready to be taken across the chunnel. He was now satisfied of the character of the place and reputation of his new companion. He approached the man with the torch, whom he found lying on his back beneath his astonished steed, who had one hoof upon his jacket. The poor fellow's face was as pale as ashes; his eyes were closed and his hands clasped over a crucifix while his livid lips moved rapidly and inaudibly in prayer. The very hairs of his head were stiffened with his fear and his body shook with the convulsions of mortal terror.

Louis gently led his horse from above him, and then looked at him a moment as he lay there. He saw he was about forty years of age, with a bald place in the crown of his head, and a huge gray beard! He was short and fleshy, and though coarsely, somewhat fantastically dressed with an Indian's love for finery. There was an expression in his round visage of simplicity and cunning, and Louis set him down for some half witted fellow belonging to the gang, and left in charge of their rendezvous. He touched him with his foot, but he did not stir. He then pricked him in the ribs with his sword, when he threw up his short duck legs into the air, and closing his eyes tighter, cried out for mercy of 'good Mr Diabolus.'

'Up, up with thee,' said Louis, sternly. 'Open your eyes and get to your feet.'

'The man's fears were somewhat lulled by the sound of his voice, and his habits of obeying made him get so far up as to sit upon the floor of the cave — Then, with one eye he looked with surprise at the intruder, and with the other, surveyed with amusing doubt and fear the patient horse who stood near by contemplating him.

'Come, sir, get to your feet. Who are you.'

'A good Christian, Mr. Devil, and I hope you will let me live a little longer. I've got a good many sins o' conscience to repent of. Oh, it's pitiful to be waked out of a sound sleep, with a cloven foot in one's fist. You gave me a terrible fright, Mr. Devil, so let me off this time on that.'

'What is the fool talking about. Prick up your senses. There! do you feel better, sirrah?' added Louis, lifting him by the neck to his feet.

'Yes, I think I do. It was only a horse, then?'

'Yes.'

'Then I'll let old Lucifer go to the — But I was a *leetle* taken by surprise! But what are you and your horse doing here, Mister?' he demanded in a tone of authority.

'I have come in here for shelter from the storm.'

'Does it blow, out? Then the boys 'll not be in to-night. But how did you get in now?' he asked in a tone of puzzled surprise.

'By accident. Are you alone?'

The man shook his head with a cautious glance around him and muttered to himself, 'I see—he'll murder me if he knows the Captain has left me here!—No,' he then answered with more firmness of manner than Louis believed he could assume. He, however, knew that he was deceiving him.

'You are smugglers?'

'No, I am only a 'prenticee.'

'What are these goods?'

'The King's.'

'What King's.'

'George. You see the Parliament makes too hard laws about importin'; and as the King and royal family likes to wear rich goods, and the duties makes 'em too high for their purses in these times; so the King employs a few vessels to smuggle in what is wanted at Court, and lends 'em his own colors and guns, and gives 'em passes, to help 'em cheat his own cru sers.'

Louis looked at the parti-colored little man in red jacket, plaid cap and green trowsers, with surprise and natural incredulity at his extraordinary statement; yet the seriousness of his manner, and the connection of his narrative with the known fact of, and love of foreign finery displayed by the English court, could not but lead him to entertain the belief that he told the truth, and that he was truly in a *royal* smuggling-ry. But a moment's reflection, made him aware of the absurdity of giving credence to so improbable a story.

'Who is your Captain?'

'A lord's son.'

'And you yourself are, no doubt, a knight at the least.'

'Yes. I am knight of the cave here. They leave me in charge between whiles. They have been enough gone within the last fortnight, with good luck, to be back again. But this storm keeps them off. Sacre! I haven't got over my fright yet.'

'Your lungs gave a good account of themselves! You cried out in French. You are not French?'

'No.'

'English?'

'No. I am a Yankee sort from the Bay State. I was second cook and waitin' man of all work, aboard Cap'n Jerry Coffin's 'mophridite brig Fishhook, bound to Cadiz, and an English cruiser took us in charge, thinking we were not old enough to take care of ourselves. They were all put in Dartmoor hole but me, and I was let go to pick up my own livin', coz they said I was a *witless*, and would harm nobody. Finally, I was smuggled aboard a smuggling schooner, and arter they'd made me do all the work awhile about the caboose, they put me in here to watch the goods, and cook for 'em when they came ashore.—It's no honest trade, and so I was easily skeered when I felt them fetlocks and hoofs about my ears, and strait away believed it was the Old One. You are a likely youngster. Where do you hale from, now, I've told my story.'

'You are not such an idiot as you pretend to be,' said Louis, quickly; 'I believe you assume a fool's character for your own purposes. You did it I am sure, to deceive your captors, and you have done it to try and deceive me. I am on my guard now.'

He maneyed him sharply for a few seconds, and then said,

'You are a smart one! I am a little cracked by natur,' it is true, but my

noncompos is more nor three quarters feigned. I can have my wits about me, when I'm a mind to—though your pesky horse here, did 'een-a-most scare 'em clean off forever after more. You're cute! and let me tell you if you love your soul-case, to make the best of your way out of these plantin's rite off—for if the cap'n catches you here, it's a gone case with you. Them's my sentiments.'

Louis was puzzled what to make of his companion, but finally set him down as a shrewd fool, whose character was compounded of simplicity and cunning. By dint of artful questioning, he made out to learn from him, that this cavern was the depot of a band of smugglers, both French and English, for the mutual cheating of the revenues on both sides of the channel; that freight intended to be smuggled into France from England, was first landed at night and deposited here, and goods intended for the English market, stored here till required for shipping; that several small vessels were concerned in it, and that the illicit trade was known at Calais by the officer of the port, but connived at through heavy bribery. That these vessels were well armed and manned, and often defied the English cruisers, and almost always escaped them.

Louis himself now recollected having heard of an organized fleet of smugglers and of a secret rendezvous on the coast, but he never suspected its vicinity to the chateau; and he was surprized that its existence should have so long, perhaps for centuries, been kept secret from all but those concerned in the lawless trade it so highly favored. He remembered, too, hearing of a celebrated smuggler who infested the coast, who was singularly daring, always eluded pursuit and had thrice beaten off cruisers sent out to take him; whose movements were always so sudden and unforeseen that they mocked all espionage and precaution on the part of those who sought to take him.

'Do you know the name of your chief's vessel?' he asked, wishing to learn if he was in the haunt of this bold man.

'Some call him Black Ralph.'

'That's the name,' said Louis, quickly. 'So! I have made a discovery that will give a king's vessel work to do.'

'What's that?' demanded a strange voice in a stern tone that made him start and look round with surprise. Near him stood a stout, thick-set man with a seaman's cap and dress, and a brace of pistols at his belt.

'I meant nothing more than my words,' answered Louis in the same tone of defiance.

'You have discovered a rendezvous which is death for any man but a sworn smuggler to enter. Your words show me that you intend to make use of your knowledge to betray the place. This is your horse. You seem to have been driven hither for shelter.'

'I was,' answered Louis, struck by the bold and determined bearing of the other.

'You should then have been a guest. You are now a prisoner.'

'That is to be tried,' said Louis, throwing himself upon the smuggler and seizing one of his pistols. There was a momentary but fierce struggle, pistols were discharged, blood flowed from the smuggler's arm, and Louis lay upon the floor of the cave with his foot upon his breast. His victor surveyed him a moment by the flickering torch which lay upon the ground beside him, and then removing his foot he said in a tone of singular quietness.

'Rise up. You have drawn my blood—but I will not take your life. I know you. Your father did me a service in years past, and I repay it by giving you your life. Here is your sword. You are the son of the Marquis de Fernay.'

'Yes,' said Louis, rising to his feet. 'Who are you that can remember favors at such a time, and in the unlawful pursuit you follow know how to be generous to the conquered?'

'I am a Frenchman,' answered the other, coldly.

'That your speech tells me.'

'That is all you need know. Take your horse and leave the cavern. The storm is passing over.'

'Will you let me depart even without drawing an oath of secrecy from me?' asked Louis, taking his horse's bridle in his hand.

'He who owes me his life will never betray me.'

'You have a high scale of honor for such a profession.'

'Though a smuggler, I am no less a man.'

'I have a desire to know more of you.'

'Your horse is impatient.'

Louis without further questions followed him as he preceded him with the torch. To the surprise of the young officer he led him by a different passage from that by which he came and which let him forth by a rocky path that terminated in the sea. Wild and precipitous rocks rose above him and hung threateningly over the outlet, far into the entrance of which the spray of the surf was thrown.

'As you came by this way you will easily return to the upland without further guidance,' said the man, pausing upon a rock, his torch flashing rudely upon the water and ragged rocks.

'I entered by another route,' answered Louis.

'How?'

'Through a hut.'

'Who has opened that entrance which has been closed for years and unknown to but a few living men?' he demanded.

Louis briefly explained what is already known to the reader, and the smuggler bidding him return conducted him back, and so out by the way he entered. The fallen door and piece of bridle in the belt in the chimney showed him that his guest had doubtless spoken truly.

As Louis mounted his horse, the smuggler said in a low tone, 'I know your father's blood and it should be honorable. But I cannot trust all men. I warn you. If this depot be discovered through your visit here to-night yonder chateau shall be levelled with the ground; and there my vengeance shall not stop. Beware!'

'But the opening is plain enough seaward methink.'

'No. In the day time it appears a wild chaos of hanging and piled up rocks giving foot-hold only to the gull and against which the surges below roll with ceaseless roar. No vessels but ours can approach within half a mile, and boats seldom come near for the breakers. The whole cliff-ribbed coast for leagues has been searched for this secret spot, and yet it has been undiscovered except by those whose lives—here his voice fell to a low and menacing tone—have been the forfeit of their dangerous knowledge.'

Pray let me know your name. Methinks it should have reached my ears and I would like to learn if I am right.'

'Lan-franc.'

'Ha! The—'

'Enough,' said the other quickly and sternly.

'You are a wonderful man. I am not mortified at my discomfiture now that I know who has been my victor.'

The other smiled with grim pleasure at the compliment his words conveyed and then waved him an adieu and re-entered the hut.

It was now about two in the morning. The clouds had broken away and as Louis turned from the hut, the moon suddenly shone out and gave a brilliancy to the scene that singularly and beautifully contrasted with the late storm. Reflecting upon the singular place upon which he had found shelter, and upon the events that followed, he put spurs to his horse and rode up from the beach to regain the top of the cliff. He soon reached the summit, and drew rein to look abroad upon the channel with the fate of the frigate and the unhappy line of battle ship in his thoughts. Calais with its towers and battlements was on the left, and the towers of the chateau were visible to the right a third of a league distant, while before him stretching from the west to the east was the dark channel, its distant waves leaping to the moonlight in silvery jets, and those nearer rolling in shoreward with that majestic roll which ever follows a storm. Not a sail was visible in all the wide expanse to cheer his eye, but por-

tions of the channel lay in shadow from clouds suspended above them. Suddenly a moonbeam fell upon a distant sail. Could it be the frigate? He looked with intense earnestness, when what seemed so far off, as the moon fell upon it proved to be near, within a mile; and distinctly showed herself to be a raking schooner under a fore-topsail, jib and mainsail.

He again looked searchingly over the channel for any signs of the frigate, when he heard a heavy gun fired from the direction of the chateau, the sound of which at that hour fell with startling distinctness upon his ears. He looked in the direction of the chateau, when he saw a flash upon the water opposite to it and heard another report that awoke the echoes of the cliff with prolonged reverberations. By the glare of the flash he could see about a third of a mile off, against the chateau, a huge hulk rolling landward upon the waves which threatened it with destruction upon the reefs towards which they were bearing it. He gazed an instant endeavoring to make it out more distinctly, and then exclaiming, 'La Minerve!' put spurs to his horse and galloped at full speed towards that point of the shore.

Heavily thundered gun after gun from the wreck of the majestic battle-ship as each wave heaved her shoreward. Louis rode like the wind. He beheld the corpses of men strewn upon the beach in great numbers; here a boat at random bottom upwards, and there a burnt fragment of the burnt spars of the wreck. The whole shore as he went along presented to his eyes painful evidences of the terrible destruction produced by the hurricane which had so lately swept land and sea like a besom. Shipwrecked men wandered along the beach or sat upon the rocks till aid should come to them. This he did not delay to offer, for he saw it was at hand. The cessation of the gale had led the alert authorities of the city to despatch parties from town to search for and bury the bodies of the drowned, and give protection to those who had escaped. Soldiers were also despatched and were moving to the scene of disaster, for the purpose of protecting the dead from being stripped by the rabble, and protecting property that might have drifted ashore. Of all the boats which had left the burning ship, but one—the life-boat reached the shore. The rest were submerged with all their crews, most of whom perished ere they could gain the land. Out of five hundred men caught by the storm in the boats, but seventy-one escaped in safety. The life-boat which, it will be remembered contained the officers with Capt. Navarre, was several times overturned, each time righting with diminished numbers. When at length he reached the shore, which she was three hours in doing, but eleven persons, five officers, and six men, remained in her. One of them was Capt. Navarre. Fatigued and incapable of farther exertion, they threw themselves on the ground, sheltered by rocks, and there remained until the storm abated a little, when they sought shelter in the chateau, the hospitable doors of which were thrown wide open all night, and light burned in every window, to guide the shipwrecked mariner to shelter. The Marquis received them with gratitude to God for their escape, which was not lessened when he found that Captain Navarre was among them, and who was an old school-boy friend. The officers and men were shown to comfortable quarters, while the Marquis led Captain Navarre to his own room, which overlooked the water. Here the Captain informed him with insoluble grief, of the loss of his daughter. The Marquis after hearing his narrative, endeavored to console him with the hope of her yet surviving, and being restored to his arms.

'No, no! She has perished! The ship is lost! My poor Madeline is lost to me forever,' was the only reply of the inconsolable father. The Marquis, at length, left him to send succor to any others that might have reached the shore, while his thoughts were full of anxiety for his son, whom he had not seen since his departure for Calais. Josephine, also, was in her chamber in tears, lest, so great had been the violence of the storm on land, he had perished in it.

When at length the moon broke through the clouds, Josephine went out upon the balcony, and after casting a hasty glance leeward, fixed her gaze intently on the road to Calais, upon which the light lay brightly for half a mile. She turned her weary gaze away to rest her eyes upon the channel, when they fell upon a dark object that she knew was a dismayed ship. A cry which she un-

consciously uttered at the unexpected sight, brought the Marquis and Captain Navarre to the balcony, when the practised eyes of the latter instantly discovered the floating wreck. He saw at once from its size and condition that it must be the *Le Minerve*, which he had anticipated, if she could float so long, that the change in the direction of the gale would drive her back again to that neighborhood. If he had any doubts the report of a thirty-two pounder, the flash of which lighted up her sides and showed her serried tiers of ports, fully removed them.

'It is the line-of-battle-ship,' he cried. 'I pray you hand me a spy-glass.'

Josephine placed one in his hand with which he surveyed the wreck a few moments, speaking at intervals,

'Yes—she is there, the poor *Minerve*! The storm must have extinguished the conflagration! Oh, that it were day that I might know if my daughter lives! But no! She must have perished—for the fire has swept away every thing clean above decks. Ha! another gun! Some one is on board! Could we have left any of the men! There she fires again! Whoever it is knows his danger! The ship is driving towards the ledge that makes out below the chateau! With this heavy ground swell she will break up like an egg shell! Let us to the beach and render assistance! There is a sail in the offing! A schooner standing in! She can help any one on board if she can come along side of her before she reaches the breakers! She surges in rapidly—let us not delay, but hasten with all means of relief to the shore.

Painful indeed was the surprise with which they watched from the rocky ledge towards which the ship was surging her advance to destruction. Even divested of her lofty masts she was a stately and majestic spectacle to their eyes. Josephine watched also from the balcony on her knees in prayers for the lives of whoever was on board.

'Alas,' said Captain Navarre, as he saw with all a seaman's affection and grief his noble ship borne, still noble in her ruins, swiftly towards the spot where he stood impotent to save or succor. She was now within two cables length rising and falling with a slow and sublime progress that filled the spectators with emotions of awe and fear. The discharge of cannon had ceased, for Henry Monteith had seen the party hurrying from the chateau to the beach with ropes and boards.

'Come, Madeline, do not fear but we shall now be saved,' he said, lifting her upon the helmsman's house. 'If they see you they will make greater exertions for our safety.'

Madeline, supported by him stood upon the elevation, so as to overlook the bulwarks and see the group on the rocks.

'Oh, that my father were there, then should I be perfectly happy,' she said.

'My child! my child!' she heard from the land in a loud voice, as Captain Navarre at the same moment saw the fluttering of a white robe upon the stern, and knew that his daughter must be there. A wild shriek of joy replied from the deck and the poor maiden whom too much happiness had well nigh killed, fell insensible. Monteith had hardly raised her up when the huge fabric was lifted unusually high by a vast billow which sinking beneath it let the wreck fall upon a half-sunken ledge with terrible effect. A tremendous shock convulsed her whole frame and parting amidst the forward part rolled over with a terrific noise, and plunging beneath the waves with all the weight of its armament and enormous bulk, displaced a wide space in the sea, which rolling back over the stern parting in a towering column, poured upon it a flood of great depth and irresistible power. Monteith, ere he could plan escape, was submerged with Madeline fast held in his embrace and was carried over the bulwarks far beyond the wreck. His senses did not forsake him, and he struggled to reach the surface. But he had been carried down in a circle of the vortex made by the sinking bows, and he was nearly exhausted when at length he reached the top of a wave—but his burden had been torn from him—he knew not how! He plunged beneath the surface again and with a heart sinking and with life no longer valuable re-rose alone! Some object was borne against him by a wave—wet tresses were driven in his face—it was Madeline! But he still

felt they must perish together as he clasped her to his heart. A few yards before him on the rocks, he saw her distracted father held by the Marquis and others, lest he should plunge in to attempt to save them. Every voice was encouragement, but every arm was weak to save. Suddenly a horseman dashed down the precipice—galloped along the ledge—a plunge—and horse and rider were battling the wave.

'She is saved,' cried the Marquis, as Louis took her lifeless form across his saddle! 'God save my brave son.'

'She is saved,' echoed Josephine as she beheld this gallant act from the balcony, and saw both Henry and the maiden landed in safety upon the rock. But her heart beat not so thankfully as it ought, for she had heard that Madeline Navarre, whom she had now seen rescued from a watery grave, *by Louis*, was 'young and fair.'

CHAPTER V.

NEARLY opposite the Chateau de Fernay, on the English shore, there stood, at the time of our story, a stately country house, which commanded a wide prospect of the channel with a glimpse of the coast of France, and far to the east of the towers and battlements of Dover Castle. The morning of the day of the terrific tempest whose power and effect we have attempted to describe, and a few hours before we introduced Louise de Vernay to the reader in the balcony of his father's chateau, anxiously watching for the appearance of the Minerve, whose loss we have recorded, a gentleman stood in the south window of this villa, looking abroad upon the channel. He was about forty-five years of age, tall and dignified in his person and carriage, and with the air of a high-bred English gentleman.

A fine schooner hove in sight, when she fired a gun from a stern chaser, at some object out of sight behind the headland, which was instantly returned by a heavy cannonading from an invisible source. The shot struck the water around the schooner whitening the surface with paths of foam, and her fore-top-gallant-mast went over the side, carrying top-gallant-sail and royal with it. The schooner broached to, and for a moment lost her steering way, while around the point appeared the flying jib and then the head sails of a large English brig of war in full chase, and keeping up a constant firing at the schooner from her bow guns. The gentleman saw at once that it was a smuggler escaping from a King's cruiser. He became intensely interested in the exciting scene and looked with admiration at the smuggler as recovering from the momentary effect of losing his fore-top-gallant-sail, he continued on his course, gallantly returning the fire of his pursuer.

'There was a good shot,' suddenly cried the English gentleman, as a ball from the schooner's stern struck the heel of the brig's bow-sprit and carried it away, leaving both her jibs flying loose to the winds. The brig instantly yawed, the helmsman lost all command of her, and before the braces could be manned to bring the other sails to aid her steering way, she fell off broadside to the schooner.

'It is unfortunate! The fellow will now escape,' said the gentleman. 'Ah, the brig is unmanageable, and there is the Backbone reef within half a cable's length of her, and she is driving right upon it! They've brought her up! No; there goes another gun from the smuggler, and—oh God! the shot has penetrated her magazine,' suddenly cried the gentleman clasping his hands together, and nearly falling to the floor.

With an explosion that was felt many miles inland, the cruiser blew up, filling the air with a dark volcano-like discharge of fragments of the brig, fire, smoke and human bodies. High and wide they ascended, and then falling on every side into the water, all was still. The surface of the water was covered with innumerable objects and the atmosphere sulphurous and murky with smoke.

These were all that met his eyes when he looked a second time. Where a moment before he had seen a stately brig of war, now none was visible.

The schooner immediately run up at her mast-head a green flag, and firing a gun, instead of putting out to sea to secure her escape so singularly favored, altered her course suddenly, and stood in towards the shore. The gentleman from the villa watched her at first with surprise, and then with a look of painful suspicion and alarm. As she came nearer, his brow grew troubled, and, when at length he could see the device on the flag, he beat his forehead with a look of anguish and a cry of execration, in the mutterings of which the words, 'brother' and 'outlaw,' could be heard. He watched the schooner, and saw her come to, opposite the window, and a boat, containing one person besides four oarsmen, put off from her, and rapidly approaching the shore. The individual in the stern he seemed to recognize, and was overcome at once by the intensest alarm; not such as would arise from fears of pillage, but the expression of his face showed it to be one in which the affections were the movers. He fled from the window and clasping his son to his heart, took him in his arms and fled with him from the room. He pursued his way through a hall that terminated in a flight of steps, which he reached and ascended with his still sleeping burden. At the top of the stairs was a door, which led into a small oratory, which he entered. The interior was a chapel, such as formerly, and frequently still, were in use in the mansions of the Catholic gentlemen of England. It was filled with a rosy light from a stained window above the altar, yet it was dim and shadowy, from the heavy cornices and drapery hanging around the sides. It was silent as the tomb. The father threw himself upon his knees before the altar, and offered up a short prayer for the safety of his son the heir of his name and house—his only born and beloved child! The boy still slept on his father's bosom. Not the earthquake like explosion of the cruiser, the cry of anguish of his father on seeing the device upon the smuggler's flag, nor the hurried motion of his strange and sudden flight with him in his arms, had wakened him from the deep sleep into which invalids so often fall; as if the senses in extreme debility were less alive to external infirmities.

The father then rose from his knees and laid the sleeping boy upon a velvet cassock beside it, kissed his cheek, and stood up to listen. The door of the oratory by which he had entered, he had closed and barred. He was in a corner tower of the building, and was in the securest part of the massive pile. Therefore, he had fled hither for refuge. But wherefore? Had he not numerous retainers in his household within call? Why then, should he fly thus timidly from the occupants of a small boat?

The history of a few years prior to this period will explain. Sir Walter Horsley was the father of the gentleman now introduced to the reader, the grandfather of the boy Walter, for whom he has exhibited such extraordinary solicitude. Old Sir Walter was descended from a Roman Catholic general, who distinguished himself in the service of the 'Bloody Mary,' and from whom he received knighthood, and the gift of a fine domain. His descendant, Sir Walter, married the daughter of an Irish baronet, who presented him with twin boys, and in giving them life, gave up her own. The boys grew up together, and were greatly attached the one to the other, and a delightful affection marked all their intercourse. Sir Walter was proud of them, and resolved to set aside the law of primogeniture—for Ralph was a few minutes older than Edward—and divided his estate between them. In disposition, these twins were very dissimilar. Edward was docile, and had a kindly feeling towards every thing that had life. Ralph was bold, combative, and at times, vindictive. At the age of twelve they were sent to Eton, where one won all hearts by his amiable and noble points of character, and the other made himself unpopular by his overbearing pride and impatience of spirit. The same effects followed them through Oxford, Edward leaving the halls with the friendship of all who had known him, Ralph only remembered for his haughtiness and viciousness of character, love for pleasure, reckless career of expensive dissipation. Yet in their intercourse with each other, these two young men were all affection and love, and neither knew a fault in the other. Edward, had been a hundred times

Ralph's champion, both with blows and words of eloquence, though Ralph had few occasions to show his own ready spirit to act in defence of his brother's name or fame.

At length at the age of twenty-three, they returned to Horseley Hall to enter upon life. Sir Walter was not long in discovering and appreciating the differences of character in his two sons. He loved them both, but Edward shared the profoundest place in his affection. He admired the bold character and lofty independent spirit which Ralph exhibited, but he *loved* the gentler qualities of his brother. The two young men had been at home nearly a year, Edward passing his time principally in the library among the treasures of science and philosophy, occasionally visiting London to select rare and new books, and for the purpose of enjoying the society of the learned and eminent men of the kingdom. Ralph on the other hand, devoted himself to the sports of the field and the society of men of pleasure. He was also attached from boyhood to the water, and had always been remarkable for his venturesome spirit as a boatman; having at the age of seventeen crossed the channel alone, in a small sail boat which his father had given him. He now divided his time between his horses and hounds, and a beautiful yacht, of a hundred and twenty tons, which rode at anchor beneath the cliff, when he was not coasting in her. He called her 'The STEEL ARROW;' an arrow of steel being the crest of the Horsley coat of arms. This device he also displayed upon a flag, with a green ground, at her peak.

Thus Ralph Horsley gave himself up to pleasure and dissipation, spending far more than his allowed income. At length his expenses became so great from heavy losses on the turf and at the faro table, that he was forced to mortgage his yacht and horses to raise money to meet them. When extracted from these embarrassments he speedily fell into others, when fearing to draw on his father and brother's liberality, both of whom had from time to time advanced him money, he forged his father's acceptance and also afterwards that of Edward's to large amounts. For some time his crime was undiscovered, and he hoped to keep it so by winning enough at betting to take up the bills before they should be presented to his father—the delusive hope of all who are tempted to commit this crime. But fortune did not favor him and the acceptances were presented to Sir Walter and Edward and pronounced *forgeries*. They however did not expose the crime of the brother and son to the Bank but paid them in silence, assuming the signature, thus hoping to shield from ignominy their proud family name, and by this indulgence win Ralph to virtue and honor.

He expressed his gratitude for this clemency when his surprise on hearing of it had subsided and promised them both they should never hear again of his departure from integrity. Ralph Horsley, however, was too fondly wedded to his pleasures and vices to be broken from them by a mere passing promise based on no reformation of the heart of principle. Rejoiced at his escape from exposure (though he had from the first secretly believed his father and Edward would not expose him,) he now plunged more deeply into his dissipations. Soon the same difficulties, he had resorted to forging to escape from, became his lot again, and as he found writing his father's and brother's name a very easy and brief affair,—a mere scratch of the pen—he did not hesitate to forge them a second time, as might have been foreseen. They were at short date and he was unable to meet them and was forced to let them be presented to those whose name he had forged. The sums were very large and Sir Walter after his surprise, grief and indignation would let him speak, unable to pay them, openly pronounced them 'forgeries.' Edward did all in his power—offered to his father to make every sacrifice to save the exposure of his brother, but all in vain. He was forced to confess the draft on himself a forgery or screen his brother by a falsehood. The bank officer after his astonishment was over, said he disliked to prosecute and would take Sir Walter and Edward's first acceptance at a long date instead of the money and keep the affair a secret. To this, at Edward's earnest entreaty, Sir Walter consented; the bills were jointly given and the banker returned to them the forged name which bore testimony to the crime that had been committed. Edward consigned the papers instantly to the flames, and, with a heavy heart mourned over his brother's direliction from the paths

of honor, he sought his library in his books to forget his sorrow and disgrace. Sir Walter, however, in whose breast anger, shame, and grief were mingled for his guilty son, returned to his chamber and sending for his legal adviser made his will, devising all his estate, real and person, to 'his well beloved son Edward,' and cutting off Ralph with a shilling.

Ralph kept himself secreted until he knew that his father had settled with the banker and that he had nothing to fear, and then made his appearance at home with great show of penitence and contrition—well-acted remorse. This produced no effect upon Sir Walter, who treated him with cold civility only; but it touched Edward's more sensitive nature and he forgave him all his errors so far as they affected himself, restored him to his confidence and affection, and loaned him one thousand pounds 'to prevent the necessity of resorting to dishonest means of replenishing his purse.'

At length Sir Walter Horsley grew sick unto death, for the conduct of his son daily preyed upon his heart and dried up the springs of life. He died and was placed in the tomb of his father's beneath the chancel in the little chapel of the tower. Ralph was present at the ceremony of interment and retired with Edward and the witnesses and others allied to the family to hear the will read; all present (including the twins themselves) except those who drew it up and witnessed it, believed that it was only the decision, in writing, of Sir Walter's well known and repeatedly expressed intention to divide Horsley manor equally between his two sons, though Ralph was the eldest twin.

Ralph's indignant surprise—his fierce wrath may easily be conceived when the brief will was read by the solicitor and the full intention of the deceased testator known. For a few moments he was silent with rage, shame and disappointment. He then strode up to the lawyer, and snatching the will from his hands keenly examined his father's signature which he had given such proof of being familiar with. It was Sir Walter's writing. He then cast the will in the face of the solicitor and strode fiercely towards Edward.

'Sir, this is your doings!' he said in a loud menacing tone, 'you set him up to this. Sir Walter never would have disinherited me for such a womanly spirited, hook worm as you are. I despise you! I hate you! I have only pretended to love you that I might use you. So, Sir, Edward Horsley; you shall rue this day, nor long enjoy honors so basely won.'

'Brother,' said Edward calmly, after desiring the rest to quit the room, 'I am as greatly surprised as you are, at this reading of the will. I have done you no wrong, I wish you no wrong. You may have the estate—if you give me but my books. The title I would give you also if I could divest myself of it, but as it descends by a peculiar law with the estate, I must wear it.'

'You add insult to wrong, sir! you would make me the offer of being your tenant at will; a sort of overseer of your estates, while you enjoy all the dignities and honors! No, sir! you have by art and duplicity won from me my heritage. Keep it.'

'This quarrel is deeply painful to me brother. Can nothing move you to make peace?'

Ralph remained standing a few moments in deep thought and then said—

'There is no help for it. It is done. I must have money in some way! know you that I am secretly married to an Earl's daughter! I have a daughter three years old. We must live and cannot do it without money. Mortgage your estates and raise for me fifty thousand pounds, and I will let you enjoy your ill-got patrimony.'

'It shall be done to-morrow, brother, if the money can be raised,' answered Edward promptly, and offering his hand, which Ralph took coldly and then walked moodily away from him, to gaze upon his mortgaged yacht, which lay anchored beneath the window.

In a few days the mortgage was effected, and the fifty thousand pounds paid by Edward over to his brother; who then took leave of him saying that he was going to reside on the continent until the death of his wife's father, when fortune would again smile on him.

'Never, brother, while honor and virtue frown upon you,' answered Edward

kindly, but with dignity. 'Farewell, and may heaven bless you, and restore you to honor and usefulness.'

Ralph took no notice of his brother's words save by suffering a proud expression of scorn to settle upon his lip, as he parted from him to meet him no more for years. Sir Edward's grief at his departure—for with all his errors, he was deeply attached to him—was considerably modified, by receiving soon after a line from a banker, notifying him that his acceptance for five thousand pounds, in favor of his brother Ralph Horsely, was shortly due: accompanying which note, was another, addressed to him as the representative of Sir Walter Horsely, notifying him of the near maturity of a bill, endorsed by Sir Walter, in favor of his son Ralph, for the sum of nine thousand pounds.

Sir Edward paid these bills by making great sacrifice knowing they would be the last from this source. About two years afterwards, he married the daughter of a neighboring baronet, who, the following year, presented him with a fine son, whom he named Walter, after his father. By the time Walter had reached his eighth year, his father had cleared the estate he looked forward for him to inherit, from the heavy incumbrance of Ralph's forged bills, and of the mortgage of fifty thousand pounds in his behalf. During all this time, he had no certain word of his brother, though rumors reached him of a nature, which led him to fear he had added to the crime of forgery, wickedness of a deeper and grosser character.

Young Walter at length reached his thirteenth year, when his father was satisfied that deeply laid plans were in operation from some unseen source, to deprive him of his son. Once he had been carried off by a Gipsy man and woman, and rescued in time. Once he had been decoyed from his attendant, and would have been taken off in a boat, but for his loud cries, and the appearance of the latter with aid, his shouts fortunately brought to the spot. A third time his sleeping apartment had been invaded and his bed, from which he had that night chanced to sleep, turned down and examined by a man, whom his attendant distinctly saw from his own couch, but was too greatly terrified to move or to speak until he moved away muttering words of disappointment.—Other incidents occurred which led the parent to see that if he would not be childless, he must watch over the child's safety every moment. His mother, Lady Horsely, at length became so anxious and nervous, that her health suffered, and after lingering a long time in consumption, she died. Sir Edward's whole soul was now absorbed in his child, and he gave himself up to his protection. Young Walter, himself, from being a bold, fearless and spirited lad, caught the infection of fear, and grew nervous and timid, and his father saw with anguish, that his health was suffering.

He reached his fourteenth year, and for several months there having been no further occurrence of an alarming nature, the vigilance with which he was watched over, had somewhat abated, and he was permitted to walk upon the beach in front of the dwelling, with two attendants well armed. One morning a fishing boat, which they had been watching, dancing over the waves came near to the land where they were standing. In the boat was an old woman and a boy. The woman got out and approached them with a basket on her arm.—One of the attendants asked her if she had fresh fish, when she came up to them and opened her basket. It contained a large bouquet of flowers.

'I am not a fish woman, but a flower woman from the other coast,' she answered with a foreign accent. 'I bring my French flowers to Dover. You have none like them in England. Will my lord purchase?' she asked glancing towards the Hall, and then fixing a keen and peculiar gaze upon the boy's face.

'I will buy, woman,' said Walter, admiring the flowers. 'My father doesn't care for flowers, and I love them.'

'Are you my lord's son?' she asked in a careless tone, evidently assumed, to conceal the sudden joy that sparkled in her dark eyes.

'Yes, if you call Sir Edward Horsely 'my lord',' said Walter smiling.—

'What do you ask for this fine, large bouquet?'

'It is twelve francs.'

'I think it dear; but I will purchase it,' said Walter. 'But what is that beautiful plant in the little vase with the scarlet flower?'

'That I have brought to make a present of to whoever bought my bouquet.—It is yours. If you smell the flower every morning with the dew upon it, it will restore health to the invalid and impart its own hues to the cheek.'

'Then it is more valuable than all. You shall be paid for it.'

'No. I sell you the bouquet and give you this. It is a simple flower and of little value. I see your cheek is pale and I hope it will restore you to health.'

Thus speaking the woman took her leave, saying to herself, 'I have done mine errand quickly, for fortune has most kindly favored me. This flower will insure success.' She got into her boat, the boy set the sail, and steered along the land towards Dover; but when the boat had got out of sight behind the headland, she took her way across the rippled waters of the channel in the direction of the French coast.

Walter placed the flower in his window, and each morning had inhaled its pleasant fragrance. Instead of returning health, he grew each day more and more ill, while his face became scarlet with a hot fever. Sir Edward at length was informed about the flower, which Walter had kept from him, hoping soon to surprise him with full and vigorous health. He instantly sent for it and knew at once that his child had been poisoned. It was the *utoe lily*—a plant of the most subtle poison, found, though rarely, in Auvergne. To inhale its odor is noxious to human life, and if repeated, often destroy it.

The poison had taken possession of the youthful victim's system. Delirium followed the earlier symptoms, and for several weeks Walter's life hung upon a thread. Medical skill and the careful nursing of his father, subdued the disease, and he became slowly convalescent. But it was found that the poison had effected his joints and limbs, and that he was unable to walk when he got up. His legs were distorted from their symmetry and drew up, and his shoulders grew deformed. He had become a cripple purchasing life at the expense of deformity. Slowly, however, did his health improve, and it was plain that he never again would be well though he might live for years. With what tenderness—what intense affection and benevolent sympathy did Sir Edward watch by his son day and night. He never left him. His place was forever by his side, and in his was his own life wrapped up.

Such was the state of affairs up to the morning that we have introduced Sir Edward Horseley to the reader, gazing from his library windows upon the waters of the channel, and subsequently flying on the approach of a boat, with a strange alarm for shelter to the oratory, bearing his son in his arms.

He now looked around the chapel with an anxious and bitter glance. In his hand he held his side sword which he never went without. His whole attitude was that of fear, expectation and desperate resolution.

'No, if it be he—he can never enter here. I have made this holy place a sanctuary, and if the fear of sacrilege will not keep him out, bolts and bars will. Could it have been my brother? I thought I recognized his form even after seventeen years absence. He alone would carry the device of the Steel Arrow. I have learned too surely that he has taken to the seas against the revenue, and is now a lawless chief of desperate smugglers, himself the wickedest of them all. I have feared this visit, I have been expecting him daily since he left me, and now he has come. I could not mistake that tall form which I used once to admire and take pride in as he was my twin brother. Alas, for the days when we loved each other—when he was dear to me as my own soul. But now he has only my pity, and inspires me with horror. Crime has made a wide gulf between us, as it will do in the next world between the evil and the good. My suspicions have long told me that he is the author of my child's attempted abduction and assassination. Horror that a brother should seek the life of a brother's child. Does he hope by his death to become inheritor of these estates? then my death must also follow. Oh, God, can a brother lift his hand against a twin brother?'

'Wert thou seven times my brother, Edward Horseley, I would lift my hand

against thee, if you stood between me and my desires,' said a deep, vindictive voice near him.

Sir Edward startled at the sound of the well known and terrible voice, and with a cry of wild alarm caught up his son in his arms and stood with his drawn sword upon his defence. There was a desperate determination in his eyes and attitude. Ralph Horsely, who was now, a tall, stout, dark complexioned man, in seaman's dress, armed with pistols and a short sword, gazed upon his brother a few moments as if observing the change in his appearance, and then said in a careless, half-laughing, though coarse tone,

'Well, brother, you have something changed in sixteen years; *and so have I!* You have always stood in my way, and this moment hold my titles and estates. I have come for both of them.'

'Monster! you take them both with my life,' cried Sir Edward, shuddering, yet wanting nothing in the courage and firmness the moment called for.

'Thy life I want not now. If that brat be removed, whom I take to be thy son, I am content. I have a daughter I would marry and have a fancy to give her Horsely Hall as her portion.'

'This boy is the true heir before Heaven, and no earthly power shall make me resign his sacred right.'

'Thy boy stands in my way.'

'He is my son, and the true heir of Horsely. Harm him not, brother! You have sought his life thrice! Oh, think not of pursuing that life farther, which has been miraculously spared.'

'He shall die. If Heaven will save him let her make another miracle in his behalf.'

'Demon! brother! stand off!' cried Sir Edward, as his brother approached him menacingly, to seize the poor boy who had awakened to all the terrors of his situation.

The muscular strength of the smuggler was too great for that of Sir Edward, who with natural repugnance at taking his brother's life, let him draw near till within his sword guard, which he beat to the ground, and then wrested the boy from his grasp.

'Spare, oh! spare his life, and I will surrender to you all—titles, estates and all! Nay, I will enter a monastery for life. You shall never hear of me more. Spare, oh spare, brother!' he cried in agony and anguish, as Ralph, after suspending the boy over the low altar a moment, laid him upon it, and held his short sword to his breast. Walter had fainted and lay insensible like a lamb waiting the sacrifice.

'He shall die!' answered the smuggler, fiercely. 'I will have my rights back again. I have tried secretly to get his life without success long enough; I will now ensure it. He dies.'

'Then God forgive me! die *thyself*,' cried Sir Edward, striking his glittering sword at his heart. The blade encountered a mailed skirt, and bending, broke to the hilt in his grasp. With a loud laugh the outlaw brought the point of the sword close to the boy's heart. 'Save his life and take *mine*! oh, spare him brother; Let him live and I will die!' cried the agonized father. 'Remember the place! It is holy.'

'So much the better.'

'It is an altar of God upon which you have lain him.'

'So much the better for a sacrifice. *He dies!*'

The sword of the assassin was raised above his head high in the air—Sir Edward sprang at the same instant upon the altar, and covering his son's heart with his own, the sword of the fratricide penetrated the living bodies both of father and son at one blow!

CHAPTER VI.

WE have seen the beautiful and heroic Madeline Navarre rescued from the waves, after the loss of the line-of-battle ship, by Louis de Fernay. We have also seen the effect of transient jealousy it produced upon his fair cousin, the Countess Josephine, who witnessed his gallant conduct from a window of the chateau; for she had heard that the rescued maiden was 'young and fair.'

With joy that expressed itself in tears, the grateful Captain Navarre clasped his recovered child to his heart, and overwhelmed Louis with thanks for preserving her life. Henry Monteith also grasped Louis' hand, and gratefully thanked him for his assistance, instead of showing that reserve, which lovers often do, towards another young man who aids them in rescuing their lady love in a time of peril. Madeline was borne insensible to the chateau, her almost lifeless form attended by her father, who forgot not to take Monteith's hand, and ask his forgiveness for his severity towards him.

'Young man,' he said to him as they climbed the rocks to the mansion, 'you have been instrumental in preserving to me my only daughter; if she recovers and does not say nay, she shall be yours, as none can be more worthy of her.' Henry returned the grasp of his hand with feelings of pride and happiness, and fervently prayed that the lovely girl they were bearing to the chateau might live to bless him. Louis, in the meanwhile, remained to watch the motions of the schooner, which he had discovered in the offing, and which was now lying too, nearly abreast the smuggler's cave. He thought he saw a boat putting off from her and pulling in towards the land, and after watching a few seconds, the gleam of moonshine upon a range of lifting and falling oars, convinced him that he was not mistaken. Springing into his saddle, he spurred his trusty horse, still reeking with sea-water, towards the cavern. He felt a deep interest in the man he saw there, Lan-franc, whom he knew to be a leader of a daring horde that had for years infested the French coast. He also desired to know who sailed in the rakish schooner that lay rocking upon the undulating sea like a snowy gull riding upon the waves. Leaving him on his way to the vicinity of the cavern, where he expected the boat to land, we will return to the chateau.

Madeline has been borne to the chamber of the Countess Josephine—medical aid had arrived from Calais—and every means that affection and skill could command, was employed to affect her restoration. But the pulse of life, which had grown fainter each hour, at length ceased its scarcely perceptible vibrations, and the lovely Madeline Navarre lay, in the presence of weeping friends and silent spectators, a corpse, lovely in the marble of death!

Her father gazed upon her awhile in speechless grief, kissed her cold forehead and senseless lips, and left the chamber to indulge his sorrow alone. Henry Monteith was left alone with her! He knelt beside her inanimate form, and, with her hand clasped in his, he bent his forehead upon them thus grasped, and wept like a child. At length he became calm and realized the vastness of his misfortune! He paced the chamber long in agony and grief, at times approaching her body and addressing her in the language of eloquent despair; at others, kneeling beside her, seemingly as inanimate with his grief as she for whom he mourned. The morning sun darted its earliest beams into the chamber of death, and rested like a blessing upon the face of the corpse. It came through rosy stained glass, and gave to the marble hue of the countenance the flush and semblance of life.

'My child! she lives,' cried Captain Navarre, entering at this moment and seeing this effect of the sunlight.

He rushed towards her to clasp death in his arms, and feel the chill of death strike to his soul from the icy lips he warmly pressed. Monteith was deeply affected by this scene. His heart bled for the father, and approaching him he spoke.

'Even in death she lives,' he said gazing upon her.

'My son—my son—forgive me!' he said turning and opening his arms.

Monteith rushed into them, and the late foes remained long and wept in each others embrace beside that unconscious corpse of reconciliation.

Louis de Fernay followed the course of the shore until he came near the tavern where he had met the adventure of the night before, when, dismounting from his horse, he fastened him to a projection of the crag, and cautiously descended to the beach. He saw through the trees, glimpses of a boat approaching with four oars, and containing two persons. He watched it till he saw it enter and disappear in the wild mouth of the cavern. He then made his way to the hut and entered with secrecy. It was, as before, silent and without an occupant. The door, which had been thrown down in the storm, had been replaced by Lan-franc, but on trial he found that it was not secured. He removed it without noise and entered the passage. He proceeded to its extremity, when he heard voices of persons approaching from the sea outlet, and the steps of another coming from the interior of the cave. He hastily drew back within one of the recesses, when Lan-franc pushed rapidly along, with a lantern in one hand and a pistol in the other, in the direction of the approaching voices. He heard his greeting, and then all came towards the spot in which he stood, on the way to the inner chamber of the vault.

By the side of Lan-franc, who carried the lantern, the light of which he turned upon his face as he conversed with him, walked a tall, dark man, with a face expressive of the fiercest passions. It was Ralph Horsely. His brow was gloomy and stern, and his tones were impatient and angry, as if something had displeased him. Behind him followed a lad in seaman's jacket, and blue cap; a graceful, handsome boy, with a fearless, a beautiful firm lip, almost girlish for its delicacy. He resembled the taller stranger sufficiently to have been his child. Lan-franc led them to the inner apartment of the cavern, and Louis, prompted by curiosity, followed unseen.

'This will not excuse you, sir,' said Horsely, sternly; 'I bade you have all the merchandize disposed of—the money ready for my hand on my return! Yet I find it all here in store, and of no more value to me now than so much of the bare rock. I want the money!'

'I could not prevent the storm, Captain. If the vessels which were to take it have been driven back, I am not to blame. The goods should have been sent to Calais yesterday but for what I told you. There is time enough to-morrow night.'

'To-morrow night! By the red cross of Lucifer if you prate to me longer I will throttle you, villain,' said Horsely, fiercely. 'I have no time to wait! I must be on board and at sea by day-break. I can run no risk by staying here to wait for money. I have blown up a King's cruiser, and done other deeds in the last twenty-four hours that will make these waters two hot for the 'Steel Arrow's' keel a day longer. What money have you, Lan-franc?'

'None.'

'It is false.'

'I like not your mood,' said Lan-franc, haughtily. 'If you are Captain one side of the channel I am chief on this side. I am as well born as thyself. I am not to be dictated to! Choose better words in your speech if you would hold further discourse with me.'

'I am in no humor to select my words, so you must take as I give them,' said Horsely, between surprise and vindictiveness, 'Come, I must have money. I am going to sail for America, and give my services to the rebels. I must have gold, and you have it!'

'I have none.'

'You are a liar.'

'Ha! take that,' exclaimed Lan-franc, striking him violently in the face.'

'And take *that*, villain,' cried Horsely, instantaneously drawing a pistol and discharging it at his head. The Frenchman fell dead without a struggle.—Horsely, with a smile of triumphant vindictiveness, returned his smoking pistol to his belt and beckoned to the lad, who had sprung forward, when Lan-

franc gave the blow, with a drawn stiletto, as if to avenge it.

'Frank.'

'Sir.'

This is an ugly affair. Lan-franc was useful to me. But I forget I should no longer need his services, as I must fly for blowing up the cruiser.'

'It is a pity he struck you, father,' said the lad; he has not paid too high for the blow even with his life. Here is that American prisoner asleep or dead, or the pistol should have waked him.'

'Wake him with a smart blow upon the cheek.'

The Yankee 'man of all work,' and late one of the crew of 'Capting Jemmy Coffin's' 'morphrodite brig, the 'Fishhook,' started to his feet on receiving the rough salutation of the handsome lad. He immediately recognized them, but was horror struck at beholding the dead body of Lan-franc. He instantly fell upon his knees and begged for mercy.

'Cease, and tell me where Lan-franc keeps his gold,' said Horsely. 'I am going to sail forthwith for America, and if you find it, I will take you on board to your own country.'

This was a temptation to Zebedee Beebee, and as he had already discovered Lan-franc's secret treasure deposit, he promptly conducted Horsely to the place. There were about twelve hundred francs in gold and silver which he took possession of, and then, after bidding Zebedee search the body, he departed from the cavern.

Louis witnessed all this with varied emotions of horror, surprised and resentment. He took a dislike to Horsely on first beholding his visage, and now that he had done a deed of murder, he shuddered in his presence. The youth, on the other hand, had deeply interested him, inasmuch as his great beauty and peculiar grace of manner, and richness of voice, led him to suspect his sex. He therefore, let them pass him, and unseen followed them as far as the place of embarkation, at the sea outlet of the cavern. Here the boat lay in a little inlet above which projected the ragged roof of the cave. Four oarsmen were waiting in it for the appearance of their chief. On seeing him approach two of them got out and stood to receive them. Louis saw by the light of the lantern, borne by Zebedee, that they were armed with pistols and cutlasses. The money was placed in the boat by the men, and Horsely was about to step in, when Louis' foot unluckily loosened a stone, the noise of which attracted the quick ear of the smuggler. Turning round and seizing the lantern from the hand of the American, he rushed back into the shadow of the cavern, and before Louis could escape his observation he was discovered.

'A spy! seize him!' cried Horsely to his men.

In an instant, ere he could prepare to defend himself, Louis was arrested and made prisoner. His sword was taken from him and he was hurried into the boat.

'Pull to the schooner, said the smuggler sternly. 'We will then see what business this gentleman has with us.'

It was just at the dawning of day that the boat reached the schooner. Louis was taken on board and conducted by Horsely's command into the cabin under guard. The schooner then filled away and stood westward, as the rising sun gilded her sails and flashed from the Steel Arrow at her truck.

Her course, as she passed a mile distant off against the chateau, was witnessed by all its inmates; for she had been recognized by her 'arrowy vane,' with the glass, to be the 'Steel Arrow,' so well known on the coast yet so seldom seen.

The third day after these events, the remains of the ill-fated Madeline Navarre were consigned to a tomb beneath the Chapel de Fernay; and a few days afterwards, the bereaved father and happy lover departed—the former to Calais, to join his late consort, the frigate, which had run before the gale, and afterwards with loss of her topmasts, put into this port, previous to fitting out to join the fleet of D'Estaing at New York.

Heary Monteith rejoined his ship at Portsmouth, and also joined the squadron of Lord Howe on the American coast. It was, perhaps, a singular coinci-

dence, that Captain Navarre sailed in the frigate (of which he took command) from Calais on the same day that Henry Monteith sailed from Portsmouth, in the British frigate 'The Thunderer,' of which he was second lieutenant. The remaining scenes of our story will be laid in New York Bay and Long Island Sound, whither we beg our readers will have the courtesy to transfer their imaginations.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the French fleet under Admiral D'Estaing arrived off New York to the assistance of the Americans the British fleet under Lord Howe was at anchor in New York Bay. The appearance of D'Estaing was sudden, and produced no little consternation in the English squadron. The wind, however, for several days was too unfavorable for D'Estaing to enter the harbor and attack them, and spending the time in taking soundings, he waited for an opportunity to sail in with his heavy force, which must have gained a complete victory over the British and made him master of New York. At length the eleventh day after his arrival off the Hook, D'Estaing weighed anchor and put his fleet in motion. The wind and tide 'says Marshall in his Life of Washington,' were peculiarly favorable to the passage of the bar, which it was supposed he intended to attempt. It was to the British Admiral and General a moment of awful expectation. The attempt, if successful, must have been attended with the loss of both their fleet and army; if unfortunate, a brilliant victory, and the destruction of the assailants, might be contemplated as its most certain consequences.

The fleet stood in towards the channel, a fine frigate taking the lead, when all at once the frigate was seen to strike and remain fast heeling over to leeward. The remainder of the advancing vessels immediately put about and going into the offing lay too, and sent boats to the assistance of the frigate. But two British sloops of war seeing her situation had already stood down towards her to which she surrendered, and the boats returned to the fleet, which stood eastward. At the next flood the frigate was got off and piloted up the harbor and anchored off the castle or battery point—a noble prize, and one of which they were not a little proud.

We will now return to 'The Steel Arrow' and her prisoner, Louis de Fernay. He had remained an hour under guard in one of the state rooms of the schooner, reflecting upon his folly in suffering his curiosity and an undefinable interest in the handsome smuggler's lad, to lead him to sacrifice his personal liberty, if not peril his life. He knew from the motions of the schooner, that she was rapidly moving through the water, and that a few hours would bear him far from the French Coast, and the shores of Europe. He felt that he was destined to be conveyed a prisoner to the Americans unless the schooner should fall into the hands of cruisers.

'You seem moody, sir,' said Horsely, suddenly speaking, having, sometimes since silently entered the cabin,

'I am a prisoner, which methinks affords slight room for looking pleased,' answered Louis.

'You were a spy. Who are you?'

'Louis de Fernay.'

'The son of the Marquis?'

'The same.'

'Then this accounts for your being in the neighborhood of the cave. But how did you discover it?'

Louis informed him of the particulars of his first entrance into the hut, already known to the reader, and to which Horsely listened with surprise and interest. 'And so your re-appearance there this morning was only from curiosity?'

'Yes.'

'It is doubtless so. You are in the French marine. I am short of hands and want an officer. I believe your words and will give you your liberty till we reach New York if you will act as second officer on the passage.'

'I prefer returning to France. Land me at the nearest port, and I will pay you five hundred francs.'

'It is a great temptation—but it is worth my head to venture back. You must go on with me. It is your own choice to go in irons or as my second officer.'

'I go in irons then,' answered Louis, haughtily.

'You shall have your choice,' said Horsely, savagely; 'Ho, there! bring irons and place the prisoner in the ward room.'

The passage across the Atlantic had been half made, when one night in a terrific storm, the first officer was washed overboard with two of the watch. Horsely came below and removing the irons from Louis' limbs, told him that his aid as a seaman, and as a man were required on deck.

'So that I do not do service as your officer I will willingly help,' he replied, and followed him to the deck. Here all was confusion and dismay; and the winds and waves, the roar of the thunder and the darting of the forked lightning were terrific. The schooner had sprung the heel of her mainmast and was laboring heavily.—He applied all his skill and energies to the duties he saw the imminent danger called for, and his coolness and knowledge at once restored the confidence of the men. The storm terminated at sunrise and Horsely coming to Louis offered his hand and told him he believed he was indebted to him for the safety of his vessel. 'From this moment you are free. If you see fit to do duty as first officer in any emergency, the post is vacant.'

'I shall cheerfully do all in my power for the safety of the schooner while I am on board, as well as for the preservation of the lives of those who sail in her,' answered Louis, quietly. And from that day he was regularly on deck, taking command of the starboard watch.

During the time he had been a prisoner the young lad, who seemed to be a clerk and private attendant of Horsely, frequently showed his sympathy for him by sending him books, delicacies from the table and getting for him the occasional privilege of walking on deck to breathe the air. In him Louis became deeply interested, and felt grateful for his attentions. But he was never visited by him in the ward-room nor addressed by him when on deck in his chains; but the youth observed a singular diffidence in his presence and showed a desire to be unnoticed. Louis could not discover that he did any duty on board except what was voluntary; that he never went forward; and that his favorite place was at the helm.

The third day after the storm Horsely was in his birth, it being his watch below. Louis was pacing the quarter deck of the schooner which was running under easy sail N.N.W. The youth was at the helm when Louis came on deck and still retained it, sending the relief forward. Our hero stopped by the young steersman and addressed him for the first time in his life. The face of the youth was instantly overspread with a blush—his eyes drooped before his gaze and his chest heaved, while such was his confusion, that he forgot his duty and let the vessel come up to the wind till her sails shivered. Louis caught the helm, smiled at his embarrassment and putting the vessel on her course again, was about to resign it to him when he abruptly left the deck and descended into the cabin, leaving Louis fully confirmed in his suspicions that she was a woman and a very beautiful one too. He now resolved to learn her history, by delicately drawing her out into conversation. She had made a deep impression upon his imagination and promised to make a deeper one upon his heart. That evening upon the moonlit deck he stood beside her and told his discovery of her sex and the interest he took in her. After her embarrassment was over she yielded to his solicitations and narrated her history. We can only give its brief outline.

Ralph Horsely had clandestinely married the only daughter of the Earl of —, as we have already intimated in a previous chapter. By her he had a

daughter whose birth the mother (broken hearted by the discovery of her husband's dissolute and abandoned character) did not long survive. Jealous lest his child who was the only heir to the Earl, should be taken from him, Horseley, determined to keep it always in his sight until the death of the Earl should call for the true heir, when he intended to present her with her claims and profit by her accession to titles and wealth. He, soon found in his lawless life that her sex would be an obstacle to his keeping her in his sight, and he resolved on the expedient when she was in her fifth year, of putting her in boy's costume. This he did so; and up to the period we now see her a fine dark haired, brown cheeked girl of seventeen she had been constantly his companion as his son. He did not, however, neglect the feminine education her future position in society might render necessary; but being an educated man himself, he directed her studies in the leisure moments of his wild life, found her books, and cultivated her tastes. She, was, therefore, but little less a woman for her male costume. This is the outline of her story, not as Louis heard it but as it becomes us to give to the reader. She knew now nothing of her father's motive; but believed that to preserve her life from an uncle who sought it, he kept her in this disguise.

Louis found her intelligent, full of warm impulses, merry hearted and delightfully ignorant of the world. He was surprised at her modesty and softness of manners and suffered himself to be led captive by her gazelle-like eyes.

A few days passed and they had secretly from the father, met on deck, and let love do its own work of mischief in their young hearts. Before the 'Steel Arrow' reached soundings on the American shore off Block Island, the bewitching, spirited, modest, romantic little Frank or Frances Horseley, had exchanged her heart with that of the gallant Louis de Fernay. How secretly did the maiden keep her love from her father!

The morning after making the land, Louis discovered ahead an extended fleet of ships of war bearing down. Horseley with the glass discovered that they carried the French flag, when he immediately run up that of the rebel States. Louis' heart beat on seeing ships of his own land and he almost wished the refugee smuggler might be captured. But he thought of leaving his fair daughter and he put the helm two points to windward to give them a wide birth!

It was D'Estaing's fleet the day after it left the frigate Endymion grounded a prize to the two sloops of war. It was steering to blockade Newport and Long Island Sound; the issue of which expedition is a matter of history.—'The Steel Arrow' gave the fleet a wide windward birth and the next day under English colors passed the Hook and took a pilot up the harbor of New York. Horseley represented to the pilot himself as a letter of marque, who in his turn gave him all the current intelligence of the day. The French frigate he pointed out to them anchored above the sloops of war, and Louis felt his cheek burn with shame as the flag of England floating above that of France met his eye.

'Oh, that I had the power to recapture her,' he said with animation to Horseley who stood beside him. 'I have sailed in her and know all her officers.—She was the consort of *Le Minerve* which was lost in the gale in the channel.—She is the best appointed vessel in the French Navy, and the fastest sailer.

CHAPTER VIII.

HORSELY seemed to reflect deeply a few moments and then said to him ; ' I have a plan that will do this thing. I am an Englishman, but my country and I for the present are at issue. You have expressed your surprise to see me run into this harbor so openly under the English flag, but I have always done bold acts without looking to the issue—trusting for this to circumstances ! These circumstance are now at hand to guide me. Ho, Sir Pilot what British officer is in command of the prize ?'

' Captain Howell Peyton.'

' That is he. Lay me alongside of the frigate I have despaches for him. Nay, your knowledge of the channel is not so good as mine,' he cried, seizing the helm and putting the schooner away from a dangerous shoal.

' You seem to know the harbor, sir,' said Louis to Horsely.

' Yes. I have in the last seventeen years been thrice to this port ; and the last time escaped from an English brig by adventuring the passage of Hurl-gate. I safely passed through it, while my pursuer ran upon the rocks and was lost.—I could take it again at a venture.'

' What is your plan in boarding the frigate ?'

' I have none except that circumstances may furnish. Pledge me your word of honor that my character and that of my vessel shall not be made known through you, and I will pledge myself to restore your frigate to the French marine.'

Louis gave the desired pledge. The schooner was now a league from the Battery and fleet, slowly sailing towards the French frigate. Horsely went below and Louis took his stand by Frances. She told him she remembered well her father's escape through the Hurl-gate ; that she stood beside him at the time, and herself pointed out the dangerous spots he should avoid ; and in one instance by suddenly seizing the helm she saved the schooner from being dashed upon a sharp rock. ' I believe,' she added, ' I could steer a vessel through myself without assistance, my memory of it is so vivid.'

Horsely, in half an hour afterwards, re-appeared on deck with several packages, neatly done up in Admiralty package paper, with tape and seals affixed. He handed them with a peculiar smile to Louis, who read with surprise the addresses to

' Captain Howell Peyton, Royal Navy, &c. &c.

By the hands of Capt. Walter Ousley.

To be safely and speedily delivered.'

' What means this ?'

' That these will get me an introduction on board the prize.'

' And then ?'

' I shall, as ever, be guided by circumstances.'

' You will assuredly be detected as an imposter.'

' No.'

' You have extraordinary confidence.'

' Confidence is success.'

The Steel Arrow, under her English flag was laid along side the prize, and Horsely, in full captain's uniform, got into his boat and went on board, accompanied by his daughter. He was received at the gang way with the usual honors and introduced to Captain Peyton, and by him conducted into his cabin.— Here he presented his forged despatches, which were artfully directed within to Lord Howe, a line merely being written to Capt. Peyton, desiring him to place them in Lord Howe's own hands. Captain Peyton immediately ordered his gig to proceed to Howe's flag-ship, which lay four miles distant, leaving the *soi distant* Captain Walter Ousley to the courtesy of his first lieutenant.

'Your schooner is a beautiful model,' said Capt. Peyton, as he went over the side into his gig. 'Hadh't you best anchor. She seems to be uneasy under her topsail, and the wind is pushing from the southwest.'

'Thank you; I shall drop anchor higher up. I will remain here on board the prize till you return, if you get back by sun-down, as I should like to look through her.'

'If I should not return you will find my state-room at your service, Captain. I hope these despatches are of the importance you suppose they are. It will be great news to Howe.'

Thus speaking the English captain left his vessel and pulled for the flag ship, obeying, as he believed, written orders from the admiralty.

Horseley, triumphant in the success thus far of his stratagem, now turned to the first lieutenant and said he should like to see the ship and visit the prisoners.

From Captain Peyton he had learned that there were now on board three hundred and twenty French sailors; and also two or three lieutenants and five midshipmen in deck-horde; the remainder having been transferred to other ships. That the English force consisted of three lieutenants and six midshipmen, and a marine guard of thirty-five men.

Conducted by the officer, whom he ascertained understood no French, the wily Horsely passed from one part of the frigate to another; now and then addressing, in a low tone, a few words unheard to the officers and men, the purport of which was:

'Precisely at four bells you will find the fore and main hatches unfastened, and the bulk-head doors open into the state rooms. Rise and recover your frigate. Every man of you fly to his usual post and get her under sail. The cables shall be cut beforehand. You will find me at the helm. Do your duty, and I, who am a Frenchman, disguised to save you, will pilot you safely to sea. Tell your fellows.'

This was spoken to as many as twenty persons, by the deep scheming and talented Horsely, who spoke the French tongue like a native. The lieutenant did not understand, nor did he suspect treachery from a 'British naval captain,' as he believed Horsely to be—a special agent of the Admiralty sent to Howe. He was above suspicion, and so was allowed to converse as he chose. In the meanwhile all he promised to do he managed with equal tack to perform.

It was half an hour after sunset. The evening was clear and starlit. A fine eight knot breeze blew freshly up the bay. The British fleet lay around at anchor, their lights gleaming over the water. Boats were pulling from one to another or to the shore. Music was heard floating from the deck of one; laughter running across the water from another. Captain Peyton had not yet returned. All on board the Endymion was still and orderly. The Lieutenant and 'Captain Ousley' paced the deck together in conversation. The Steel Arrow still rode under her back topsail a couple of fathom to windward.

Suddenly a bell tolled from a distant ship; then another from a frigate on the Endymion's beam; then rung out her own deep bell four successive times. Hark! what deep sound is that like the uprising of a multitude! The ship quivers with a convulsive movement of heaving life within her womb. Hark! the hatches lift themselves to the astonished eyes of the British marines, and like a flood of human beings pour upon the decks. A volley is discharged—shrieks and cries of battle fill the air! A firm but brief struggle takes place,

and the French are masters of their frigate. The voice of Horsely, who is at the head, is heard commanding. A hundred men leap into the rigging, and in a few minutes the ship is clothed in canvas. Her head, no longer confined to the anchor, swings to her course, and in fifteen minutes from the time of the rising of the crew, the noble vessel was steering up East River, past the town. The Steel Arrow followed in her wake, steered by the astonished Louis, who followed where love led.

On hearing the volley fired by the marines, and the noise of conflict, boats were despatched to the rescue, which were recalled when it was discovered that she was in the hands of the French. Two frigates got underweigh in pursuit, and a battery opened her fire upon them.

The frigate, with the schooner in her wake, kept gallantly on until she came in the boiling entrance of the Hurl-gate, when a shot, from a sloop of war in chase, struck Horsely, as he stood at the helm, and instantly severed his head from his body! It was a critical moment.

'Who knows the channel?' cried the French officer, Captain Navarre.

No one answered.

The smuggler's daughter quit her father's corse, and, without a word took his place. There was a deep silence in the ship, broken only by the waves around her. Safely, coolly, and successfully did the young helmsman pilot the proud frigate through this perilous pass of the seas, leaving behind all pursuers. The frigate sailed once more in smooth water, and the sailor maiden, leaving the helm, knelt beside her father, whom she had loved, and wept over him.

At day-light the two vessels were abreast New Haven light, and Louis, laying the Steel Arrow along side the escaped frigate, went on board, where he was welcomed by all with joy. He told his story and that of Horsely and his daughter. Captain Navarre said she should be a daughter to him, and inviting her to take the cabin, he gave up to her poor Madeline's wardrobe, which both he and Louis insisted she should wear. She reappeared in her female costume, in which, unused as she was to it, she appeared a little awkward, but by no means ungraceful. If Louis had thought her a handsome boy, he now thought her, notwithstanding her grief and tears for her father, a lovely girl. She remained on board the *Endymion* three months, a passenger, and then was married to Louis by the ship's chaplain. Henry Monteith, who had been made a prisoner of war a few days before, and released on parole by his friends, being his chief groomsman.

Subsequently, on proving her title on her return to England, Madame Frances de Fernay, the smuggler's daughter, became heiress of the title and Earldom of —, and also to the estate of Sir Edward Horsely, to obtain which her father had been guilty of so great a series of sanguinary crimes. Henry Monteith never married—the memory of Madeline Navarre being too sacred in his memory to be replaced by another. Josephine de Fernay, finding that she had lost Louis forever, and resolved to love no other, secluded herself in a convent. Zebedee Beebe, being landed at Newport, from the Steel Arrow, arrived safely among his kindred, the Coffins, in Nantucket, and for many years entertained the villagers with his tales of the smugglers.

The Steel Arrow was taken back to England, by request of Frances, whose attachment to it was naturally very great, and it afterwards was remodelled into a yacht, in which she and her husband, with parties of their friends, often took excursions upon the channel, and even crossed to the Chateau de Fernay; but these expeditions were more pacific than when Ralph Horsely, or 'Black Ralph,' the smuggler, commanded her. And, as she no longer carried at her peak the 'Steel Arrow,' she ceased longer, as formerly, to carry terror and excite hostility wherever her green flag was seen floating to the breeze.

THE END.

RAFAEL:

OR,

THE TWICE CONDEMNED.

A Tale of Key West.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

[Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1845, by H. L. Williams, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.]

CHAPTER I.

THE ARMED SCHOONER.

It was towards the close of a summery afternoon in October, 1840, that the U. S. schooner of war, *Dolphin*, was riding at anchor in the port of Key-West. Around her were several ships; brigs and schooners which a gale of the preceding night had driven in for shelter. One of them was the packet ship on which I had taken passage sixteen days before at New York for New Orleans; and as she had lost her fore-topmast and received some other injuries which it would take some days to repair, I accepted the invitation of the lieutenant commanding the armed schooner to take a three days cruise with him across the channel to Cuba.

I had therefore dined with him on the day in which my story opens, and was now his guest. We were seated upon the taffrail enjoying a cigar and watching in contemplative silence the golden sunset, which at that season in that latitude is ever gorgeous, when a midshipman who was idly lolling over the quarter gazing seaward, turned to the commander and said,

‘I have had my eye on that ship standin’ in, sir, for some time. She acts queer!’

We followed the direction of his gaze and observed about six miles out a large ship under press of sail standing for the post. She had everything set she could carry, studdensails a-wing and sky-sails aloft. While we were looking at her she broached to, and seemed about to wear, and then filled away again and stood on. As the wind was on her quarter, her lee studden-sails were constantly flapping or else set back, while her starboard sails kept full.

‘That is the way she has been rearing and hauling, noddin’ and bobbin’ this

ten minutes, sir,' said the reefer, nodding and bobbing his own head by way of illustration.

The commander took his glass and placed it to his eye. For full a minute he looked at her steadily, and then said,

'That fellow is making for harbor with his best foot foremost; and the way he works his vessel I should think he was ignorant of the way to come in, and was feeling it as he went, yet too much in a hurry to spare an inch of his canvass. He is, too, running into danger, if he did but know it if he keeps that course. Why in the deuce dont the fellow take in his larboard and studdensails? There is smoke and a flash! Hark, a gun!'

'A signal for a pilot, I expect, sir,' answered the middy.

'They don't call pilots that way here, Fred,' responded the commander to the lad with a smile. 'Besides there is one standing out after her and is now within two miles of her! There goes another gun!'

'And the pilot boat has tacked and putting back to harbor!' I said seeing with surprise this movement; for I held a glass in my hand, by aid of which I could see clearly both the boat and the ship; the latter being now about five miles off.

'So she has and is scudding with a free sheet right before the wind, homeward.'

'And there goes another gun, sir,' exclaimed the middy.

'Yes, and if another is fired, they are minute-guns. Stand by to slip the cable and make sail; for if she fires again, I shall run out and see what is the matter.'

'There she yaws again nearly broadside too, sir,' said the next officer in command, a passed midshipman, who came up from below on hearing the first gun fired.

'And now I can see her colors—American—union down in her rigging!' exclaimed the commander.

'And there is a fourth gun,' cried the middy looking at his captain to catch his eye, and in an attitude of one ready to spring forward to obey the expected order.

'They are *minute guns*! Get the schooner under her canvass at once, Mr Ferris,' called the lieutenant in command to the passed midshipman. Slip the cable! Loose the foretopsail and set her jibs. Some of you aft here to the main halyards. Lively men, lively!'

While he was giving his various orders in an animated tone, I was engaged in looking at the ship with my glass, when I became all at once interested in what appeared to be a new and unusual set of sails unfolding themselves to view over her stern. But gradually I saw them develope themselves into the outlines of a gib, fore-sail, top-sail, top-gallant-sail; then slowly appeared a main-gaff-top-sail, and the proportions of a huge main-sail the next instant followed; and, passing out of range of the ship, astern of, and behind which

it had hitherto hidden, stood visibly forth the rakish hull and top-hamper of a 'long, low, black schooner !'

My exclamation of surprise drew the young commander to my side.

'What is it?'

'A vessel in chace, I believe!'

'So there is—a rascally pirate or may I never see Boston!' he exclaimed as soon as he levelled his glass! Now my boys stir yourselves! Uncle Sam expects every man and boy to help catch that black hawk and pick his feathers. It is the very cruiser I have heard of, as skulking about Cape Antonia three weeks ago, and which I have wished to fall in with. She is not half a mile astern of the ship, and unless we are lively she will board her right before our nose. Yes—that fellow is no better than he should be,' added the lieutenant taking a long and close survey of the vessel through his glass. She is a regular buccaneer, and if her skipper will only wait outside there until I can come up within hail of him, I will make him a present of my next twelve month's pay. But I fear that as soon as he discovers that there is one of brother Jonathan's bull dogs in the harbor and we are in motion he will cut and run. It is strange we did not discover him. But the rascal kept purposely astern, and the ship I have now no doubt, yawed as she did to give us a chance of looking at her enemy and coming to help her.'

We were now underweigh, having slipped the cable and floated it by a buoy so that we should know where to find it again when we returned to port. The moment we had any headway on the vessel, a gun was fired forward in answer to the signals. The wind was blowing from the south a little westerly, and about a six knot breeze; but by laying our course strait out of the harbor on a bowline, we could fetch the ship without tacking. The ship kept firing at intervals of a minute, her signals of distress, that produced by their solemn and irregular sound associations in my mind similar to those created by the knoll of the funeral bell. The ship seemed to me to be an animated creature, and the signal cannon her voice appealing to man for succor. Her motions—her irregular progress, were like life, and like living actions under the influence of terror. I felt a sympathy for her as I should have done for a human being. The black schooner too, crouching low upon the waves seemed to be a living animal—some subtle beast of prey hunting its victim. And to any one witnessing such a scene as this—witnessing the helpless efforts of the one to escape and the sullen advances of the other to make captive; these associations would irreverently press upon the mind.

The war-schooner upon whose deck we stood, was now gliding swiftly towards the scene of peril. She carried eight eighteens besides a heavy forty two pounder upon the fore-castle. The decks were cleared for action as soon as we had got sail on her; ports thrown open; the tompions removed from the muzzles; cartridges passed up from the magazine; balls, cannister, and grape, piled near each gun upon deck; and forward, the huge globes of iron, which

were to fill the cavernous jaws of the forty-two, were placed in sockets by the brush.

In the meanwhile the ship was crowding on all sail, and was four miles only out; and she was now making better speed, inasmuch, as soon as she heard our answering gun, she had taken in her studdensails, which had been retarding her progress instead of helping her flight.

The schooner, was however close upon her and had began to fire at her at intervals, no doubt resolved to do her an injury if she could not capture her.

'That fellow has kept from firing upon her before, lest he should wake us up,' said the lieutenant who was pacing up and down the quarter deck in fine spirits; 'but now that she has been firing powder for help, he has thought it folly to keep silence. That he wont keep the course he is steering now long after he discovers to his satisfaction who we are, you may be assured. There goes the ship's mizzen royal carried away by a shot. The fellow is a good gunner; but let me bring the Dolphin within half a mile of him, and I will show him how to play at billiards and pocket the ball! Ah, see that!'

The schooner after firing the last mischievous gun suddenly luffed up into the wind, close-hauled every sheet, showed a green flag and stood seaward under a press of sail.

'Was I not right?' cried my friend, the commander, rubbing his hands with great glee, his fine dark eyes, sparkling like stars, and his face glowing with hope and confidence.

'He is running away, sir,' said the midddy, with a look of chagrin, 'and I am afraid we shant catch him! These chaps have such long legs!'

'And so has the Dolphin long fins! We shall come along side of that rogue, confound him, before morning, and you shall have the pleasure Fred of playing commodore in her cabin, and take her into port.'

'If I thought so, I should feel better, but I am afraid he'll skulk away! See sir, how he runs! From here, without a glass, I can see the white bone he carries in his teeth, and the foaming wake he makes after.'

'Yes he sails like a bird on the wing. He has found out who we are, for the smoke of the ships firing I have no doubt kept him from making us out distinctly, especially as there were so many craft anchored about us with which we were blended. But as soon, you saw, as we began to get down the harbor in full sight he put about and run for it.'

'There goes a gun from the ship, and by the report it was shotted,' said the officer of the deck coming aft. 'They are firing at the schooner now she is frightened off.'

'Yes. That is the way with these merchant-men,' answered Wordley, the young captain, with a smile. 'Her signal guns were not shotted, and so I supposed he had no balls on board. But he was afraid to strike, and like a cowardly school boy, contented himself with giving loud calls for help; and then as soon as he leaves him, driven away by a more fearful antagonist, he

throws stones at his back. But never mind, the courage or cowardice of the merchantman has nothing to do with the matter I have in hand. Catch that fellow I will before another twenty-four hours are passed over my head.'

In about fifteen minutes we came so near the chase as to speak her; but as Wordley would not delay he merely hailed as he passed after this manner:

'Chased in?'

'Yes, sir.'

'A pirate?'

'No doubt of it, sir. He hove in sight from the south at ten, and has chased me ever since.'

'Do you know how many guns and the weight of metal he carries?'

'He has a forty-two on a pivot mid-ships, six side guns and about fifty men.'

'Very good.'

The next moment we were beyond hearing and merrily dashing on after this sea-wolf.

CHAPTER II.

THE schooner seeing us pass the merchant vessel and stand out after her, became satisfied that we not only understood her character but were in pursuit; she, therefore, as soon as she was satisfied with our intentions braced up sharp and began to beat dead to windward. She already had had the advantage of us in the wind being, when we got outside, full a half mile to windward and at least three and a half from us ahead.

'If he thinks he can eat his way into the wind and so get clear of us in that way he is mistaken,' said Wordley, as he took his spy-glass from his eye after observing the movement. 'He finds that we can sail with him on a bow-line, for he has not gained a cable's length since we left the merchantman and now he is going to see what he can do by making a hole with the end of his jib-boom in the wind's eye! He knew well enough we should have overhauled him before midnight on this tack! I will keep on till I get him abeam which will be a couple of miles further, and then see what the saucy Dolphin will do!'

'He lays very close to the wind,' I remarked to Wordley, as I took the bearings by the binnacle compass!

'Yes, full five points near!' he answered glancing at the compass. 'He has everything set as flat as the palm of your hand! He looks as if he was going right into the wind, for see his green flag that flies at the peak! it blows out straight over the stern!'

'How far is he from us now in a straight line?' I asked.

'About three miles or perhaps two and three quarters.'

'Within reach of your shot?'

'No—not fired to windward!'

'Then his might reach you here?'

'Yes, if he carried heavy enough metal. But he seems to be more inclined to run away than to fight.'

'He no doubt knows your superior force in men and guns.'

'Yes, he knows very well who I am. These fellows are well acquainted with all armed vessels in these seas, and keep knowledge of their movements, but I think he had lost his reckoning about mine when he run so boldly into port; doubtless he thought I was on the south side of the island where I was last week!'

'Have you any idea who he is?' I asked, as we went bowling along, close hauled, in the course we had laid from first leaving our anchorage, a due W. S. W. one, the chase in the meanwhile was standing on the starboard tack, right in the teeth of the wind. If he had kept on his original course we should now have been nearly in his wake and about a league astern of him; but his tacking had changed our relative positions and running on opposite sides of a triangle, we converging towards, and he diverging from, their point of meeting, there was a place before us when we should be abeam or opposite one another, and only a mile apart.

'When we get him in this position I shall open upon him as he passes on the tack he is on,' said Wordley going forward to the forty-two pounder which was all prepared for firing, the captain of the gun standing by with a lighted fuse. 'We shall be in this position but a minute or two, and I must then do what I can to cripple him. And to be sure of my aim I shall back the fore-topsail, and so fire as steadily from my deck as from a stationary battery!'

Taking his place upon the gun, Wordley now closely watched the schooner, the two vessels rapidly approximating to that point in their diverse courses, as we sailed on opposite tacks, which would bring us within a mile of each other for an instant, and then, each passing on, would widen their distance unless we tacked and stood on the course she was sailing, and so keep abeam of her.

'She is swinging round her fore-castle gun,' said Wordley. 'She means to give us a shot, too, as we pass!'

In about five minutes more we came to the position in which we should be highest to each other. Wordley sprang from the gun and gave the order to back the topsail. He then sighted the piece with his eye along the huge tube of hollow iron, and taking the fuse from the gunner, stood a moment, till the schooner's headway was deadened and she became stationary, which he ascertained by throwing a cork over the side.

I had taken his glass and placed it to my eye to watch the effect of the shot. I had a full view of the schooner. I could see upon her quarter-deck a figure moving about with animation, whom I had no doubt was the captain. The bulwarks and hammock-nettings were high, so that I could overlook only the caps of the men, but these were very numerous, and were mostly red or blue caps, with very few tarpaulins among them. I saw two fellows going up the fore-rigging whose costume was that of the Spanish buccaneer. Before their long gun the bulwark had been let down inside, giving it a free range in the direction of our vessel. I could get glimpses of the men hovering about it, and every sign of an intention to fire upon us was as apparent as our own preparations to fire upon him. The appearance of the schooner was very picturesque. Her immense breadth of canvass compared with the small size of her hull, as if the wings of a swan had been given to a black-bird. All her sails, though large, were gracefully cut and symmetrical in their proportions.

Although her tonnage must have been under ninety, yet she carried a main-sail heavier than ours, and her foretopsail was very much squarer. She moved along dark and close to the water, with her long flying-jib-boom projecting far beyond her bows and almost in a line level with the sea, while her masts of great length raked aft so that the main truck overhung the taffrail. She lay upon the water as straight as an arrow, her sharp bows shooting far out and tapering gradually away into the bowsprit. Low, sharp, rakish, and taunt, with a cloud of canvass above her decks.

She sailed on, dashing aside the spray from her bows and leaving a long frothy wake astern that looked like a snow path upon the blue sea.

The sun was just setting as we came abeam of one another, and the stranger schooner lay for an instant directly within the circle of his disc, like a ship stamped upon a medal of gold.

I turned away my eye from the splendor of the sight, and at the instant, Wordley cried with animation,

‘Right in the sun’s eye! Fire!’ He had hardly got the words out of his lips when he applied the fuse himself to the piece and discharged it. At the same instant the buccaneer also fired. His shot passed with a loud roar between our masts, and we heard it dash up the spray to leeward, while the report of our own gun, was yet ringing in our ears. Wordley threw down the fuse to seize his glass and spring upon the windlass out of reach of the smoke which was borne aft by the wind.

‘My shot has done good service!’ he exclaimed. ‘It has gone right into her main-chains, and through and through her, I verily believe! See she falls off as if there was confusion on board! I should’n’t be surprised if I had wounded her mainmast, for so far as I can judge, the shot must have struck it between decks. If I had only taken her three feet below, she would have had work for her pumps. As it is, I must have done her great mischief. Fill away again, Mr Ferris! I will stand on till she gets a little headway on her and then tack.’

We closely watched the schooner, Wordley expecting each moment, as he said, to see her main-mast go by the board; but we were disappointed. The vessel stood steadily on as before, with every thing drawing, and laying as close to the wind as possible. We kept our course on the larboard tack, about five minutes longer, and then tacked and stood after her. We soon discovered that we could lay quite as near to the wind as the chase, and with great nicety in the trimming of every sail, and a careful watch of the helm, we were enabled to come up half a point nigher, that is within about five and a half points, the schooner laying within six.

‘This is a decided advantage, and will by and by bring us up with her,’ said Ferris turning to me. ‘She will have to tack soon, as she can’t run on that leg more than a mile before she will be in shoal water; if we tack when she does, we shall by and by work up to her; and at any rate get her within range of another gun.’

‘She must be within range now!’

‘Yes—but her stern presents too small a mark at this distance; it dont look bigger than a buoy,’ said Wordley. ‘We will by and by get her broadside to. If we could hit her as she is we could rake her, and do the business for her!’

The schooner after running in towards the land on the tack about ten minutes longer, put about and stood away on the other tack. We kept on, passed each other, and a second time exchanged shots, but this time without effect, both vessels being in motion, although we were nigher to each other then when we fired first. Our ball passed several feet astern of the chase, while hers of the same weight of metal, struck the water about a hundred feet from our larboard quarter, and taking an oblique direction, threw the spray over our decks in its passage close under the counter. For a moment we believed that the rudder must have been struck so close it passed us. The jets of water it cast up, came down upon the deck as if from a fountain.

‘That was well aimed,’ exclaimed Wordley; and if we had been going three feet an hour slower than we are, we should have had the best part of our keel torn off, rudder and all. The speed of the Dolphin has saved her this time!’

We stood on a little further, and then tacked also. The rich bright twilight that so long lingers after the sun sets, still covered sea and sky with a brilliant rosy glow, by which the shores and the vessels in the port, and every object within the limits of our horizon were distinctly visible. The atmosphere was perfectly clear and it promised to be a light night! This would greatly favor us, for Wordley was apprehensive that she might escape him in the dark, should it cloud. But present appearances indicated a starry sky.—Both vessels were now standing on the same tack, a W. S. W. course, the chase about a mile and a half ahead, and a third of a mile to windward; but we knew we were lessening this distance towards the wind every moment. for our vessel was a fast sailor and her jib-boom never failed to go inside of whatever it was pointed at.

The twilight deepened slowly into the shadows of the starry evening, and we were still standing on the same course right out from the land. The schooner had made no demonstrations of tacking again, although she had been running a league on this tack, which was also her losing one; her real gain to windward being on the other or starboard tack.

‘That fellow intends to run away from us, be sure,’ said Wordley after watching her through his glass. He sees we can waltz to windward quite as delicately as he can and now he means to run for it across the channel, doubtless

CHAPTER III.

THE DISAPPEARANCE.

THE night set in clear and starry, so that without the aid of the glass we could distinctly see the grey shape of the pirate schooner flitting away on the sea about a two miles ahead. We were now exactly in her wake, for while she had been falling off a little to gain in speed what she lost at windward, Wordley, was keeping his vessel close hugged on a taut bow-line, thus losing in speed what he gained to windward. His object was to get once to the windward, letting the chase run on as she choose, and then give his vessel the benefit of a freer sheet, when he was satisfied he would be enabled to overhaul her by dint of faster sailing. The result will show the wisdom of this policy. Having at length got the wind of her, the order was given to fall off a point, and the schooner with every sheet eased and freed from its long restraint, went dashing on with music about her bows, and every strand in her telling.

to try and reach Cuba under cover of the night. But if I lose sight of him may I never see Boston !

Being myself only a guest on board, and non-belligerent, I had nothing to do but watch the schooner with an occasional peep through my glass, and see that she did'nt vanish like the Flying Dutchman; but Wordley having also six men stationed in different parts of the vessel, with orders not to take their eyes off the misty looking phantom ahead, not even to take time to wink, there was no danger that she should disappear without due notice given.

'These fellows have so many tricks,' said Wordley, approaching me as I was watching the swift progress of the vessel through the water, which glittered with myriads of phosphorescent sparks as if her bows were dashing through fire instead of water. 'They are up to all sorts of tricks! Some of them will douse their whole top-hamper, yards, spars, and even masts in the twinkling of a purser's prayers, and one might almost ride over them without seeing them, they lie so low in the water. Some of them will furl every stich of canvass and present nothing by which to distinguish her a cable's length off, even in a night as bright as this. Now that schooner ahead! you can just see that she is there with the naked eye looking like the ghost of a schooner faint and flickering. Now suppose she should, while we were looking away for a moment, suddenly lower her main and fore-sail and jibs, and furl her top-

sails. Would it be possible for us to find her by her slender masts? Last year I was cruising in this same vessel on the south side of Cuba, and leisurly sailing along the coast a league off, one morning I saw in the offing a little fore and after making for the shore six miles to leeward of me. I knew there was a suspected inlet in that direction for the rendezvous of all sorts of sea-robbers, and was steering down that way to take a look in, when I saw this lugger. I put after her with all sail I could carry to cut her off. On finding I was in chase, she tacked all at once and scampered due south, wing and wing dead before the wind. Schooners like this sail best on the wind four points free, and perhaps this little rascal was aware of this fact. I however gave him chase. Well he run about forty miles to the southward and finding I was gaining on him gradually but surely, and perhaps not liking to be so far off from home, he hauled his wind and went off with a free sheet due east, having the wind on his larboard beam. This compelled me to haul a little and cut across the country as they say at home, to meet him. He sailed like a little devil. The schooner had to make every joint do its work to walk after her. Just as night set in I began to gain on her very susceptibly, and half an hour after sun-set I was within a mile and a half of her. I fired a shot across her bows, but she paid no attention to it, but still cracked on at a slapping pace. I swore then, that as I hoped to see Boston, I'd have that fellow to breakfast with me in iron mittens. I set studden-sails forward and fore and main gaff top-sails, sending them up and having them bent for the purpose, and stationing men on the lookout I soon found I was gaining upon her. It was about this time in the evening and a clearer night if possible, so that I was able to see her a mile distant and distinguish her spars !

'Was she a large vessel of her class?' I asked.

'She was about fifty tons, half the size of the fellow ahead !

'Keep a sharp lookout there, my lads !

'Aye, aye, sir !' answered half a dozen men's voices in a cherry tone.

'Well, I got within a third of a mile of her and having taken a last close look at her with my glass I walked and placed it upon the binnacle and then gave the order to stand by and lower away the quarter boat for boarding as soon as I should come up with her ! The coxswain and his crew had hardly got aft when I cast another glance in the direction of the little rascal who had given me such a long chase, but I could see nothing of him ! Supposing the man at the helm had let the schooner come up into the wind, I looked at the compass, and found she was on her course. I then caught up my glass, and swept the range of horizon and water, but devil a thing could I see of her.— At the same instant three of my men called out in tones of surprise,

'The chase is not to be seen, sir !'

'This was very extraordinary !'

'Yes, and I was perplexed, I assure you. Lest I should run by the spot I had last seen her in, I immediately brought the schooner to the wind, and go-

ing aloft with my glass, took a survey of the sea around me. There was nothing visible. If any thing had been four feet above the water any where near where the chace ought to have been, it would not have escaped me. After a fruitless scrutiny of the surface of the ocean, I descended to the deck and ordered the vessel to be put away again, and for an hour I went sailing round in a circle of a mile every man and boy on board on the lookout!"

"And you discovered nothing?"

"Not a sign of any thing; and in about an hour and a half after losing sight of her, I gave the order to put ship about and return to the island, satisfied that the fellow had foundered!"

"Was it blowing hard?"

"About an eight knot breeze, and not much sea at that! But what *had* become of him if he had not gone to the bottom?"

"It is surprising indeed!"

"Well I must confess it has puzzled me to this day. My men swore it was a young Flying Dutchman, and I'm half a mind," he added laughing, "to be of their opinion. But let us take a look at our friend ahead and see if he is likely to play us any trick.

"The chase is not in sight, sir?" cried an old tar from the fore-rigging, using almost the same words Wordley had repeated in the other case.

"Not in sight?" he exclaimed, hurrying his glass to his eye.

"She has disappeared, all at once sir?" said the man at the helm, for I had my eye on her and saw her plainly two minutes ago!"

"Well if I don't wish I had never told about that lugger!" exclaimed Wordley. "This fellow has served me the same trick I fear!"

"What, gone to the bottom!" I asked laughing.

"No—but some infernal artifice or other. He is not visible that is a fact, as I hope to see Boston! Do you make out any thing?"

"I can see nothing," I answered after a close survey of the sea ahead, with my glass.

"She bore a point and a half to windward, sir, when I saw her three minutes ago," said the helmsman, "for I set her by compass!"

"Then luff that much and stick her dead on to the spot! If she has gone down we shall find her bones floating about, and if she has only struck her masts we shall walk right over her hull! This is all of telling about that confounded other affair!"

The disappointment and chagrin of the brave officer was only exceeded by his astonishment at this sudden disappearance of the chase. With his glass at his eye he took a stand upon the gun forward and closely scanned the surface of the ocean. He rubbed the lens of his glass at least a dozen times with the corner of his silk handkerchief and as many times replaced the instrument to his eye. But the sight of the vessel did not reward his perseverance.

"We ought to be now in her neighborhood," he said coming aft. "Now

every man of you open all the eyes you've got, and see with the ends of your fingers. She *must* be somewhere about here.'

'Have you a blue-light on board?' I asked.

'No, but by the lord Harry, I can soon make something that will answer the purpose. I have half a score of rockets below, and I will send one of these up with lighted swab of oakum dipped in tar!'

The idea was no sooner suggested than carried into execution. The rocket was bound to a spar that projected over the gang-way, and a hairy mass of oakum, like a Medusa's head, was secured to the staff. A slow match was placed in the midst of it, and ignited. The rocket was then let off into the air. The weight of its unusual appendage retarded somewhat its velocity, but it nevertheless rose boldly skyward, and by the time it had reached its greatest altitude, the wind of its progress had kindled into a blaze, which communicating with the oakum, exploded into a vast mass of the most brilliant light.

'Dont look after the light, but at the sea,' shouted the Captain, who had kept his eyelids down to a level with the horizon, that he might have the full benefit of the reflection upon the surface. It shed abroad far and wide, a wild glare, lighting up the ocean for a mile around us. Then it began to descend like some fiery fiend hurled from the skies, and with a loud hiss plunged into the sea. All was instantly dark—darker than before, to our vision. I felt the firm grasp of Wordley upon my arm as the light began to fall, and his finger pointed me in silence to a black mass to windward and *astern* about two cables length distant. I had hardly caught a glimpse of it when we were in darkness. The glance was so brief that I could not tell whether it was a black rock, or a vessel's hull!

He sprung to the compass and fixed the bearings of it, and then his noble voice was heard ringing like a trumpet.

'Ready about! All hands to tack ship! Lively, men lively!'

The crew sprung to their several posts ignorant of the cause of the thrilling order; yet guessing at the truth. The boatswain's whistle piped loud and shrill. The schooner's head came up to the wind, her upper sails shivering, then filled reversed against the mast; and then amid the flying of sheets and braces, the swinging round of yards and swooping over of booms, she set her bows the other way and was soon dashing on in the direction in which we had discovered the dark object upon the water.

'There is no doubt that it is the vessel,' I remarked to Wordley as he took his station on the weather side of the quarter-deck upon a gun-carriage.

'No. I saw the fellow as plain as I see my hand. He had struck his top-masts and taken in every inch of canvass, and lay upon the water drifting.—I dare say he expected he should escape us; and for George! he like to have done it, for we had passed him without seeing him, if it had not been for the rocket and its fiery tail. We must keep a sharp look out now, or the fellow will get off yet!'

A dozen men were on the bows and in the fore-rigging watching the sea, and in five minutes the cry was—

‘A sail dead ahead, sir!’

Wordley seized his trumpet and sprung upon a weather gun. There was none visible.

‘To leeward, sir!’ called out the Boatswain.

We ran to the other side of the vessel just in time to see dash swiftly past us, a large fore and aft topsail schooner, steering on the opposite tack, and to hear a voice from her deck say in a pleasant ironical way—

‘Good night, gentleman; a pleasant cruise to you!’

The next instant she was nearly out of sight, far astern!

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST SHOT.

‘If that is not the schooner may I never see Boston!’ exclaimed Wordley, as soon as he could find words to give expression to his astonishment. Ready about!’

The next moment we were dashing along on the other tack, and in full chase. With the glass the schooner was visible like a gray cloud resting upon the sea. The excitement on board was now intense. The men believed the vessel to be a phantom, and some roundly swore it was the same slippery fellow that had got away from them the year before, the young Flying Dutchman!’

Wordley paced the deck a few moments in silence after he had seen that the schooner was doing her best, and then stopping by me, he said impressively, ‘What do you think of all this?’

‘That, after he saw the illumination you made, he knew he must be discovered and so at once made sail and resolved to pass you boldly, as the only chance of escaping.

‘That is what I think,’ he said thoughtfully; ‘but it is very singular. I am not superstitious, but to tell you the truth, I begin to think I might as well give chase to a cloud on the horizon, as to this fellow!’

The light of the binnacle shone upon his face, and I could see, as I looked at it with surprise, that he was serious.

‘There is nothing supernatural in what has occurred!’

‘No, nothing yet; but if she don’t show us some other trick before long, may I never see Boston!’

‘Most sailors I know, are superstitious, but I have not usually found officers so,’ I remarked.

‘Why not officers? we commune night after night, as we pace our lonely decks; we commune, I say, night after night with the same deep and mysterious sea on which we live, and with the same starry or stormy skies above us, and which is our only roof. Our ears hear the same moanings and whisperings from the waves and the winds, and our imaginations people the surrounding

air and ocean with the strange forms and fitting shapes! It is no wonder sailors, I mean by the term both officers and men, should be superstitious.—There is not a man on board but what believes in the Flying Dutchman as faithfully as he believes in the existence of old Neptune!

‘That is rather equivocal faith,’ I said laughing. ‘Do you mean to say the men believe that there is such a personage as Neptune!’

‘Ask one of them! There is an old man-of-war’s man there at the main tack coiling up the slack. ‘Come here Jack!’

‘Aye, aye sir,’ answered the tar crossing the deck and touching his tarpaulin.

‘Do you believe in Neptune?’

‘Do you mean old father Nep with the beard and grains, sir?’ asked Jack respectfully.

‘Yes, Jack!’

‘Why sartinly, sir, I hopes I do!’ responded the tar giving a pull at his trousers on either hip, and touching his cap at the same time with a certain reverence of manner, as if with an involuntary feeling of respect for the bearded sea-king.

‘Have you ever seen him, Jack?’ I enquired.

‘That I cant swear to sir, because its not bible proof: but then if I said as how I had’nt seen him, I believe I should lie!’

‘You believe there is such a craft cruising the wide ocean as the Dutchman, dont you Jack?’ asked the Captain after taking a long and steady look at the schooner ahead, and satisfying himself that she was still visible.

‘The Flying Dutchman, sir?’

‘Yes, Jack!’

‘It stands to reason I does. He has been seen a hundred times,’ he answered with positiveness. ‘I have had a glimpse at him twice myself!’

‘You have, Jack?’

‘Yes, sir, and I knew ship-mates who have had him come athwart their course as many as seven times in a cruise! I never want to see him, for the ship that falls in with this crazy craft never brings all her crew safe to port; and if she meets him thrice she finds the bottom afore her best bower will, that is gospel!’

‘Well Jack, you may go forward and keep a good look out, and tell the lads there to button their eyes back, for that fellow ahead must’nt give us the slip a second time!’

‘We are gaining on the vessel,’ I said as I took up the glass; ‘I can make out the spaces between her yards and sails which were blended with them in a confused mass a few moment ago!’

‘You are right. I will train the long gun upon him, now I have him in range and see if I cant cripple him. He is not more than three quarters of a mile ahead of us. Hark! Do you hear and see that! It is a pistol that

had been discharged on board of her, by accident, I suppose. The sound was so clear and distinct that she cannot be so far off! Come forward with me and I will train the forty two upon her and send him my respects!"

The gun was loaded and then accurately levelled by Wordley upon the vessel which was now plainly distinguishable without the glass; and, therefore, it was evident that we were rapidly approaching her.

'Now I will try whether his sails are made of canvass or of moonlight,' said Wordley as he took the lighted fuse from the hand of the gunner and moved it two or three times through the air to brighten the ignited end.

He applied it to the priming and the flashing light of the explosion showed us plainly the whole proportions of the schooner towards which the roaring ball of iron was hurled. It was but for an instant, like the transient picture produced by a magic lantern. Smoke enveloped us, and our ears, almost deafened by the report, were bent eagerly to catch any sound from the direction in which the shot had sped.

'She has got it?' shouted Wordley as a crashing sound accompanied with cries wild and shrieking was borne to us! 'She has got it, every ounce of it, and much good may it do her. Hark! here that sharp noise? Now listen for the splash! There it is! One of her masts has gone by the board!'

With the glass I could see that his ear had not deceived him. Her foremast had fallen carrying with it all the sails over the side into the sea. As soon as Wordley saw this he seemed a new man! He was all life and gaiety. He gave his orders with spirit and a cheerful 'aye, aye' came back from the men. The gloom and superstition of his mind as well as of their's vanished, and the feeling throughout the vessel was one of exhilaration and joyous anticipation. Crippled as she was, the chase could not now escape us. Each instant we were expecting a return from her first gun, but as she did not fall off as she would be compelled, to bring it to bear, it being forward, we supposed she was unable to do so. But as we came up we could see that she was lying perfectly unmanageable upon the water and rapidly falling off from the wind, so that if we had not luffed she would the next moment have laid broadside to our course! Wordley grasped his trumpet as we came nearer and sprung upon the companion-way.

'Have you struck?'

'Yes!' was the answer, but not in the same voice that before had bade us good night and wished us *bon voyage* so gaily.

'Why dont you lower your main-sail if yon can't come to?' he cried as we went bounding on past his stern, crossing his wake and wearing round upon his starboard-quarter, for he was now going off before the wind under the main-sail and gaff-topsail, while his top-mast stay-sail torn away from the fore mast, was blowing out strait like a streamer, as she was driven helplessly along. 'Lower the main-sail to stop her way, and send a boat on board!'

'Aye, sir.'

We were now moving on side by side both right before the wind, which was the only course the prize could take. To keep from shooting ahead, as she drove in this way only about four knots, and the wind blew an eight knot breeze, we had to brail up our fore-sail, drop the main peak, and even let the fore top-sail drop upon the crosstrees. The distance between us was about one hundred yards.

Their main-sail came down by the run, and a boat was lowered into the water. It soon approached us and a rope being flung to them from the gang-way it was soon alongside. A person who stood in the stern, got out and came upon deck. Wordley met him at the gang-way, on each side of which stood a sailor holding a battle-lantern that cast a bright light upon the scene. By their glare the stranger was distinctly seen. He was a man under thirty years of age, of the middle height, but a strong frame compact and symmetrical.—His face was either English or American, though his complexion was very dark. He was dressed in a blue seaman's roundabout but had the air of a person superior in rank to a common-sailor. The expression of his face was singularly resolute.

‘Are you the captain of the prize, sir?’ asked Wordley.

‘No, sir, only the second in command, answered the man glancing around upon the group with a cool and observing look.

‘Where is your captain?’ demanded Wordley quickly. ‘Why has he not come on board of me?’

‘He was wounded by that last shot of yours, and lies bleeding in his cabin. But for this we should hardly have struck, but fought it out till one or the other of us went down!’

‘He ordered you to strike!’

‘He did, and it is the first time such an order came from his lips,’ said the man with a sort of sad pride in the character of his chief.

‘What is the name of your vessel?’

‘El Viento?’

‘That is The Wind!’

‘Yes, ‘The Wind’ is her name!’

‘She is well named?’

‘Have you brought your papers on board with you?’ asked Wordley with irony. ‘I suppose they will say that you are from port Westerly, bound to port Easterly, and that your captain, is captain North wind, and your crew are a crew of fresh breezes!’

‘We have no papers,’ answered the man doggedly. ‘We are what we are—free travellers of the waves!’

‘Free robbers rather than travellers. What is your captain’s name?’

‘Captain Rafael?’

‘That man I have heard of before; but it could not be he, for he was shot in Havana, a year ago! A daring fellow he was!’

The man smiled significantly and said—

‘My captain is also called Captain Rafael, sir. It is a good name for a free flag!’

‘You are then a pirate?’

‘For want of a more courteous term,’ answered the man with a smile of reckless hardihood. ‘But it is not worth while to be talking here, sir, while our schooner is going down by the head as rapidly as she can sink.’

‘Is this true?’

‘Your last shot passed out under her bows a foot below the water-mark.—She was filling when I left her! Our boats too are stove, save the one I came in!’

‘You are confoundedly cool about it,’ cried Wordley with angry emotion.—Lower away the boats all! ‘Lively men! Four men to each—no more, as there will be enough to bring back! I see her settling by the head plainly.—Give way towards her, and not let the poor devils perish, for they must live to be hanged; and I want to see this captain Rafael in person!’

Three boats were now pulling towards the sinking vessel, and in the leading one stood up Wordley animating his boats’ crew. In a few moments she had struck the vessel’s side and he was upon her deck.

‘Save yourselves all of you by the boats,’ was heard in his commanding voice. ‘She is settling fast and will soon pitch under.’

The pirates sprung for the boats, the love of life overcoming every other feeling, and soon crowded them. As fast as they came up the side and stepped on deck they were ironed and sent below. Wordley came last and aided by two men lifted the wounded Captain upon deck and had him conveyed to his cabin, and being himself an excellent surgeon, and his only one on board, he prepared to examine his wounds, and dress them.

‘For,’ said he to me, making use of his favorite phrase, ‘may I never see Boston if he shant live to be hanged!’

CHAPTER V.

As the schooner was taken and sunk in the Spanish waters, Wordley resolved to stand into Havana, and surrender his prisoners to Tacon who was then governor-general of Cuba. The wounded buccaneer Captain remained an inmate of the cabin, and as he seemed to be a person of education and polished manners, Wordley treated him with great kindness and attention; for he was not a man to triumph over the unfortunate and guilty.

The appearance of the young man deeply interested us both. He was about eight and twenty years of age, with a clear blue eye and fair waving hair, and a countenance naturally mild; but to which familiarity with stern scenes had given a character of decision. The wound which he had received was comparatively slight and did not produce a single complaint. He remained reclining upon a settee which Wordley had fitted up for him, with a mattress and pillow, and seemed lost in painful thought. At intervals he would raise his eyes and turn them towards me as I sat reading in the pleasant draft of the cabin windows. Seeing that he looked as if he wished to address me, I laid down my book and went to his side. Hitherto he had not made any reply to any questions put to him, but seemed to desire to be left to himself.

‘Can I do any thing for you, senor?’ I asked in Spanish.

‘You are very kind,’ he answered in pure English. ‘I would like to know if I am to be taken into Havana?’

‘Yes. We are within three hours sail of that Port now,’ answered Wordley, who came into the cabin at the same moment.

The pirate’s countenance became very pale, and he appeared to be struggling with some strong emotion. With an effort he resumed his composure, and said—

‘I would prefer being taken to the States!’

‘It matters little whether you end your days at Key-West or in Havana, I should suppose,’ answered Wordley.

‘I have reasons for not wishing to be delivered to Governor Tacon,’ he said impressively.

‘You should have considered those reasons, senor, before you hoisted the ree flag!’

He made no answer; but pressing his hand upon his forehead seemed as if either in mental or physical pain. Wordley was shortly after called to the deck by his second in command, when the prisoner turning to me said—

‘I should like to relate to you if you will listen to me, the circumstances which have brought me into the condition you now behold me. If Captain Wordley will come into the cabin I should be glad to have him hear what I

have to say. I went on deck and communicated the words of the prisoner, and Wordley accompanied me below. 'My motive in entering upon this narrative of the history of the past,' he said after we were seated by his couch, 'is not to excite your sympathy or seek to escape the punishment that is justly my due! I know that I have incurred the highest penalty of the laws of nations, and I am ready to meet my doom, though I would have chosen death by the hands of the hangman than that I am destined to suffer!'

'How do you mean?' asked Wordley with surprise. 'Tacon never honors buccaneers by shooting them!'

No; would that such could be my death? But I am doomed to a more dreadful end! know you that I have once been tried and condemned for this very offence against the laws, and that I escaped from the foot of the scaffold on the morning of my intended execution. Tacon, the Captain-general, issued a proclamation offering a large reward for my capture and declaring at the time that if I were re-taken, I should be broken *daily* upon the wheel till life was extinct! This is the horrible death that awaits me if I am taken to Cuba. But I am not a man to supplicate! I have sown and I am willing to reap!'

'Under what name was you sentenced?' asked Wordley with interest.

'Under that of Captain Rafael!'

'Is it possible that Rafael the pirate is my prisoner! Your men refused to give me any other name for you than 'El Capitan!'

'I am the Rafael Mates,' answered the young man with a flush of pride.

'But you are not a Spaniard? You speak English with too much purity,' said Wordley.

'I am an American!'

'An American!' we both repeated with surprise, for we had made our minds from his very fair complexion that he must be a young Englishman.

'Yes, senores, I am an American and a native of Virginia, of what part I will not now reveal. If you would like to know the events which led to the present result I will relate them to you. You will then, perhaps, find that I am less to blame than I seem; though I do not desire to palliate my conduct!—Circumstances may force men to crime, but the guilt incurred is not lessened thereby; for death is easier and more honorable than life supported by crime; and the brave can meet death in a hundred battle fields on the earth, for wars cease not even among waters!'

'My father was a man of fortune, holding a large estate, and the owner of more than a hundred slaves. I and a sister, two years my junior, were his only children. At the age of eighteen I was sent from home to a northern university, where I remained until I was twenty-one, when I returned home to find my father on his death bed. On entering his chamber and approaching his bed-side he waved me indignantly away and closing his eyes refused to look upon me!'

'Father, my dear father!' I cried rushing forward; 'do you not know me!'

Do you not hear the voice of your son Rafael?"

'Away—you are no longer my son!' he cried in stern accents, articulating with difficulty. I looked at my sister who stood by his pillow, but her silent glance seemed to reprove me, while she said in an under tone—

'Leave the room, I beg of you, brother! Your presence affects him!'

'And why should it?' I cried with indignant surprise. 'Is he not my father? am I not his son? Who should kneel by his bedside and close his dying eyes but his son? There is some horrible mystery here!' And thus expressing my emotion, I caught my father's hand and pressed it to my lips and kneeling by his side, with tears implored his blessing and his forgiveness if I had done any thing to incur his displeasure.

'The words "False and degenerate son!" escaped brokenly from his lips, and after a brief struggle for breath he resigned it forever. I rose to my feet and stood gazing upon him with horror. My sister flung herself shrieking upon his body, and overwhelmed with horror at the words that rung in my ears, I rushed from the chamber.

What had I done? What had brought upon me the dying anger of my father? I was unable to answer the question. I put to myself a hundred times as I paced madly up and down the long piazza. At length I became more calm and resolved to seek my sister and learn what had produced this change in my beloved father's manner towards me; for I had always loved and honored him, and he had been proud of my filial affection for him. My conscience accused me of nothing! I found my sister Anna weeping in her chamber!

'For God's sake, dear Anna, what does all this mean?' I asked as I entered the room; 'I have not been at home an hour and I am received like an enemy!'

'I am surprised you should ask brother,' she said with a cold look.

'And you my foe too?' I cried in a sort of despair. 'What horrible mystery is this? What have I done? Speak! You *shall* answer me and not fly from the room as if I were a monster! It is enough for me to have my father's dying curse ringing in my ears, without your hatred, sister! Why am I received and treated thus?'

'Do you mock me! My father's displeasure was just! What you have received you have only merited!'

'His displeasure just! Merited what I have received,' I repeated in astonishment. 'Three years I have been absent from home during which time, I have acted honorably in all my intercourse with the world. I have not in that time seen you nor my father but once, two summer's ago, when you came to visit me for a few weeks and I went to Saratoga with you. Then we parted as father and son, as brother and sister should part. Since then I have not met my father to incur his displeasure. What dreadful crime am I supposed to be guilty of?'

'You cannot deceive me into the belief that you feel now differently from

what you felt when you wrote your strange letters! I look upon you as an enemy to my father and to me, Rafael, as well as a foe to your native state, and a rebel against its laws!"

"Are you mad?" I asked with astonishment. "I must believe that my father's reason wandered in his dying moments and that his death has turned your brain, Anna!" I said kindly; for I had no suspicions of the astounding crime of which I was supposed to be guilty.

"No, Rafael," she answered me disengaging her hand and going out of the room, "I am not deranged, neither was our father, as you well knew I have loved you Rafael as a sister until the developments of your true character made it known to me that you were unworthy of the affection of a true daughter of Virginia. Recreant to your native land! Defiler of her good name!—An enemy to her institutions! A rebel and a conspirator how could I acknowledge you as brother? How did you expect your father would, on your return, recognise you as a son?"

I was utterly confounded. I gazed upon her with a surprise too great for utterance. Conscious that I had been innocent of every act unworthy a gentle man or a true son of Virginia, it was easier to believe that she was deranged than to accuse myself of any unworthy deed.

"Anna," I said following her into the hall and speaking as soothingly as it was in my power to do; for I was excited by grief and surprise.

"I cannot talk with you, Rafael," she answered me with an air of haughty displeasure; and passing into a room opposite, she closed the door and turned the key on the inside.

I stood petrified with amazement. At this instant a footstep on the gallery caused me to turn. I beheld with pleasure a gentleman who had been my tutor and my sister's before I entered college; and who had for a year or two after I had left continued to instruct Anna. He was a New England man about thirty years of age, with an intelligent countenance, and a manner and smile extremely prepossessing. He had been the past year post-master in the town near which we lived, and to which all our letters came. He also was a lawyer having been engaged in reading laws while he was tutor in my father's family.

On seeing him, I hastened towards him with my hand extended, for I had always liked the man, and to do him justice he was a very thorough teacher. He advanced also reaching forth his hand he warmly shook mine, expressing his gratification at seeing me returned; but at the same time manifested his sorrow at the death of my father.

I felt relieved to find one person to meet me with cordiality; and as soon as we had interchanged the first words of meeting, I implored him to tell me if he knew, what fearful mystery was hanging over me!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONSPIRACY.

‘THE TUTOR regarded me with looks of surprise when I had made this demand of him to explain the mystery hanging over me,’ resumed Rafael after a few moment’s silence, during which he seemed to suffer equally from mental and physical pain.

‘Do you not know what I mean, Mr. Whanley?’ I asked. ‘But no, you cannot or you would treat me as they have treated me! You would scorn me too, for what God knows!’

‘Scorn, Rafael,’ he said. ‘I have only regarded you with love and affection.’ And he took my hand and pressed it with friendly warmth.

‘Then let me tell you all,’ I said overcome by his kindness.

‘I knew you have suffered a great loss in the death of your father,’ he said, ‘and your emotion I can easily account for. His death has been expected the last ten days; though you were not written to as you were expected home daily! Did you get here to see him die?’ he asked earnestly.

‘Come with me into this room,’ I said drawing him into the library and closing the door! ‘Mr Whanley I then began, I have seen my father die! I flew to his bedside to receive his dying blessing, but he refused to look at me! he refused to speak to me except in accents of horror and hatred! Thus he died denouncing me as a false son! Before I could learn from him the cause of this conduct towards me, his spirit had flown forever! I then sought my sister to learn from her what had happened to bring my father’s hatred upon my head, and I found her equally cold and hostile. Dark hints and fearful suspicions was all I could obtain from her! You appeared and met me as they should have met me, kind and friendly and full of affectionate pleasure! I am willing to attribute something to my sister’s grief; but behind all, there is some dreadful mystery! *What* have you heard against me?’ I demanded with tears in my eyes.

‘Nothing, Rafael,’ he said, ‘I know nothing against you! Your relation surprises me! I deeply sympathise with you! If you desire it I will endeavour to ascertain from your sister what has occurred?’

‘No, no,’ I answered; ‘I will see my sister and know all from her own mouth! She will not refuse to tell me. I shall demand the knowledge as a right!’

‘Such was my reply to Mr Whanley,’ continued the young Captain of the schooner; ‘and leaving while he went voluntarily, as he said, to superintend the laying-out ceremonies for the dead and arrange for the funeral, I hastened to my sister. I did not find her in her room, and seeking her, discovered her

in the near verandah and Whanley just about to take her hand and whisper to her. On seeing me he retired suddenly, while I could not but feel surprised to find him in that part of the house when I supposed him in the other wing in which my father had died. I observed he seemed embarrassed and my sister also. But I did not suspect him then of an evil toward me.

'I have sought you, Anna, I said, to have an end put to this suspense. Whatever I have done to bring upon my head the displeasure of my father, is equally known to you, as is apparent from your reception of me. Now tell me at once what I have done? You have thrown out terms that to me are incomprehensible. My conscience acquits me of all wrong to him or you!'

'I dont know,' said my sister to me in reply, 'which most distresses and amazes me, your guilt or your hypocrisy, in the face of your very letter to dare to deny your course!'

'What letters? what course?' I asked with surprise. 'For God's sake, Anna tell me what I am charged with?'

'I will answer you by your own written words,' she answered, 'if, as it seems, you have so thoroughly became lost, as not to suspect your present conduct base and guilty. If you have become so deformed as not to suspect yourself, I will show you your own letters!'

As she spoke she led the way to the room I had left and going to a desk unlocked it and from a package of letters, took out one and handed it to me, saying—

'You will not have the daring, brother, to deny writing that?'

'No,' said I as I saw that it was a letter addressed to her in my handwriting and mailed at New Haven, from which all my letters had been written for the last three years.

'And, yet you ask why my father died without looking kindly upon you, or why I receive you as I have done!'

'Then what can I have written in this letter?' I exclaimed unfolding it with trembling hands and opening it. My eye run hurriedly over the page, and I was instantly struck with an expression that I knew I had never penned. This led me to begin and read the letter, when I saw with astonishment that I was not the author of a single line! The hand-writing was a perfect imitation of my own and deceived my own eyes, but the language of the letter showed me that it had never been penned by me. I read paragraph after paragraph with horror and indignation and revenge at my heart. I will repeat to you the letter, seniors! It was written about two months previous, and dated at College, and mailed at the same Post Office. It began 'My dear sister Anna,

'I have at last made up my mind to communicate to you the change in my views and opinions in relation to our southern institution. Brought up surrounded by slaves, and from earliest infancy, seeing them in a position inferior and servile, I naturally conceived that this was their natural condition. I have, however, recently changed all my views and opinions. I have learned

at the north the great truth that all men are born free and equal! I have also learned to regard Africans as men! I have learned to view not only the traffic in slaves as wicked and unjust, but also to regard as wicked and unjust, the holding in bondage the children, however remote the generation, of slaves so stolen and trafficked for? I have, in a word, become an abolitionist! But this name so defamed and ignominious at the South, is here in this atmosphere of freedom and human liberty, a distinction of honor. I am proud of the appellation! and I look forward to the time when I shall hail every southern man and woman as an Abolitionist! To the emancipation of the poor slaves I shall henceforth devote my heart and hand, my purse and influence! In this benevolent enterprise, I know you will join me, my dear sister! I have no time to write more now; but in a subsequent letter I will enter more fully into the subject, and unfold before you the arguments which have made a northern-man of me. I shall also write to my father! Your affectionate brother,

RAFAEL.

'The whole of this letter,' I exclaimed to my sister as soon as I could command language, 'is a vile forgery! I never penned it in my life!'

'But there is the Post-mark! and the writing is your own! 'Nay, even the seal!' she said looking at me with surprise.

My earnestness impressed her; but still she looked suspicious and taking out another letter, handed it to me saying, but with a doubtful air,

'Nor this either? Is not this your writing?'

'It resembles mine! I should say it was mine,' I answered, 'but for what I have just now read.'

'Read this also,' she said with emphasis.

'I will repeat to you, gentlemen, what I read; for the words are grown upon my memory. This letter was addressed not to my sister, but to my father.—The accurate resemblance of the hand-writing to my own, confounded me.—It began: 'My dear father,

After mature deliberation I have come to the determination of writing to you upon a subject which engaged my thoughts and influenced my actions. Educated as I was, till I left home the idea that there was a moral wrong in holding our fellow-beings in slavery never occurred to me. As a matter of reflection it never entered my mind. I regarded bondage as the natural condition of the negro and never troubled myself to examine into the wrongs or rights involved. But I have had my eyes opened by mingling with the society of northerners, to whom slavery is detestable, and who regard slave-holders with abhorrence. From them my mind has become enlightened, the veil of darkness and ignorance has been removed, and the atrocity and wickedness of the whole system has been revealed to me in the clearest light. I am now a man and a freeman! I can now point without a blush to the memorable opening of the incomparable Constitution which declares 'all men born free and equal!' Convinced of the crime of slavery, I cannot consistently act otherwise than

in harmony with my principles! I have written to you the change in my feelings and views as an act of duty. I feel I shall incur your displeasure, but I cannot withhold the fact from you, that I have become what I am! In a word, sir, I feel that I can no longer make use of the fruits of the slaves toil! and I candidly tell you that when my property comes into my hands, if I cannot prevail on you sooner to do it, I mean to free all the slaves that fall to me. I may be impoverished, but this will not alter my opinions; and I shall have the proud satisfaction of having done my duty. In a few days the course of my collegiate studies will close, and I shall return to my paternal home.— There I hope to convince you by irresistible arguments that you are in the sight of God and all true men guilty of oppression and 'of withholding from the laborer his hire.'

Your affectionate son,

RAFAEL.'

When the young buccaneer chief had ended the recital of this letter, he threw himself back upon his pillow for a moment, and covered his face with his hands, as if renewing again the bitterness of the hour when he first read it in his sister's presence. At length he resumed:

'This letter is also false and forged like the other?' I cried to Anna, after I had mastered the strong emotions of anger and surprise that seized me on reading the second letter and discovering the conspiracy against me. My sister regarded me for some moments steadfastly, and then said impressively,

'Do you speak truly, brother?'

'As I have a Creator and am to be judged by him, these letters are false! I never wrote a line of them.' I answered.

'Then you deny the principles! You are not an Abolitionist?' she cried.

'No. I am a Virginian and a true friend to my native state! Some one has forged these letters to you and my father, for what end God knows! I am as I was when I left Virginia!'

'And have you not received any letters either from my father nor myself in reply them?' she asked firmly.

'Not one!' I answered. 'I have never got a letter alluding to these letters, and if you received them it is a wonder I did not!'

'It is very extraordinary. We both wrote you! *And you replied to both of us!*'

'Replied?' I exclaimed thunderstruck.

'Yes. Here is your reply to mine, and also to father's!'

'And she placed two letters in my hand,' continued the buccaneer. 'I read them and found indeed that they were most skilfully executed replies, in which I defended my course and hinted at becoming a public declaimer against slavery from the forum.'

'Then you are innocent, Rafael!' cried my sister. 'You are innocent of all!'

'Yes. I have been the victim of some dangerous enemy!'

‘Then you have not thought of organizing a secret club of young men in this State for the purpose of creating a revolution, overturning the government of the State and establishing one upon the same basis as the States of New England?—a club called ‘The Brothers of Liberty?’

‘Never!’ I answered. ‘Has such a charge been made against me too?’ asked overcome with surprise.

‘Yes.’ She answered. ‘Six days ago my father received an anonymous letter informing him that you were the leader of such a secret party, and that you were in correspondence with some young men in the county whom your letters had brought over to your principles. This intelligence was credible after the letters we had received and it so distressed our father that his sudden illness may be owing to it; for although a month ago he had a paralytic attack he was getting over it. But this letter confirming his worst fears, was a severe shock to him and he sunk under it!’

‘I am not surprised now,’ I answered, ‘at my father’s treatment or yours. These letters explain all! I must now find out who my enemy is? Do you suspect any one?’

‘No one,’ was her reply.

‘Nor did I, *then*,’ said the buccaneer fixing his eye upon us with deep feeling; but I was not long in ignorance of my enemy, or of his motives, as you shall learn.’

CHAPTER VII.

THE VISIT.

‘The direction in which my thoughts turned to discover who had written these letters,’ said the buccaneer, ‘was the northern university which I had just left. The letters were mailed there, and it was my impression that they were written there. I therefore began to revolve in my mind any enemy I had there who would be likely to endeavor to do me an injury in this manner. But I could fix suspicion upon no one. Whoever he was, I was at least satisfied that he knew me intimately; was familiar with my style of writing as well as a perfect imitator of my penmanship; and that he knew when I wrote to my parents, and when they wrote to me; for he had evidently prevented my father’s and my sister’s letters from reaching me.

‘But I will not detain you, gentlemen,’ said the wounded man, with recapitulation of the process by which I sought to trace these letters to the hand that wrote them. Neither my sister nor myself were able to fasten suspicion upon any one. She now believed me innocent and we were reconciled, and it would have given her as much joy almost as it would have given me, to have discovered the author of these letters. The day of the funeral of my father came and we followed him to the grave. On our return to the house the will was opened in the presence of my father’s attorney, a justice of the peace, Mr. Whanley, the Tutor, and a few relatives who remained.

The will was read aloud and I found to my confusion and dismay that I was disinherited. Yes, gentlemen, my father acting under the influence of those accursed letters had cut me off from my inheritance and made my sister the sole heir to his property, and Mr. Whanley his executor! The clause affecting me ran thus:

‘Whereas my son Rafael having become an enemy to his native State, an alien from his father’s affection, and a traitor to every honorable feeling, by conjoining himself with the Abolitionists of the north, I have thought it best to devise and bequeath all my possessions real and personal to my beloved daughter Anna. In so doing I do not any injury to my son Rafael aforesaid, inasmuch as he has in his letters to me solemnly declared not only all slavery, crime, but those who partake of the fruits of the slaves’ labor criminals. I leave him therefore to the innocence he covets!’

‘When I had recovered a little from the consternation and anger which the reading of the will had produced, I openly and publicly declared before them all that I was not an Abolitionist, that my father had been deceived, and that I was as true a son of Virginia as I had ever been! But my protestations of innocence were all in vain towards changing the opinion formed by these stand-

ing around me! They shrunk from me with horror and words of bitter insult rung in my ears.

'I followed my sister to her room and accused her of having influenced my father's will in her own behalf; but with tears she not only protested her innocence; but also convinced me of her entire ignorance of the tenor of the will until she had heard it read.

I now questioned her closely with reference to the particulars of the reception of the forged letters. She said they were brought to her and her father from the Post Office, by the servant who usually went to the office. I then examined carefully the New Haven post-mark upon them, comparing it with that on some letters which I knew were genuine. After a careful comparison, I was satisfied that they were in a very slight degree dissimilar; but the difference was so trifling, that no one casually observing them would have suspected the forgery. The difference consisted in the cross-bar to the letter H, the bar being a heavier mark on the seal stamp, than on the false one.

'I showed this to my sister, and we began to endeavor to fasten suspicion upon the author of these forgeries. But all our conjectures were vain. I resolved to seek Mr. Whanley, and lay the whole matter before him. This course my sister also advised. I found him at his office, and opened the subject to him as I would have done to a brother. But first I learned from him that he had been in ignorance of my father's intention to appoint him executor and knew nothing of it until the will was opened. If I had known he said taking me by the hand, 'I should positively have refused to act as executor to a will which disinherited you!'

I told all to him and read the letters at the same time declaring my innocence. He betrayed the utmost surprise and promised to use every means to make known the perpetration of this forgery. I left him perfectly satisfied of his friendship and confident in his integrity. But all my efforts to divine the author of my wrongs was unavailing. As it regarded my property I did not so much have cause to regret being disinherited as my sister declared she should share with me equally in the patrimony. By Whanley's suggestion, I resolved to visit New Haven, and get there if possible some clue to the author of my wrongs. I departed from home two months after my father's decease on this mission. I reached the place of my destination and there remained several days trying to find some clue to my secret foe. Application with the letters in my hand to the Post-master confirmed my suspicion that the stamp was forged! Nor had such letters been mailed on that day. I was convinced that I must seek my calumniator nearer home. Then gradually for the first time, suggested I know not by what train of thought, the idea of Whanley being the man forced itself upon me. I rejected the suspicion in the beginning, and tried to throw it off, but it at length pressed upon me so strongly, that I resolved to return home at once and charge him with it!

On reaching my father's house I found Whanley in possession! He met

me in the same fawning manner as before, but I rejected his hand; for I had worked myself up, by thinking of circumstances, to the conviction that Whanley was the man who had injured me. He saw by my manner at once that I was not in humor with him, and being guilty he divined the cause.

‘Why this coldness?’ he asked looking very pale.

‘Why are you here?’ I demanded.

‘As the executor of your father’s estate, I am here to protect and take care of the house!’

‘Where is my sister?’ I demanded.

‘I have sent her to a boarding-school!’ he answered

‘By what authority?’ I demanded.

‘That of her guardian!’ he responded firmly.

‘Where is she?’ I asked fiercely.

‘That I shall not reveal at present!’ was his reply. ‘I am not to be bullied by a beggar!’ was his rejoinder.

‘I seized him by the throat and charged him with being the author of the letters! By my own slaves was he rescued and I turned out of my father’s house!’ But I will hasten to the end of my story of wrongs. That night I received intelligence from a faithful negro, who came to the tavern whither I went, that there was an armed party coming to apprehend me as an abolitionist and the leader of a secret abolitionist club which I was said to be forming in the country. He brought me a horse and entreated me to escape. I did so! I mounted him and fled, not for fear, but that I might have time and opportunity for revenge. I was the next day but one in Richmond, when I learned that I had been out-lawed by a proclamation of the governor and a reward offered for my apprehension? I fled also from Richmond sailing away in a brig bound for the West Indies. For three years I was a wanderer and I became a pirate, not from choice, but from circumstances. The brig was shipwrecked and myself and one seaman were driven ashore upon an island which was the resort of pirates. I remained with them three years by compulsion, for each day I was burning with vengeance against Whanley whose conduct was to me, a convincing proof of his guilt, and I was filled with anxiety about my sister. At length the captain of our schooner, of which I was made second in command, was killed, and I succeeded him. The very day I had the command, I steered for the United States and entering the mouth of James River by night ascended and anchored within a half of a mile of my paternal home.

In disguise I went ashore the next morning and after an hour’s cautious observation of the premises, I saw Whanley come forth, mount a saddle horse which had once been my own, and attended by a servant ride away. After he had got out of sight, I advanced to the door, being dressed as a common sailor, and asked of a negro whom I well knew, ‘who lives there!’

‘Mr Whanley, massa!’ was his reply.

‘Is Miss Whanley here?’ I asked with doubt and fear.

'Massa mean mistress,' he replied. 'She Missy Whanley once, but she marry massa Whanley and now she mistress! Dare she be now?'

'As he spoke, I saw appear on the gallery a lady whom I with difficulty recognised as my once lovely sister! I saw at a glance that she was wretched. approached her and touching my hat asked her if she would let me speak to her alone, as I had a message from her brother! At this allusion to one whom she supposed dead, she uttered a cry of joy that told me she loved me still!—She led me into the library where we had had our first interview and there, I made myself known to her! On recognizing me, she clung around my neck and with tears of joy welcomed me to her heart's embrace. I asked her if she was indeed married to Whanley?' She looked alarmed as if she feared he would hear, and then answered 'Yes, and I have reason to weep tears of blood! Know you, Rafael, that we have both been his victims! It was he who wrote those letters—for I have discovered all, *all*—wrote them that my father might will to me the whole estate! His object in my being sole inheritor was to get the whole into his possession by marrying me. He it was who forged those letters and poisoned our father's mind, and he it was who drew up the will! This fearful accusation of himself, I had heard him make over and over again in his troubled sleep, and at length when I was convinced of its truth enough to charge him with it, I did so. He confessed it all, but threatened my life and that of my infant's if I dared reveal it to a human soul. He put me to school in a retired village, and under circumstances so unpleasant that I was wretched. He came to see me and told me if I would marry him, he would remove me and make me happy in the world of fashion. I consented, and we have been married two years! Every day he renews his horrid threat to me! He brought me a paper containing a notice of your death, but which he must have forged. This was that I might believe I had no one to appeal to! It was he who got out the writ of arrest against you, and induced the governor to offer a reward for your apprehension!'

'Judge my feeling, gentlemen,' said the buccaneer Captain with strong emotion, 'judge my feelings on hearing this revelation of crimes on the part of a man we had trusted as a brother. But I will not describe what I experienced. I talked with my sister and told her what I should do. I told her that she must remain passive, and let no feeling for the father of her child lead her to interfere with my vengeance. I then left her!'

'That night as soon as it was dark, I landed with my men, surrounded the house, took Whanley and carried him on board my schooner. I secured him in the cabin and immediately got under weigh. I left behind the following note for my sister.

'Dear Anna, From this hour enjoy your estate and live for your child—You will never see your husband more. Within three days you will be a widow! I free you forever from a tyrant and consummate, at the same time, my own vengeance! Be happy, and ere long we shall meet again!'

'After we had got to sea I went below and made myself known to Whanley I never witnessed fear and horror like his! I accused him of his crimes, made him confess them in writing, and then with my own hands, fastened the rope to his neck by which he was the next moment swinging at the yard arm!'



The Fall of the Pirate Chief.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LEAPER.

WHEN the young buccaneer captain had ended this part of his narrative, he remained a little while deeply moved by his feelings; and then proceeded:

‘Thus was I *avenged*! I and my sister, for the great wrongs we had received at the hands of this man. As circumstances and not choice had led me to embrace the life of a pirate, I now resolved to quit the career I had entered upon, and on my vessel reaching Cuba, I resigned the command to my lieutenant and took passage in a merchantman for Virginia, determined henceforward to dwell on my paternal estate with my sister.

At first I kept private, but gradually ventured abroad into society, and made myself known. But I first sent to the governor the written confession made by Whanley, and received from him the assurance that I should not be molested as he had been long satisfied that I was innocent of the crime alleged against me, and that no secret society had been organized for liberating the slaves. I did not of course tell the governor that I had hanged Whanley. I represented to him that I had made him confess, and that after the confession he had left the country.

‘Rumors, however, soon became rife that Whanley had been dealt foully with, and murdering him, that I might possess the property. The excitement against me grew each day stronger; but as I knew his death could not be proved against me, I resolved to brave it out. One evening with this spirit, I attended a public assembly at Richmond, when I was recognised by a gentleman present as having boarded, with my schooner, a vessel in which he was passenger, and plundered her. He openly charged me with piracy and drew upon me the indignation of all present; for already suspected, it was easy for men to believe any thing against me. Officers were sent for to arrest me, and I had to fight my way out of the hall to escape.

‘I now knew that as the supposed murderer of Whanley, and as a recognized pirate, I should be hunted down and that the old story of my conspiracy against my native State would be revived, and that under all these charges I should be crushed. So I spurred to my sister’s abode, briefly told her of my danger, collected what money and valuables I could, resumed my sailor’s garb and left the house by one gate, just as my pursuers rode into the yard by another. I galloped along the river-road for several leagues until I fell in with a brig just getting underweight from a tobacco plantation landing. The brig was bound for Mobile. I turned my horse loose and was received on board of her as a seaman.

The eighth day out as we were passing the 'Double-Headed Shot Keys' a schooner hove in sight to windward and bore down upon us. As she came nearer our captain felt alarmed and said he feared she was a buccaneer; for at that period as well as now there were many such vessels cruising in these waters and about Cape St. Antonio. This remark drew my attention towards her more particularly and borrowing the glass from the mate, I looked at her and confirmed a suspicion I had already conceived. As she came nearer and before she hoisted a green flag, I saw that she was *my schooner*. She fired a gun over us and finding he could not escape the Captain hove to. The schooner was laid along side and my lieutenant who was a young Spaniard of a noble family, at the head of a score of men leaped on board, cutlass in hand, shouting upon all to submit. I met him and called him by name. He started back with surprise and pleasure, and then dropping his cutlass embraced me. In a few words I told him why I was there. He insisted on my resuming the command, and as I was once more a wanderer and an outlaw, I yielded to his wishes and the intreaties of the men, and resumed my command. Going on board I dressed myself in an uniform I had left behind me; and when I came on deck thus attired, and resuming authority over the pirate crew, the completion of the astonishment of the captain and people of the brig may be conceived.

'Instead of being plundered and their vessel burned, I gave the captain permission to go on his voyage unharmed; for this was the condition upon which I consented to accept the command.

'I was now once more an outlaw! I neither defend nor palliate my course. Persecutions and unmerited disgrace had rendered me indifferent to results. I knew that the world looked upon me as a conspirator and as a murderer!'

'And did you not hang Whanley?' asked lieutenant Wordley with a look of surprise.

'Yes. But I regard not that act as a dishonorable one. It was a just act of retribution upon one who had shortened my father's days, poisoned his mind against me, exiled me from my native state, and wrested from me my rightful possessions and good name! It was no murder—it was justice! The laws of the land could not reach him; and rather than he should live, I slew him! I do not regret it! Whanley is dead, but I was only the instrument of justice human and divine in punishing him! But I care not now to excuse any thing I have done;' he added with a gloomy air. 'I am willing to abide the issue!'

'The day after I took command of the schooner, we fell in with a vessel bound to Cadiz. We boarded her, were resisted, and many were killed on both sides. She was very richly laden and after I had taken out her specie, I let her go on her way. But, instead of proceeding on her voyage, she put back to Havana and reported what had happened. Three armed vessels were immediately despatched in three different directions, and by one of them I was captured, and taken into port. My schooner was anchored under the guns of the Moro, and my lieutenant and I were thrown into one of its dungeons,

while my men were placed in the city Carcel. We were brought to trial and Alvaro and myself were condemned to be shot with forty three of my men, the ensuing morning. We were conducted from the citadel to the place of execution. It was a level green plateau overhanging the harbor. The height was forty feet. My schooner lay anchored so near we could have conversed with any one upon her decks. As we approached the verge to stand in line, we were unbound and told to form in front of a double file of soldiers. As I found myself free from the cords, I bounded suddenly forward, and leaped out into the air beyond the precipice. The waters closed over me, and being a good swimmer, I continued to move rapidly beneath the surface towards the schooner and rose to take breath some distance from the spot. When I did so, I saw the air filled with the bodies of men, flying and plunging around me into the flood. Animated by my example Alvaro had followed me; and the men seeing this, broke from the line of death, and in a body rushed to the precipice and made the leap after him. For a moment the soldiers were confounded by this movement, but recovering their self-possession they began to pour in their fire upon the last of the number, so that out of the leapers three struck the water dead men. The air now rung with the shouts of the officers, and the ringing of musketry. As I looked up, I saw the verge of the cliff lined with the troops who were firing into the water in volleys. Raising my voice, I encouraged my men and directed them to swim to the schooner, but to keep under the surface as long as possible at a time. I soon reached my vessel and drew myself up over her bows by the cable, which I instantly cut, setting her adrift. The men one after another came up and climbed on board. Alvaro did not appear, and was no doubt struck by a bullet. Out of forty three men, I counted thirty two that came on board. In less than four minutes, under the fire of musketry from the cliff, I had sail on the schooner, and in seven minutes we were out of reach of musket shot; but five more of my men were killed upon the deck. Beyond the Moro a Spanish frigate lay at anchor, and she opened upon us; but as the wind was fair and fresh, we were under her fire not one minute and a half, she being unable to bring her guns to bear except in a direct line. Yet one of her shot struck us carrying away our stern-davits, shivering the main-boom, and killing one man. In thirty minutes from the time we got under sail, we were in the offing and bowling along with a flowing sheet, at the rate of eight knots!"

'That was a most daring escape,' said Wordley. 'I have heard of it before. I arrived in Havana three days after it, when it was the only topic of conversation in all circles. You then are Rafael *El Saltador*, or 'the Leaper' as men have since denominated you?' added Wordley, gazing upon him with manifest admiration in his looks.

'Yes, I am Capitan Rafael,' answered the buccaneer with a smile like pride visible in his eyes. 'A large reward was now offered for my apprehension, and it was proclaimed by public manifesto that if re-taken I should be broken p the wheel! It is the prospect of this fearful death that induced me to say that I would rather take my trial in the States. But I am willing it should

be as it is! With this wound in my side I have the key to my own life, and at my will can let it forth!"

The peculiar significance with which he spoke, could not but make a painful impression upon us. We were all three silent for a few moments. Wordley was deliberating and struggling with a desire to save him. But his duty to his country—to society—to himself, was a safe-guard to any weakness of the heart.

"Why did you remain then in these seas, surrounded by such perils?" he at length enquired of him.

"These waters were my cruising ground, and I had no wish to cruise in any others. Perhaps, too, I was influenced by a spirit of bravado and defiance, I knew that vessels were abroad in search of me, but I had made up my mind not to be taken! I should not have surrendered now but to an American—a countryman, and having received as I believed a mortal wound; and besides my men urged it, hoping that some good fortune might favor their escape a second time; for it requires great resolution for men quietly to sink in their own vessel. Chains with a faint hope of life, are easier conditions; and so we are your prisoners instead of being in the bottom of the ocean with our schooner!"

"You were bold to follow that merchant ship into the very port of Key-west," remarked Wordley

"Daring is the only virtue in our profession. All our deeds are bold of necessity. Our existence is each moment a risk! Our lives are every hour at stake! For some weeks past I had fallen in with nothing of value and my men were becoming dissatisfied; and I therefore resolved to take the ship if possible. I had chased her eighteen hours, and to have her to enter her port after I had got within gun-shot would have created a mutiny among my men. They were, however, by no means reluctant to put about when they discovered an American cruiser lying in the harbor. Fortune favored you and I am a prisoner in your hands!"

He concluded his narration in these words uttered with an air of dignified resignation, and then sunk back upon his pillow exhausted by pain and the fatigue of speaking. It was clear by Wordley's countenance as he rose to go on deck that he would have set him at liberty had he the discretionary power.

"It is hard for that brave fellow to die on the wheel," he said to me as I came up and stood by his side. "He has been the victim of circumstances rather than a depraved man! It is a pity he should have hung the villain Whanley, when he might have done his business by a duel. I believe if he had taken a different course and brought him to the bar of justice, he could have convicted him, as well as cleared his own reputation and kept his hands from blood!—Well, he is a guilty man now, however, and I suppose deserves his fate! But it is a great pity, for he is a noble fellow and has the heart of a lion!"

The same evening we anchored in the harbor of Havana, and Wordley, ordering his cutter, pulled ashore and waited upon the Captain general to inform him of his capture of the notorious RAFAEL, EL SALTADOR.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRISONER.

THE rumor of the capture of the noted Capitan Rafael soon filled the city and created universal satisfaction, especially among the mercantile community, whose commerce upon the ocean this daring young buccaneer had so long interrupted. On Wordley's return from the Palacio of the Captain-general, he was accompanied by a party of the palace-guard whom the governor had sent for the purpose of escorting our formidable prisoner to the city Carcel. At Wordley's suggestion they brought a litter, as Rafael was quite to ill to walk. Nevertheless, when the officer took possession of him he had him heavily ironed; a broad iron collar being fastened about his neck and secured by a padlock behind; manacles placed upon his wrists and fetters upon his ankles, from which passed a heavy chain five feet in length connecting them with the iron collar about his neck, and linked also to the hand-cuffs.

When Rafael had been thus ironed, he took leave of us with calmness, and said to Wordley,

'Fare well, sir! To-morrow I shall be in the other world! We shall meet no more in this. Accept my grateful acknowledgements for your humanity and kindness to me. Farewell and prosper in your noble profession. What I have done, I have done. I must bear the ignominy of my own acts.'

He was borne upon the litter into the barge along side and it pulled to the shore surrounded and followed by at least a hundred boats filled with those whom the knowledge of the circumstances had drawn to the scene. When he landed the crowd upon the Quay was so dense that the soldiers from the Plaza had to open a passage in the rear to the water for the escort to pass up from the landing.

Towards sunset we also went on shore and walked up to the American coffee house. There we learned that "El Saltador" as every one called him, was to be broken on the wheel at nine o'clock the next morning in the Campo of Public Execution's outside the walls not far from the alameda.

'Poor fellow,' ejaculated Wordley; 'let us go and see him and endeavor to cheer him in his last hours. He has been a great criminal but there is much to admire in his character. He is not wholly depraved. I will wait on the governor and get permission to see him and also endeavor to have his chains removed. Let us go at once to the Palace!'

On reaching the entrance, Wordley gave his name to the sentinel at the gate who despatched it by a sergeant to the Captain-general. In a few moments he returned and asked us to follow him. We ascended the spacious

stair-case of the Palacio to an upper corridor at the opposite side of which was a spacious hall where we found the vice-gerent of Cuba promonading with two Spanish officers dressed in gorgeous uniforms. On perceiving Wordley, His Excellency recognized him and advanced three or four steps to meet him.

'Ah Senior Capitan Americano,' he exclaimed with a smile of great satisfaction. 'I am glad to see you. I was about to send a message on board your vessel of war inviting you to do me the honor to dine with me to-morrow. You have done me and all men great service in capturing this buccaneer whom we have so long desired to take, and the highest honors we can render you will poorly express our pleasure and indebtedness!'

'I have but done my duty as an officer in the service of my country,' answered Wordley. 'Has your Excellency yet spoken with the prisoner?'

'No! He lies in the dungeon of the condemned in chains! I will see him when he is led forth to execution!'

'Is your Excellency aware that he is wounded?'

'Yes. Is it severely?'

'So much so, that without being chained there is little fear that he will escape. I should esteem it a favor if your Excellency would give orders to take off his chains and let the last hours of his unhappy life be lightened!'

'I fear the man too much, Senor Capitan, not to take the greatest precautions against his escape. He is a daring man, and would escape where no other man could! Pardon me, but I must decline acceding to your humane request. I am resolved this man shall not elude me. He shall be broken on the wheel to-morrow as I live! Once I have condemned him to be shot; a second time I have condemned him to the wheel! He shall not have the hair's breadth of a chance given him for a *third* condemnation and sentence. Twice condemned is enough! What other favor have I it in my power to grant you?'

'Permission, with my friend, to visit Captain Rafael in his cell!'

'That I will grant and will myself accompany you,' answered Tacon with animation. 'I would like to see him. Come in and take coffee with me, and after a cigar we will proceed to his prison!'

We accompanied the Captain-general across the noble hall and being joined by the Spanish officers were issued by a slave into a cool verandah opening upon an orange and lemon garden where coffee and cigars awaited us. It was just after sunset, and the mellow radiance of the golden twilight pervaded all the atmosphere. The air was laden with the fragrance of innumerable flowers, and the branches of the orange-trees were filled with singing birds, and fountains cooled the air! The hum of the busy city, scarcely penetrated to this retired spot where the energetic Captain-general of Cuba threw off the cares and restraints of his responsible position.

Coffee of delicious fragrance was handed to us by slaves dressed in muslin trousers and jackets, and others followed with *semillas*, a hard sweet biscuit, and another with cigars on a silver salver, and another with a silver lamp.—

We did not take our seats around a table but upon settees and ottomans placed around the verandah in the coolest situations. The governor and Spanish officers smoked and drank coffee, whiffed and sipped alternately with infinite gusto. We, however, contented ourselves with taking the cigars after coffee. If any thing could have surpassed the delicate flavor of the coffee, it was the flavor of the cigars. Out of Havana such luxuries as the governor regaled us with are unknown. They were truthfully named 'Regalias.'

While we were smoking Wordley enquired what was to be done with the pirate-crew which had been removed from the schooner of war to the city prison.

'They are to be hung to-morrow,' answered Tacon firmly. 'All of them but eleven are those who escaped with El Saltador. But I shall hang them all alike without trial, for these men should not have been in such company if they expected any clemency.'

'No pirate deserves to live an hour after his capture,' said one of the Spanish officers. 'Taken under a piratical flag is enough to hang them without trial! They are all too inhuman to live!'

'Not so, Don Ferdinand,' said the Captain-general smiling. 'So long as I have a niece I shall remember that but for one of these pirates she would have been lost to me forever!'

'How was he of service to her, your Excellency?' asked Wordley with true Yankee inquisitiveness.

'In this way,' answered the Governor lighting a third 'Regalia.' Three years and a half ago my brother died in Spain. He was a widower with only one child, at the time of his death. This child, a lovely girl of thirteen, he bequeathed to my paternal care and affection. I sent for her to come to Cuba, and in a Spanish brig of war that was soon to sail. The day before she was to embark, the brig of war wrecked, with half the vessels, in the port of Cadiz, upon the quay. My niece, the Donna Leonor, anxious to reach me, embarked in a merchant vessel which, when within four days of Havana, was chased and captured by a pirate. They plundered the vessel of the most valuable articles they could lay their hands on, and the buccaneer captain struck with the beauty of Donna Leonor determined to take her and her servants on board of his vessel, leaving the ship to proceed on her voyage. He was only prevented from carrying the fancy into execution by his lieutenant, a very young man, and as Donna Leonor describes, very handsome and noble, who interfered to protect her at the risk of his own life, threatening to shoot his captain dead upon the spot if he dared to lay his hand upon her. The young officer was seconded by several of the pirates whom he called around him, and the buccaneer captain sullenly yielded to the control of a spirit more indomitable than his own. In a word Donna Leonor was saved the ignominy and wretchedness of becoming a Corsair's bride by the young man's daring; and the vessel was suffered to proceed on her voyage bringing me my loved niece

in safety. She now never hears of pirates being taken that she does'nt ask me to be sure before they are shot that 'her preserver,' as she terms the bold young pirate, is not one of them!"

Wordley and I looked at one another during this recital and exchanged looks of surprise and of mutual intelligence. Facts precisely like these Rafael had related to us subsequently to the general narrative he had given of his life; and had stated that they occurred when he was acting under his first captain. He did not, however, say who the young maiden was, whom he had protected; and it is probable that her rank was concealed from him by the Spanish Captain, lest large ransom should have been demanded. If Rafael had known the young girl he had protected to be the niece of the Captain-general, it would have been natural that he should have made known to him his services when he was formerly his prisoner. But then, his pride was so high, it is doubtful whether he would have condescended to take advantage of such a circumstance towards mitigating his sentence.

'I have heard Captain Rafael relate a similar incident in which he was an actor, your Excellency,' said Wordley. 'I should not be surprised if he should prove to have been the gallant man who saved your niece, Donna Leonor!'

'Was Don Rafael second in command at the time, and was it about three years and a half ago?'

'Yes, your Excellency, so he informs us!'

'Did he tell you the name of the ship on board which the young girl he protected was passenger?'

'The Carlos III.'

The very same vessel in which Donna Leonor came!" exclaimed the Captain-general with surprise. 'Can it be possible this is the same person?'

'It must be without question,' answered Wordley.

'I trust it will not prove so,' answered his Excellency with a look of anxiety.

'I should be sorry to execute a man who has done me and mine such good service! But we will ascertain this!'

The Captain-general then gave orders to have 'El Saltador' brought, in chains as he was, into his presence. The day had now closed and numerous wax candles supplied the loss of day-light. While the captain of the body-guard was despatched for the prisoner, His Excellency went out and soon returned leading in a lovely girl of seventeen, with dark Castillian eyes and hair, and a form of bewitching symmetry. He presented us to her as the Donna Leonor, his niece. In a few moments the clinking of chains and the tramp of the heavy feet of the soldiers who bore the litter, announced the approach of Rafael.— They entered and deposited their burden. Rafael reclined upon his elbow and looked calmly around. He was very pale but his countenance was firm and composed. It wore a slight air of surprise as if wondering why he had been brought into the presence of Tacon.

'Leonor,' said the Governor, 'look well at the prisoner, and ——'

Before he could complete what he was about say, she, who had been all the while attentively regarding him, exclaimed—

‘It is *he*!’

Who, Leonor?

‘My preserver! Oh, uncle spare him, if he is thy prisoner!’

‘It is Rafael El Saltador! Shall I spare *him*?’

‘El Saltador!’ she exclaimed with a start of alarm.

‘It is he? Is he the same who saved you from the Pirate chief?’

‘He is!’ she answered earnestly.

The expression of Rafael’s face showed plainly that he recognized her, but he remained silent, waiting the issue, and gazing on her with a look of gratitude and surprise.

CHAPTER X.

THE WHEEL.

THE emotion of Donna Leonor on recognising her protector and beholding him in chains before her, rendered her insensible to the consideration that he was the notorious buccaneer 'El Saltador,' whose deeds were the theme of every tongue. She approached him and laying her hand upon his, while her dark, beautiful eyes were swimming with tears of pity and gratitude—

'Noble Don Rafael, I thank Heaven for giving me an opportunity of expressing to you my gratitude, though I am grieved that it is under circumstances to yourself so unfortunate. The good deed you performed for me, will never be obliterated from my memory. You saved my life and honor! I will save yours !

Then turning from him, she approached her uncle the Captain-general who had been regarding her with a countenance full of perplexity.

'Uncle, I ask of you the life of your prisoner?' she cried with eloquent earnestness. 'Do not refuse me! I know that he has forfeited it! I know that he is twice condemned! I know that he has done evil! But spare him for my sake! But for him I should have been lost to you forever?—But for him, instead of the happiness I enjoy in your presence and under your paternal protection, I should have been wretched and degraded! Let not the preserver of my life die!'

'I know that something is due to him, Leonor,' answered the Captain-general looking very much troubled, his feelings evidently struggling between his duty as a man and as a ruler, with a strong bias towards clemency. 'But if I pardon Don Rafael how shall I appease the public? They will demand his death! They wait to witness his execution! I dare not disappoint them without sufficient reason; and the fact that he rescued you, my niece, I fear will weigh little with them at such a time! I fear El Saltador must die!'

'No—no! He must not die!' she cried fervently. 'It shall never be said that you were insensible to the dictates of generosity, you, who owe so much to Don Rafael; that is if you value me, whom he has preserved to you!'

'Do not plead for me, noble signora,' said Rafael with a glowing cheek and a sparkling eye as if his heart swelled with gratitude to her, for her interest in his fate,—'I have been condemned and am ready to meet my fate—that is die—though I would not die on the wheel!'

'You shall not die, Don Rafael! My uncle will pardon you! He is too noble to take the life of one who saved mine!'

'I will mitigate his sentence, niece,' answered the Captain-general. 'He shall not be broken on the wheel. I will substitute instead the soldier's death!'

'He must *not* die,' answered Leonor with firmness. 'I will protect him with my life! If it is of no value to other's it is to him, and as he has preserved it he shall have the protection it can afford him!'

As she spoke the spirited and generous Spanish girl left her uncle and placed herself by the side of the prisoner. Her uncle regarded her for some moments with surprise and seemed to be endeavoring to discover whether there was not a feeling in all this conduct deeper than mere gratitude. At length his mind seemed to be made up. He approached Rafael and said with dignity—

'Young man, for the sake of my niece I pardon you! It shall never be said of me that I sacrificed the life of own who saved the life of my niece! Remove his chains!'

This order was given to the Captain of his guard who stood near, and a smith being sent for, his irons were soon taken off and borne from the apartment. With a slight exertion Rafael raised himself from the litter and seizing the hand of Leonor kissed it with an air of grateful respect. She threw herself upon her uncle's bosom and wept for joy, overwhelming him with her thanks and praises for his goodness.

'There is a condition with your freedom, senor,' said the Governor turning to Rafael; it is that you leave the island within three days, and pledge me your honor as a man, for I believe you will regard sacredly such a pledge, that you will never return hither. The penalty for appearing here again be assured will be death?

Rafael on hearing this condition, glanced at the beautiful, earnest face of Leonor and then answered sadly—

'I give your Excellency the pledge you solicit!'

But he looked as if banishment from the presence of the lovely girl, were a punishment scarce less than death. Between her and him there was apparent, to an observing eye, a tender sympathy of interest already awakened, which time and opportunity would surely ripen into love. Leonor looked as if she would rather the condition had not been annexed; but she was silent.

'You have a wound,' said the governor to the young man! My surgeon shall attend to it! You shall be removed to a suitable apartment, where you will be held as a prisoner until a Spanish vessel, now in port sails for the United States on board which I will have you secretly conveyed. The knowledge of your pardon shall remain a secret from the multitude!'

'How will you prevent their knowing it?' asked one of the Spanish officers with a look of surprise.

'I shall find a way,' answered the governor dryly.

Rafael after his chains were removed, getting energy from the sight of the

lovely girl whom he had served and whom he never forgotten, and inspired by the pardon he had so unexpectedly obtained through her intercession, felt stronger in heart and body, and able to sustain himself without the litter.—Leaning on the arm of one of the soldiers, he was conducted from the room. As he left he bowed to each of us and waved his hand in farewell. Leonor stood pale and silent regarding him attentively, and with all her woman's soul in her eyes. Their eyes met for an instant, and as the electric arrow darts from cloud to cloud, so love's arrows darted from heart to heart in that brief glance, and it needed not a magician to tell me two souls were made one!

CONCLUSION.

THE ensuing morning we went early on shore, curious to witness how the populace would conduct on learning that they were to be deprived of the gratification of seeing 'El Saltador' broken upon the wheel. We expected to find the streets filled with an excited and incensed multitude. But to our surprise we found that there had been no public notice given by the governor of the pardon of Rafael. The whole city was in motion towards the Campo and all was animation with the prospect of the expected spectacle. We joined the moving throng towards the place of execution, desirous of seeing how they would bear the disappointment, and prepared to behold some fearful commotion as the result of Tacon's clemency.

On reaching the 'Campo' which was a waste field outside of the walls, we found several thousand persons already assembled, and the gallows upon which the crew of the captured pirate vessel were to be hung, erected, and the rack or 'wheel' placed near it. The former was full forty feet in length, it being constructed for the purpose of hanging the whole party at once.

'The people will be content with the hanging,' said Wordley; 'and perhaps glutted with the death of the pirates, will not feel their disappointment in not having the additional spectacle of Rafael broken upon the wheel!'

While he was speaking the pirates were escorted to the gallows by a battalion of troops, and after the priests had performed the last offices of religion, they were executed.

But it was plain from the indifference with which this sight was witnessed by the Habaneros that they were reserving the edge of their appetite for the less ordinary execution upon the wheel. The execution of 'El Saltador' was, besides, worth more than that of three score pirates to witness; and for this spectacle all were now on the eve of the most exciting expectation.

'I don't know how the Captain-general will appease this curiosity,' observed Wordley as we overheard the remarks of the spectators to each other in anticipation of the fearful 'afterpiece' to the tragedy they had just witnessed.—Every eye had been fixed upon the wheel and all at once a deep murmur swept over the multitude like the wind stirring the leaves of a forest.

'There he is!' flew from tongue to tongue. Could it be possible? The executioner was actually conducting a man upon the platform of the rack.— From the distance at which we stood we had no doubt but that it was Rafael. We exchanged remarks of surprise at the Governor's perfidy, and turned away with horror from the painful scene!

The fearful wheel began to do its work. The air rung with two or three piercing shrieks! The whole multitude was as silent as the ocean in a calm. Suddenly, up went a great outcry that seemed to shake the Heavens. It was a cry of deep satisfaction and ferocious triumph. The vengeance of the people were satisfied, and their appetite for the horrible sated. The vast mass separated into fragments amid the thunder of cannon and the martial sounds of music, and poured back again into the streets of the city.

When we reached the Polacio, Wordley said that he would go in and learn why the Captain-General should have acted so deceitfully; for we deeply regretted Rafael's terrible end.

The governor met us in the corridor. He advanced towards us smiling. Wordley returned his smile with a cold, severe expression.

'Were you at the execution, Senores?' he asked.

'Yes, but ——' began Wordley, with a tone of indignant emotion.

'I see that all is right, then! for by your looks you come to accuse me of dishonoring my word!'

'Most certainly I do!' answered Wordley, firmly.

'If you have been deceived then all has gone well, and I have no fears from the people. If you think you have seen Don Rafael broken on the wheel they will make oath that *they* have seen him executed!'

'I do not understand, your excellency,' said Wordley, with surprise.

'Come with me!' he said, with a peculiar manner.

We followed him along the corridor. He threw open the door of an inner room, and to our amazement we beheld Rafael reclining upon a sofa and looking very much improved in appearance and as sound in limb as if he had never been near wheel or rack.

'There you see, Senores sits, El Saltador,' said the Captain-General, smiling. 'He who was broken on the rack was a condemned criminal, who was to have suffered next Thursday. It was necessary for the peace of the city that some one should die upon the wheel, and so I anticipated this criminal's day of execution. I had him clad in 'El Saltador's garments, and as his eyes were bandaged the deceit could not be easily detected, especially as no one was suspecting such a thing as a substitute. You see I have appeased the people, saved Don Rafael and kept my own honor!'

A few words will now complete the story of the Twice condemned. The third day after the Execution of the pirates, Rafael was conveyed on board a Spanish brig which an hour afterwards set sail bound for New Orleans. As

she passed near our quarter on leaving the harbor Rafael waved his hand in adieu ; and then turning his face towards the city, and with his eye probably fastened upon the roof of the palace which held the lovely Spanish maiden to whom he owed his life, and with whom he had left his heart, he remained in this position until distance rendered his person no longer distinguishable.

From that period there has been no further intelligence of him. The Captain-General was soon after superseded and returned to Spain with the lovely Donna Leonor who bore with her to the golden vales of Castille a sad and gentle memory of the youthful buccaneer whose life she had restored to him for her own.

THE END

THE

RIVAL BROTHERS!

AND

THE SCOURGE OF THE ATLANTIC.

By Henry P. Cheever, Esq.

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THE RIVAL BROTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun had risen from his ocean bed and gilded the many spires and domes of this city, with a bright and sparkling radiance. The slated roofs of the buildings flashed back the dazzling rays like shields of burnished gold. The bright beams fell lavishly upon the numerous green islands that seemed reposing on the very bosom of the waters, and which looked a thousand times brighter than ever before. The clear blue sky, without a cloud, received a mellow, softer hue, as the bright orb of day rose higher and higher from his watery bed. A strong north-westerly breeze swept down the bay, lashing the dark blue waters with the whitest foam. It was a lovely morn. A vast multitude of people had gathered upon the wharves and adjacent shores of the city, their gaze directed towards a beautiful schooner that lay anchored in the stream. She was about two hundred tons burthen; and of the finest and most symmetrical build; with great breadth of beam; and her whole appearance indicative of matchless speed. Her hull was long, low, and jet black, only relieved by a narrow white ribbon, scarcely two inches in width, running round her waists from stem to stern. The bows were exceedingly sharp, from which extended a

long tapering bowsprit, terminating in a reed-like flying jib-boom.

Her masts were long and raking, and tapered aloft to withes, and with the rest of her spars, were of a polished black.

Her decks were of snowy whiteness, and flashed beneath the bright rays of the sun like layers of purest silver. The binnacle, companion-way and hatches, were neatly painted green, relieving the whiteness of the decks. She mounted twelve long brass eighteens, six on a side, and a forty-four amidsthips, on both sides of which, in bright red letters were painted the name of 'Thunderbolt,' and from its looks, well deserved the name. At the peak waved a small blue flag, on which was beautifully embroidered in silver thread, an arrow, near the centre of which, and embroidered in gold, was a small pair of Cupid's wings. This device designated the name of the beautiful schooner,—'The Flying Arrow.'

No eye could have detected the least fault in the finished outline of the beautiful craft, as she rested like a feather, gracefully upon the crested waves. Upon her decks were a score of young and fearless looking fellows, all similarly attired in white flowing pants, blue checked shirts, and a black silk handkerchief, knotted loosely round the neck of each, while on their heads they wore caps of

rich blue silk, each ornamented with a tassel of silver.

Upon the quarter deck, paced a young man who, every now and then, cast an expectant glance towards one of the wharves which was covered with people, and from which a boat seemed to be on the point of starting.

Over his blue check, he wore a round blue jacket, ornamented on each shoulder with a band of silver. His face was handsome and expressive of courage and daring; and his step, as he paced the smoothly polished deck, was light and easy. Taking from a pocket, a small spy glass, he levelled it towards the place where, within a few moments, he had looked anxiously several times. Suddenly he cried in a loud clear tone, 'all hands on deck.'

From the several gang ways now poured forth the crew of the beautiful vessel, and in a moment, one hundred as fine fellows as ever called the sea their home, stood upon the decks of the schooner. At the moment the young man had spoken, the boat had put off from the wharf, nearly opposite to where the schooner lay, and was nearing rapidly; it was propelled by six oarsmen, and skimmed the waves like a feather. Five minutes from the time it left the wharf it was alongside; and, in a moment a young man dressed as a naval officer ascended the side of the vessel and leaped lightly upon the deck.

This was the commander of the Flying Arrow, which name was beautifully painted upon the stern of the schooner. He was a young man of fine and graceful figure, with a carriage lofty and commanding, and a step firm and elastic.—His features were regular and handsome, and his complexion dark, and of rich color. His hair was wavy and coal black, and a pair of well-trimmed whiskers, of the same hue, ornamented and added a fullness to his well-shaped face. His eyes were black and for brightness, mocked the eagle's. His face was expressive of boldness and resolution. His thin and beautifully chiselled lips closed firmly, giving to his face a look of singular daring and decision. He smiled as he gazed on the neatly dressed and faithful looking crew around him, who, as they caught sight of their commander, gave vent to

their feelings in a loud and welcome cheer; every cap was at the feet of its owner in obeisance and loyalty to their young captain, who returned their greeting in a kindly manner.

He was soon joined by the young man whom we noticed upon the quarter deck, and who was the lieutenant of the Flying Arrow:

'Thanks, thanks, Albert,' said the commander, grasping heartily the hand of the young man. 'Thanks, for securing so noble and gallant a crew; they look well worthy of their present home, the Flying Arrow, may they be an honor to her and their country, as long as they sail under the star spangled banner.'

'I have no fears of them,' replied the young man proudly, as he gazed on the fearless looking young sailors. 'They are good men and true.'

'I trust so.'

'Albert, in an hour we must by under way, when fairly so, come to my cabin;' with this the noble looking young officer descended to a splendid cabin in the schooner. In less than an hour the schooner was gliding rapidly over the snow-capped waves, ploughing the white foam till it lay in snowy masses along her sides; when, meeting at the stern, formed a beautiful tossing wake behind.

Her spread of canvass was enormous and hurried her over the waves at an astonishing velocity. The tall, slender masts yielded somewhat to the large square topsails, which were now filled to their utmost tension; and seemed almost incapable of sustaining their heavy pressure.

On leaving her moorings in the stream, a gun had been fired and a roll of bunting run aloft which unfolded to the breeze, and the stars and stripes waved proudly over the decks of the privateer, for such was the Flying Arrow. Three loud and hearty cheers burst from the crew as they beheld the flag waving above, and had hardly died away ere the whole multitude upon the shores burst forth as if in one voice, in a loud and swelling shout, which was repeated at intervals until the fast receding schooner was wholly lost to view on her way to the blue Atlantic; where for a time we leave her.

CHAPTER II.

Warren and William Seymour were twin brothers, sons of a wealthy gentleman of Boston, and at the time of our story, were five and twenty years of age.

A man of immense wealth, Mr. Seymour had spared neither pains nor expense in the education of his sons; every thing that could possibly tend to their welfare and happiness, was bestowed with a liberal hand.

Six years of their lives had been spent in the naval service, and both the young men had risen to the lieutenantcy. Endowed with fine personal appearance, and both, equally skilful in naval tactics, two finer looking officers never walked a quarter deck. In form and feature, the two brothers were singularly alike; one was the exact counterpart of the other; the only distinguishable difference between the two, was the color of their eyes. Those of Warren were of inky blackness, while those of William were a fine dark blue.

With the exception of the eyes, the slightest difference could never have been detected in the young men. Alike in outward appearance, they were totally unlike in disposition. William, from a boy, had been possessed of a rash and jealous temperament, which age and circumstances by no means improved. Of a fierce, fiery temper, haughty and unforgiving, he was little calculated to win friends from among his acquaintances.—The least imagined insult or injury he would not brook or forgive; and woe to the one who crossed him; he was sure to have revenge.

Jealousy and revenge were the two prominent traits in his character, and were rooted deep within his soul. Cold, haughty, and distrustful, he confided naught to others; his thoughts were locked within him; and many were the dark one's that filled his breast. Yet, there were times when he was gay, lively, and apparently the happiest of the happy; when a nobler nature seemed to have sprung up within him, and drove all evil out; when his face seemed to glow with noble purpose and resolve. But, suddenly, as the sun is sometimes veiled by the dark thunder cloud, would his face become clouded with the dark passions of

his soul, his dark eyes flash with fearful fire, and his whole nature seemed changed. Such was William Seymour.

Warren was his opposite in nature, in almost every respect, generous, frank and open-hearted, kindly disposed to yards all, he was as little calculated to make enemies as was William to make friends.—His was a soul noble from the first;—which had never been corrupted by the darker passions of human nature; and, as yet, remained bright, pure and unsullied. Born of the same mother, reared with the same care, both possessing the same and equal advantages: yet, how widely different were their natures; how unlike were the two brothers. One was destined to tread the bright path to honor and fame, the other, the dark, unfathomable road to ruin and death.

A short time after their promotion to the lieutenantcy, the two brothers visited their home, after an absence of three years. Till then, from their earliest infancy, despite their opposite natures, the brothers had been constant and affectionate friends. Seldom an angry word passed between them; whatever the feeling entertained towards others by William, to Warren he always bore kindly feelings. But the bond of friendship and brotherly love, was soon destined to be severed.

It was at the close of a beautiful afternoon, near the expiration of the leave granted the brothers, that they were returning from an afternoon's ride through the beautiful environs of the city. They were riding leisurely along through Cambridge, and were within half a mile of the bridge, when their attention was roused by the quick clattering of a horse's hoofs behind them, and at the same moment a piercing shriek fell upon their ears.—Turning on the instant, they beheld a noble steed attached to a light buggy wagon dashing madly over the road towards them, and now within a short distance. The occupant of the carriage was a young lady who had no control whatever over the horse which was upon the dead run. Quickly turning their carriage to one side of the road, the young men alighted and fastened their horse to a tree. Hardly had they done so ere they heard the voice of the young lady in the buggy,—which was now within a few feet of them,—crying, "Oh God!

save me, save me! William sprang to the road, and as the horse dashed past him, seized him by the head. The horse reared and plunged fearfully, and William would have been obliged to let go his hold, had not Warren at that moment seized the horse's head from the other side. By their united efforts they succeeded in arresting the course of the frightened animal, who, in a few moments stood perfectly still.

The joy of the young lady at her deliverance was beyond all bounds, her thanks and blessings were without number. She was a dark eyed maiden of eighteen or twenty summers, with a faultless form and exquisite features.—Her face was pale from fear, yet, lovely as the houris. Both were struck by her matchless beauty, and in the bosom of William, the fire of love was already kindled. Recovering from her fear, a conversation was happily begun by the young lady herself. To Warren Seymour, who was by far the more agreeable of the brothers in conversation, she mostly directed it, though by no means slighting his brother. The manner of William had changed of a sudden. His brow was dark, and his eyes, as he gazed at his brother, engaged in conversation with the young lady, blazed with a fiendish light. His replies to her, who frequently addressed him, were moody and repulsive, and often naught but a monosyllable. Perceiving his mood, the young lady now addressed herself wholly to Warren. Both were evidently pleased with each other, and the conversation was lively and agreeable. Burning with jealousy and rage, William was about to leave them, when a horse and chaise driven rapidly down the road, stopped directly by him. An elderly gentleman alighted, exclaiming in a tone of joy, 'Thank God, thank God, she's safe.'—The young lady sprang to his arms. It was her father.

Returning from an afternoon's ride, he had stopped at the house of a friend and spoke with him for a moment at his door. While there, his horse became frightened and ran far out of sight, till stopped, providentially, by the two brothers.

The young lady now related to her father of the fearful ride and providential

rescue by the two young men who had periled their lives for her.

The heart of Mr. Wildon overflowed with gratitude towards the preservers of his daughter, and grasping their hands he exclaimed,—'You're brave boys by my faith, and shall have reward. Any thing, every thing, all I have is yours if you'll take it. By my faith, if there were but one, he should have my daughter, but how the devil to give her to both of you, I can't tell. But come, don't be bashful, name a reward, for by my faith, you deserve one.'

'We ask no reward, generous sir,' said Warren, 'but that of you and your daughter's acquaintance and friendship.'

'By my faith you shall have mine from this moment,' said Mr. Wildon, shaking their hands heartily.

'As to Clara, I 'spose she'll have no objections to your acquaintance,—will you Jude?'

'Certainly not, dear father,' said Clara Wildon, 'I shall forever owe them gratitude, and shall be proud and happy of their acquaintance and friendship.'

'A mighty pretty speech, Miss, now kiss them both, Jude, or you're no daughter of old Harry Wildon.'

The handsome Clara slightly blushed at the unexpected request of her father, but turning to William she kissed him, and severely chided him for his ill humor. Turning then to Warren, their eyes met, and 'told a tale.' Drawing the lovely girl towards him, Warren imprinted upon her lips a burning kiss of love, which she returned.

'That's the right sort,' exclaimed Mr. Wildon, laughing heartily, 'that's the right sort. Now, young gentlemen, your names, you are brothers I'm certain, and how the devil either of you can tell himself from the other, I can't see.'

'Holloa!' he ejaculated, turning to where William had stood, but who was now gone. 'He's vanished by my faith.'

'He's gone for his carriage,' said Clara, pointing to where the young man had left it, and who in the struggle with the horse of Mr. Wildon had been dragged a considerable distance down the road.

Giving him their names, and leaving in the residence of Mr. Wildon, which was in Boston, Warren politely handed

Wildon to her seat in her father's carriage and then sprang into his own vehicle which was now upon the spot.

The sun was just setting as the two carriages rolled slowly over the bridge. The west was lined with clouds of gorgeous hues, which the still clear waters of the 'Charles' reflected beautifully back.

Within one short hour, both Warren and William Seymour had drank deep from the fountains of love, yet, how different were their feelings. To Warren, a new life seemed to have opened its portals to his heart. His feelings were strange and unaccountable, yet pleasing.

Love, which before, he had never known, he felt he now possessed. He felt conscious that he loved the fair girl whom he and his brother had saved from danger, perhaps from death; and a secret whispering within seemed to say 'love on.' Filled with bright and pleasing thoughts, he was lively, gay, and happy.

Not so with William; he was gloomy and silent. He too, felt conscious of love, awakened in his breast; love for Clara Wildon; but the spark of love had kindled the deadly fire of jealousy.

Fortunate it was for her that they were there to save; but better had it been for them, had they never seen her; for from that moment all brotherly ties were severed. Fierce jealousy, and all the darker passions of his heart were roused in the breast of William, and in the place of love, burned deep and deadly hate.

CHAPTER III.

HE would have given worlds, if he alone had saved Clara Wildon; but, alone, he could have done naught with the maddened and powerful horse; and as it was, but half the deed was his.

'Come and see us to-morrow,' said Mr. Wildon to the young men, as the carriages were about to separate in the city. 'Come and see us to-morrow, you dogs, if you don't I'll shoot both of you, I will by my faith,' uttering his favorite phrase.

'We shall come, never fear; for we have no taste for cold lead,' said Warren laughing; and bidding adieu to Clara and her father, he drove rapidly away.

The next day found Warren at the

house of Mr. Wildon, and from that till the expiration of his leave, was he a constant visitor.

William had also often visited them, but never in company with his brother, to whom since the afternoon of their ride he had scarcely spoken. He, was also a welcome visitor, and many hours he spent in the society of Clara Wildon, by whom he was always joyfully received. Her sincere and heartfelt gratitude, he mistook for love, and ere his departure, he determined to declare his passion, tell her of his love, and claim her as his bride.

At the request of Warren, their leave was extended a considerable length of time; much to the satisfaction of both the young men.

Several weeks more strengthened in the breast of William the burning passion for Clara Wildon, and seemed to confirm him in the opinion that his love was returned. His determination to declare to her his love was kept. Then it was he became aware that he had mistaken gratitude for love. Then it was he became aware of a rival, and that rival, his brother. Dark thoughts filled his soul; and he inwardly swore that never should Clara Wildon be the bride of his rival brother.

He abruptly took his departure from the city, and rejoined his ship. There were but few who welcomed him back; but for this he cared not; he courted the society of none. He loved; his love had been rejected: his brother was the successful and now hated rival. His whole soul was now wrapped in an absorbing thought, one dark passion—Revenge—and he swore to accomplish his revenge, even though a crime of the darkest die should mark it.

It was early one morning, as he was pacing the deck of the frigate, that he was joined by a young officer, a lieutenant like himself.

'Seymour, we have got a new comer hero,' said the young man addressing him, 'you must see him, he's a fine looking fellow.'

'Where's he from? what rank does he hold?' inquired Seymour.

'He's from the 'Chesapeake,' and of the same rank as yourself. What say, shall I introduce you?'

'As you please,' answered Seymour indifferently.

Both now approached a fine looking young man who was at the time leaning upon the bulwarks of the frigate, gazing upon the glassy waters around. He turned as the two approached and bowed to both.

'Albert Almont,' exclaimed Seymour in a fierce tone of surprise as he recognized the features of the young man. 'Albert Almont do I see?'

'As true as I see William Seymour,' answered the other in an equally surprised tone; at the same time offering his hand to Seymour.

It was taken somewhat reluctantly by Seymour, who said, 'You have my hand not as your friend but as your foe. Albert Almont I have not forgotten that blow, it must be cancelled. Almont, this frigate's decks are not broad enough for you and I.' Uttering this in a dark, meaning tone, he turned and left the spot.

'You know this young Seymour then?' said Fitz Alwyn, the young officer who had joined Seymour in his promenade, to Almont.

'Ay! well do I know him,' answered Almont, 'though 'tis six years since we have met.'

'Six years! i'faith he must have an India-rubber memory. He talks about a blow, he's not forgotten: six years! i'faith, 'tis long enough to forget one's own father. Demme: that's a dark hint that he threw out about these decks not being wide enough for himself and you. I can read that. Almont, he'll send you a challenge.'

'Pshaw!' said Almont with a sneer.

'You may 'pshaw' and be d—d,' said Fitz Alwyn with a nod and a wink. 'But if you don't receive a challenge from Bill Seymour within the hour, I'll pledge myself to ride a porpoise from here to the South Sea Islands, without saddle or bridle, on a voyage of discovery.'

'I should be sorry to task thy ability to such an extent,' said Almont, laughing at the idea of this humorous ride. 'But you may as well look for your porpoise.'

'What was the cause of his strange words?' asked Fitz Alwyn.

'You shall know. Seymour and myself were fellow-students at the same

academy. One day he openly and grossly insulted a respectable young lady belonging to the academy, in presence of a number of other young ladies and gentlemen. I openly punished his insolence, with one blow I felled him to the feet of her whom he insulted. He arose, and with an oath I'll not repeat, he swore revenge. He immediately left the academy for fear of being expelled; and from that time till within the hour I have not seen him.'

'I'faith, served him right; but he never forgets or forgives a blow. You'll have a challenge or I don't know Bill Seymour.'

Fitz Alwyn turned and was about to leave, when a lad presented to Almont a letter.

'Ha!' exclaimed he as he noticed this, — 'Ha! ha! I'll wager the buttons on my coat 'tis a challenge.'

Almont broke the seal and read the missive; and with a smile, he handed it to Alwyn.

'I'faith, capital, capital, as I told you Almont,' said Alwyn in a lively tone. 'I'm to be his second; you accept of course; weapons; pistols; distance, ten paces. I'faith, capital, capital.'

'Alwyn, you have read his challenge, you shall read my answer,' saying this Almont descended below.

An hour after, William Seymour had despatched his challenge to Almont, he received the following answer:

'LIEUT. SEYMOUR. Sir,—I received your challenge. I accept or reject it at your will. Never will I disgrace the profession to which I belong by fighting a duel. Never before have I received a challenge. This, I accept only upon one condition, which is—that you and myself throw up our commissions. Then, as common citizens, we may disgrace ourselves, but not our profession. Upon this, and no other condition do I accept the challenge. ALBERT ALMONT.'

'To William Seymour.'

As Seymour read this answer, a dark, meaning smile passed his lips, his eyes flashed fiercely bright, and, in a deep, quick tone, he said,

'By heaven! he shall fight or—die,' was the word whispered in his ear. He turned, Fitz Alwyn stood beside him.

Three days after this, the lifeless body

of a young naval officer was found at early morn upon one of the slips of the city of New York. The body was immediately conveyed to the nearest house, where every possible means were used to restore life to the inanimate form; and it was found that life was not wholly extinct, though but a spark remained. After a short lapse of time the young officer was restored somewhat to consciousness. It was young Almont. He had received a severe stab in the region of the heart, which had well nigh proved fatal. Who the author of this foul deed was, none knew but himself. He recovered, and kept the secret. He had been pressed by many to reveal the one who had well nigh been his murderer. But in vain, the secret was locked within his breast; the assassin was safe.

Three weeks passed. A beautiful day was drawing to a close as Warren Seymour appeared upon the decks of the noble frigate Constitution. A number of officers were lounging about the decks; but the first one he noticed and to whom he spoke was Almont. Uttering an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, he grasped both hands of the young man and shook them heartily. They had been old friends and fellow-students. Both he and his brother had attended the same academy with Almont.

'But where is William?' asked he of Almont, 'I do not see him here,' he said as he gazed round upon the various groups about the decks, all of whom, heartily welcomed his return.

'Tis three weeks since he has been seen on these decks,' answered Almont.

'Three weeks?' exclaimed Seymour in surprise. 'He left Boston three weeks before me; has he not been here?'

'Yes, he has been here, but is gone, no one knows where,' answered Almont in a somewhat sad tone.

Seymour for a moment seemed lost in thought.

'Well,' said he at length, 'his career is before him; a bright or a dark one. I fear for that brother of mine. I fear me, his head, strong passions will be his bane.' But 'tis not for me to meddle with his affairs. But Almont, you have altered since last we met. Six years hath passed, fearfully paled thy face. You were not always so; for I remember that there

were but few who could boast of richer blood than thou.'

'I had well nigh been paler,' said Almont, with a slight but forced smile playing round his lips.

He now related to Seymour of the attempted assassination, to which he had well nigh been a victim.

'But have you no clue to this fiend in human shape?' asked Seymour, a slight tremor pervading his voice.

'If this is any clue,' said Almont taking from his pocket the point of a small dagger stained with blood, 'I have.'

The face of Seymour turned deadly pale at the sight of this, and at the same moment he drew forth a small silver hilted dagger broken at the point. The broken blade exactly matched the point which Almont had preserved. For a moment, Seymour stood silent, his form way terribly agitated, his face was still pale, and his eyes, in that short moment spoke volumes of anguish. With a voice of forced calmness, yet husky with inward emotion, he spoke.

'My, brother! my brother! Oh, God that this should be his deed. A dark deed of blood rests on his head. Yet, thank God, he is not a murderer.'

Dropping the broken dagger to the deck, he buried his face in his hands; while Almont and others who had gathered round, looked upon him in silent pity.

The hilt of the dagger bore the initials 'W. S.' William Seymour was the owner. It was a present to him from his friend and almost only companion, Fitz Alwyn.

By mere accident it had come in possession of Warren Seymour that very afternoon. As he was about to put off for his ship, he observed in the hands of a lad, a number of whom were playing about the slip, a small dagger. He accosted the lad, and inquired of him how he came in possession of the costly weapon. The boy answered that he had found it, telling him at the same time, that a man had been stabbed a short distance from where he had found the dagger, ending by asking Seymour if he would buy it. Warren took the weapon, and to his surprise found it to be the dagger which had been presented to his brother by Fitz Alwyn. The boy de-

manded rather an exorbitant price for his prize, which was, however, purchased by Warren. His first thought was that his brother had been attacked by some ruffian, and, in defending himself, had broken and lost his dagger.

The reader may judge of his feelings, when he found, that instead of defending his own life, his brother had attempted the life of another.

The disappearance of William Seymour was now explained. He had fled to avoid the punishment his crime so much merited.

Overcome with sorrow and shame for the flagrant crime of his brother, Warren resolved to resign his commission and return home for a time. And if in time of need, his country should require his services, he would then devote them wholly to her interest. For the position of affairs between the two countries, the United States and England, at that time, was precarious in the extreme.

Warren Seymour warmly pressed his friend Almont to accompany him, urging, as a reason, that he would be benefitted by it, that he would receive better care than on board a man-of-war. For without good care, his wound might yet prove fatal to him. After some urging, Almont consented to accompany his loved friend Seymour. He was an orphan, and Seymour resolved that from that time his home should be his friend's also. In a few days both were on their way to Boston.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a number of days after the departure of Warren Seymour from Clara Wildon, that she lay one afternoon reclining upon a couch in a small summer house or arbour, built out from her father's mansion. It was a beautiful place, commanding a delightful view of the broad bay with its islands of green resting upon its blue waters.

From the arbour, two large windows opened out upon a large and elegantly laid out garden; with broad winding paths of whitest gravel. A goodly number of fruit trees were interspersed throughout the garden, which was otherwise covered with rose bushes, flowers, and plants of every description. This arbor, the favorite place of resort of Cla-

ra Wildon was tastefully and even elegantly furnished. The floor was carpeted with the best Brussel's figured with flowers of every kind. The walls were papered with rich landscape drawing; and hung round with paintings, old and valuable; while round the room near the walls, were vases containing roses of the most beautiful and rarest description, which filled the room with the richest and sweetest fragrance.

This lovely place was styled by Clara, the Rose Room, and many of her leisure hours were spent within its fragrant walls. Reclining upon the couch, she had been engaged in reading for nearly an hour, when she was startled by the entrance of some person from the garden. She dropped her book and sprang to her feet. 'William Seymour!' exclaimed Clara, in a surprised, yet not displeasing tone. 'William Seymour here! Your presence was wholly unexpected, but nevertheless welcome, and at this time particularly so, for I am quite lonesome here and entirely alone in the house. But methought you had left the city and rejoined your ship.'

'I did,' said Seymour in answer.—'But my leave is not yet expired, and love—love for thee, dearest Clara, has brought me back, and at thy feet,' saying this, he took her fair, white hand, and kneeling at her feet, kissed the trembling fingers.

She withdrew her hand uttering at the same time an exclamation; half displeasure, half fear.

'Nay! nay, sweetest Clara,' said Seymour rising, 'do not be angry with me for the love I bear thee. Blame not me, but thyself, dear girl,' said he, again taking her hand within his. 'Blame not me; but your peerless beauty: your matchless charms; if they have caused this heart to burn with love; oh, more than love for thee, 'tis thy fault, beautiful Clara. Thy charms, which kindled within this breast deep burning love for thee; have added within this moment two fold to the already over-heated, burning passion.'

Encircling his arm round the slender waist of the girl, he imprinted upon her lips a burning kiss of passion.

Displeased and alarmed at his vehement words and actions, she disengaged

herself from his embrace and would have fled, had he not seized and detained her.

'William Seymour,' said she in a spirited and angry tone. 'I must not hear you talk thus. Once before have you unfolded to me the fierce passions you entertain towards me. Once have I told you my feelings, and to a gentleman, once would be enough. William Seymour, I esteem you as a friend, love you as a brother, and to one who was, perchance, the preserver of my life, I shall always owe the deepest gratitude. But love you as you would wish, I never can. William Seymour if you have any respect for a woman, for me, in heaven's name, pray leave me.'

And burying her face in her hands, she sank weeping to the couch.

Seymour gazed in silence for a moment upon the fair girl, then abruptly breaking the silence said, 'Clara Wildon, from your lips I would know one thing. You love my brother?'

'I do.'

'Enough, 'tis as I believed. Infernal mar-plot! He knows a maiden's love, he shall also know a brother's hate, a brother's revenge.'

What a change a moment had worked on him. The winning smile, the gentle manner he had assumed, the mild words,—all had fled: and in the place of these, fury, lust, and the darkest passions of his soul were roused from their slumber within.

'Clara Wildon,' he said in a low, deep tone, 'Clara Wildon, I love, madly love you. My love you rejected; and, by heaven, you shall now receive the embrace of him, whose love you have scorned. It shall now be your turn to sue; and sue in vain.'

'In the name of heaven, what mean you, William Seymour?' shrieked Clara, in a voice of startling terror.

'That we are alone. That you are in my power,' answered Seymour in a voice of fearful meaning.

'How know you that we are alone?' asked Clara, forgetting in her fright that she herself had told him.

'Your own sweet lips informed me,' answered he in a mocking voice.

'Come, sweet dove, to my embrace now come. Nay, but you shall. By

heaven! I'll not be baffled now. I've gone too far to recede.'

The terrified maiden shrunk back at his approach.

'In God's name, William Seymour, you will not harm me,' said she in a tone of anguish. 'You who saved my life, will not take it. Nay, more than life my honor.'

'Do not touch me or I'll scream.'

'Scream if you will. You'll not be heard,' and he grasped her hands.—Quick as thought she disengaged them, and as the frightened hare starts at the sight of the hound, did she dart from the ruthless villain.

But he was as quick. Ere she had fled three paces, he seized her by the waist, and struggling, forced her to the couch. Uttering a piercing shriek of agony she fainted. She was lost.

Seymour gazed on his victim with a fiend-like exulting smile. From her lips he ravished a kiss, another and another. From her heaving bosom he tore her snow white dress; but before his ruthless hands had profaned that fount of innocence and purity, he was torn from her, and hurled with superhuman force across the apartment, where he fell with a crash so stunning, as would seem to have broken every bone in his mortal body.

One moment more, and the desires of the villain would have been accomplished.

'Monster! Fiend!' burst from the lips of Warren Seymour as he gazed from the inanimate form of his betrothed, to the prostrate form of his fiend-like brother.

'Monster! well it is for thee, thou art my brother; or thy heart's blood would have been the forfeit of thy devilish crime.'

'Away fiend! murderer!' said he as his brother rose slowly to his feet. 'Away murderer, nay, worse than a murderer, for he who would by brutal force ravish from a helpless woman the choicest of God's gifts, her virtue, is worse than a murderer. Away, or a brother's blood may not protect thee.'

William Seymour rose to his feet.—His face was livid with rage and hatred. His eyes blazed with a terrible fire. A hellish smile of the fiend incarnate, wreathed his lips as he gazed on his rival brother. For a moment he stood as

if chained to the spot; then as sudden as the concealed tiger darts upon its unsuspecting prey, he sprang with an uplifted dagger upon his brother, and aimed a deadly blow at his heart. But the fatal blow was arrested, he was seized with a powerful arm and again hurled to the floor, and his dagger sent ringing across the room. Young Almont, was the preserver of his friend's life.

Seymour again rose to his feet, and in a voice husky with rage and passion, he said, 'Warren Seymour you have had your day; mine is yet to come. I go, but I leave a brother's curse; and may it forever rest on thee and him. Warren Seymour you shall yet know a brother's vengeance,' then turning to Almont, he said, 'The blow I aimed at thee, which failed to reach its home, and thus robbed me of revenge, may, ere long, again be struck. Beware,' Saying this, he sprang into the garden and disappeared.

Warren Seymour and his friend Almont had that very day arrived in the city; and a few hours after their arrival, had together, sought the residence of Clara Wilton. Entering by the garden Warren had hoped to surprise her in her favorite retreat. When near the arbour a piercing shriek came from within; he sprang in through the window and saved his betrothed Clara from dishonor,—from the foul embrace of his libertine brother.

Almont had remained without, but at the danger of his friend he sprang in and saved him from the blade of the desperado.

Twelve months fled by; and since the day of the fearful scene in the arbour, William Seymour had not been seen or heard of. Another month was added to the twelve; when, one day a letter was put into the hands of Warren Seymour—it bore a black seal. The letter contained but few words, written in a strange hand. It told the fate of William Seymour. He had been challenged—he had fought—and fell. He had died among strangers, with not a friend to mourn his fall or weep at his death.

Such was the closing of his dark career; thus he died in the prime of life, a victim to his ungovernable passions.

CHAPTER V.

DURING the year past, the prospect of an amicable adjustment of the existing difficulties between this and the mother country, had become daily more dark and unpromising. War with its devastating influence seemed inevitable. Every breeze wafted the tidings of tyranny and oppression. Every gale bore the cries of outraged and impressed seamen. Bound on their own decks—torn from beneath the outraged flag of freedom, and compelled, in the war ships of Britain, to fight her battles.

Hundreds and hundreds of American seamen were thus cruelly impressed in the service of Britain. And hundreds more would share the same fate if the day of retribution was delayed. Not a bosom but what impatiently awaited that day; not a bosom but burned to avenge the wrongs sustained by their fellow freemen. In addition to these cruel outrages, to which our Merchantmen were subjected, were the depredations of a daring and unprincipled rover, who, during the year past, had invested the Atlantic shores. The deeds and exploits of this free rover were of the most sanguinary and daring nature; frequently attacking large merchantmen within sight of their havens; murdering their crews within sight of their homes.

Many a good ship had cleared her port, anxiously watched by hundreds, who dreaded lest the terrible Bucanier should cross her track ere she reached her destined port. Too often were their fears realized. The Corsair once upon the scent the chase was doomed. To elude him was impossible. So frequent and so fearful were the deeds of the Bucanier, that the name of the Black Vulture had become a terror to the whole Atlantic coast. With the free flag aloft, the Black Vulture roamed the Atlantic: and her bloody wake was traced upon the dark waters from the North to the South.

One day hovering like a bird of prey around the harbors of the North; another, gliding o'er the sunny waters of the South. Her speed was like the wind. She had outstripped the fastest cruisers in the navy sent out for her capture, and had gained among the sailors an unenviable appellation, 'The Devil's Own.' For it

was averred by many, that when in sight, and full chase of the corsair, she would disappear in the twinkling of an eye, and no trace of her to be seen, or ought in view that bore the least resemblance to a pirate. And not one that was at all inclined to superstition, (of which there was not a few among the sailors of that day) but what swore she was commanded by the Evil One himself. How she so often eluded those in pursuit of her, was the deepest mystery to all. One of her most daring piracies was committed in the very sight of a man-of-war. Overhauling one day a large ship, she fired into her an extra round of grape and canister. At the first fire, the colors of the merchantman were struck. She was boarded by the pirates, who, enraged and disappointed in not having obtained a richer prize, after running into the very teeth of a man-of-war, drove every soul of the crew into the sea, and fired the vessel. On leaving her they fired a gun and hoisted their terrible flag, as if in defiance of the frigate which was fast approaching, but which was soon left far behind by the light-winged corsair.—Hardly could a journal be taken in hand, but what some flaming account of this terrible bucanier appeared in its columns.

‘Oh! that I had a craft of my own that I might scour and rid the Atlantic of this terrible scourge,’ exclaimed Warren Seymour in a passionate tone, his blood boiling with indignation on reading an account of a recent capture and horrible butchery of the crew of a merchantman by the Black Vulture. ‘Would that I had a craft, the match in speed of this corsair; once in her wake I would swear to free the waters of the demon craft, or sink my own in the attempt.’

It was on that day that Warren Seymour received the letter containing the account of his brother's death. Three months from that time the proclamation of war was issued against Great Britain.

A short time before the declaration, Warren Seymour was prostrated by a malignant fever which had well nigh terminated fatally. For three months he was confined a close prisoner to his chamber. During the period of his illness, he had been subject to fits of madness. In the course of these

spells, the imagination of his wandering brain, carried him from the sick chamber to the deck of the battle-ship. One moment, as if in the excitement of the chase, as one in command, would he issue all necessary orders to a crew—then as if in the midst of battle, would his voice ring wildly through the chamber, shouting in a vehement manner to his officers and crew; his orders accompanied by the wildest gestures of his arms, as if fiercely wielding the sword, or grasping with the foe; and lashing himself in his frenzy till big drops of sweat stood on his fevered brow; and exhausted nature refusing longer its support, the victim sank into profound slumber, only to awake again in madness. During his sickness the beautiful Clara Wildon had been a constant watcher at the bedside of her lover, day and night; hardly allowing herself repose sufficient to sustain nature. Young Almont was also a constant attendant at the bed-side of his friend, over whom he watched with a brother's care. At length the fearful spells of madness left him, his health began slowly to recover, but several months elapsed ere he had wholly regained his strength.

It was one beautiful morning, after Warren Seymour had become wholly convalescent that he and his friend Almont were engaged in conversation relative to their immediate re-entrance into the navy. Their conversation had lasted some time, when they were interrupted by the presence of Mr. Seymour, who invited and requested the young men to accompany himself and a few friends on board a privateer which a short time before, had arrived in the harbor.

‘Would that it was an order for me to rejoin the noble ‘Constitution,’ said Warren as he rose to accompany his father. ‘I long to be upon her decks, and ere long, I trust I shall be.’

In the hall, he met the party of his father, and among them, to his inexpressible satisfaction, was Mr. Wildon and his daughter.

‘So you go with us, Mr. Madman,’ said Clara, laughing, as Warren took her hand. ‘I’ll wager this ring, that once on the deck of this privateer we shall have a repetition of those highly wrought nautical ravings, which you so favored us

with in your mad dreams. But come Mr. Madcap or we shall be left.'

A few minutes walk brought the party to the end of India wharf, then the principle pier in the city. Exactly opposite the pier, about a quarter of a mile distant, lay the privateer, one of the most beautiful crafts that ever rested upon the waters of Boston Bay. Embarking aboard of a boat at the end of the pier, the party were soon along-side of the privateer and upon her decks. An hour was spent in the examination of the beautiful vessel, which afforded to Warren, in particular, the utmost gratification. He was pleased, aye, enraptured with the sight of every thing around him. Every thing about the beautiful schooner was arranged with the nicest nautical precision.

'O, that I had the command of this schooner,' said Seymour in a tone of rapturous feeling, as he finished the survey of the privateer. 'Have you the command of this vessel?' asked he of a young officer upon the quarter deck, to whom he had seen several of the crew respectfully touch their hats.

'For the present I have,' was the reply.

'Would your place were mine. And I possessed it; half the wealth of yonder city I would give for the command of this matchless craft.'

She was indeed matchless, and well deserved the many encomiums of praise he lavished upon her. As perfect a craft as eye could model, or hand could fashion, was the privateer.

'You set a high value on the command,' said the officer, laughing. 'Yet without your high price, shall your wish be gratified. I hold the command of this beautiful 'nymph of the waves' till I resign her to one more worthy—her future commander—Warren Seymour.'

As the young officer spoke, three loud and hearty cheers broke upon the still bay; and on the startled senses of young Seymour. He looked forward. The crew, only a small number, whom, had been on the deck till then, were now collected to the number of a hundred, upon the fore-castle, and, at the words of the officer of the deck, had made the welkin ring with their cheers.

Surprised and confounded at the strange words of the officer, and the simultaneous shout of the crew, Seymour turned for

an explanation; when still more to his astonishment, and in the same uniform, stood Almont.

'Really this is quite a farce, and one I do not understand,' said he as he gazed into the face of his friend. 'The eyes of Almont sparkled with a roguish look and a significant smile played about his lips.

'What does this mean Almont.'

'That you are the commander of this vessel and nothing else,' said Mr. Seymour, who at that moment came up. 'This vessel is yours; accept it from your father; our little surprise has afforded us much amusement. My son will forgive our well meant sport.'

CHAPTER VI.

And you knew all this?' said Warren to Almont.

'I did.'

'And you?' he asked of Clara, who was now near.

'To be sure I did,' she answered archly.

'But I thought you never kept secrets from me, Clara?'

'And never have I, dear Warren, till this one,' she said in a tone as if half reproaching herself for the surprise she herself had proposed and carried out.

'You will grant me one favor, dear Warren.'

'Name it. I will.'

'May I give the name to your beautiful vessel.'

'You shall, lovely girl, and as long as I have the command of her, she shall bear the name you give.'

Clara handed him a roll of vellum paper.

'Within, you will find the name I would give,' she said as Warren took the package.

'Thy choice shall be mine,' said Warren as he broke the sealed ends of the roll. A flag of the brightest blue unfolded to his gaze; and the light fabric floated out on the breeze.

'A Flying Arrow,' said Warren, as the device met his eye. 'A more beautiful or appropriate device you could have chosen, dear Clara, you have named my vessel the *Flying Arrow*!'

Seymour affixed the beautiful the ensign halyard, and in a moment

was flying at the 'main' of the schooner, and for the first time waved over the decks of the privateer.

We will in a few words, explain to the reader what to Seymour appeared more like a dream than aught else.

A short time before he fell sick, his father calculated from the position of affairs: and confident in his own mind that a war was inevitable, determined to purchase or have built, a small substantial vessel, intending to present it to his son, whom he had often heard express a desire to be master of a craft of his own. He accordingly engaged the services of Mr. Wildon, who had been an experienced ship master and builder, to purchase or superintend the building of a schooner of about two hundred tons, suitable for privateering. In a short time a 'Baltimore Clipper' of the first class was built under the direction of Mr. Wildon, and ere Warren had recovered from his sickness, was anchored in Boston Bay. At the suggestion of Clara Wildon, who had been made acquainted with the purpose of Mr. Seymour, Warren was kept in ignorance of the whole affair, to make his surprise the more complete.

Ere the perfect recovery of her lover, Clara Wildon had embroidered the beautiful flag, from the device of which, the beautiful vessel took its name. To young Almont, Mr. Seymour had first disclosed his intention, and several weeks ere Warren stepped aboard of his own vessel, Almont had engaged a crew of a hundred young, and as daring fellows as ever sailed the sea.

It was after their return home that the whole was explained to Warren; and one week from that time he had taken leave in high spirits of his many friends, among the hundreds of spectators that had assembled upon the pier, to witness the departure of the Flying Arrow. To the lovely, weeping Clara, he had spoken the last farewell; he had taken the last fond look of the fair being whom he loved beside all else on earth. He turned from her, and descended to the boat, that was to take her commander to the decks of the beautiful vessel that lay anchored beyond; when a deep voice, in a hoarse, low whisper, sounded in his ear, words of strange meaning. 'The hawk is on the wing; let the timid dove beware its

stoop.' He turned, but he who uttered the strange words was gone—naught met his penetrating gaze but the smiles of friends. The boat shot rapidly from the wharf as he waved his last adieu, and in half an hour the Flying Arrow was rapidly flying before the stiff norwester to the ocean beyond.

The description of the privateer and her crew, and the departure of the beautiful vessel was more fully described in the opening chapter of our story.

In the splendid cabin of the schooner, sat Seymour, his elbow resting upon a beautiful marble slab before him, his hand supporting his brow, while his face was expressive of the deepest and most intense thought. His eyes were fixed with a steady, yet vacant gaze upon the carpeted floor of the cabin as if spell-bound and riveted in their sockets.—Thus had he sat since his first entrance, and had not moved. At length his deep and silent thoughts seemed to give way before the utterance of speech; and in a slow and deeply thoughtful tone he spoke.

'Those words—those words—what could they have meant? What can they forebode? Evil? Heaven grant not.—Yet, they were wild and terribly spoken; and thrilled the blood to my very heart. And that voice,—never did I hear so terrible a one. Yes,—once;—once I heard a voice as deep and terrible. 'Twas my brother's, when he swore his last fearful oath of revenge; the last words I heard him speak. It must be;—none but he could have uttered those terrible words—'twas he—my brother—nay, it cannot be, he is dead!—dead. Might not this have been some false tale? may he not now live? Yet for what object his death was made known I know not.'

For a few moments he again seemed lost in thought; then repeated the mysterious words: 'The hawk is on the wing; let the timid dove beware its stoop.'

'The hawk—who should he be but my brother. The dove—who but my loved Clara. By heaven! the sentence hath more meaning than the words betray. If for a moment I thought harm were threatened her, the Flying Arrow should retrace the distance she has run. Yet it cannot be—mortal could not have uttered those words, or he could not have escaped me.

If it were fierd, she is as safe while I am on the sea, as if I were beside her. Yet, those words—I heard as plainly as I do my own. And that voice—it was my brothers, or I never heard him speak.'

With this he started to his feet; Almont stood before him. It will be remembered in the first chapter that he had been requested by Seymour to come to his cabin as soon as the vessel was well on her way. Seymour, so deeply engaged in thought, had not noticed his entrance; and Almont, surprised at the unusually thoughtful manner of his friend, had listened in silence to his strange words.

'Almont! I knew not when you entered; how long have you been here?'

'Ten minutes.'

'You have then heard from me what I heard from my brother.'

'Your brother! I heard you speak of him, but knew not your meaning.'

'Almont! we believed him dead. He is not dead, but lives.'

'Impossible! Warren, the excitement of the past week has wrought upon thy mind, and I fear a relapse of those fearful spells of absence, if you give way to thoughts like these. Discard them entirely. Depend upon it Warren, it was imagination that forced itself upon thy mind.'

'It might be; I will believe it was,' said Seymour as if relieved by his friend's words. 'It was imagination.'

Almont, however much inclined to believe what Seymour heard was real, and came from mortal lips; he nevertheless entirely dispelled the idea from the mind of his friend; and ere they returned on deck, Seymour's thoughts were on naught but his beautiful vessel. The City of the Three Hills was fast disappearing as the two friends gazed from the bulwarks of the schooner, and ere a long time, the naked eye could not discern it. On, and on glided the privateer; on, like a winged arrow she shot through the foam-lashed waves of the ocean; while upon her decks fell the snow-white spray like showers of silver rain; glistening in the flashing rays of the sun with all the prismatic hues of the rainbow.

'By heaven! I had never dreamed of speed like this,' exclaimed Almont, gazing

at the sparkling foam which seemed boiling around the bows of the vessel.

'Light and free must be the craft, and with speed like the wind, to keep in the wake of this witch of the waves,' again spoke he in admiration of the bird-like velocity with which the privateer skimmed the waves.

'There is one upon the seas which has never had her match. Heaven grant I may cross her track,' said Seymour thoughtfully.

'What is her name?' enquired Almont.

'The Black Vulture!'

'The Devil's Own! By heaven, she well deserves her name if she can outstrip the Flying Arrow. But from the commencement of this war she has not been heard of or seen upon the Atlantic. She has chosen another field for her demon career, or else she's no more.'

'I pray heaven she is beneath the waves,' said Seymour. 'But if she floats, may it be my fortune one day to meet her.'

CHAPTER VII.

A year passed—the war yet raged.

Of the many American privateers that roamed the waters of the Atlantic, none had gained so much celebrity as the Flying Arrow; both on account of her successful capture of many richly laden prizes; and more especially the matchless, astonishing speed of the privateer. Everywhere had her name and fame spread on this side of the Atlantic; and, on the other, it was said that the fastest sailer on the deep was an American privateer, called the Flying Arrow. Never, since the day of her sailing, had she found her match in speed. Never had a chase escaped her. Often was she cursed by the British sailor. Cursed for her matchless speed, for her extraordinary success. Yet her career was not marked by dark, sanguinary deeds of bloodshed, like many of the privateers that ploughed the ocean, themselves little better than lawless pirates.

We would now transfer our readers to the deck of the Flying Arrow, which, for eight and forty hours had lain, becalmed, about fifty miles outside the Bermudas. It was noon—the calm, unruffled ocean without the slightest ripple,

lay like a golden mirror beneath the dazzling and powerful rays of the noon-day sun, reflecting his radiant splendor like a vast, immense layer of burnished gold. Not a breath of wind had been felt, nor the slightest cloud seen since she was first becalmed. Yet, within a few hours, in the South and West, the sky had assumed a dull, hazy appearance, momentarily increasing to a darker and more threatening hue; and appearances in that quarter were indicative of an approaching storm.

'By the lord! three hours more will not find us here,' exclaimed Almont, who had for some time been watching the horizon in silence.

'We shall soon have wind, and enough of it, or I'm mistaken,' and even as he spoke a light puff of wind stirred the locks on his brow. Another, and another, succeeded at intervals, till a light, steady breeze had sprung up; cool and refreshing to the heated brow. A short time—and the smooth, glassy, mirror-like surface of the waters was ruffled by the light wind, and the sparkling ripples now played o'er the whole vast expanse of ocean. The greater part of the crew of the privateer were at this time reposing beneath an extensive awning upon the fore-castle, little dreaming of being disturbed; when the shrill whistle of the boatswain started the loungers to their feet; and the next moment came the order:

'All hands make sail.'

The order was quickly obeyed by the surprised crew, and hardly any time had elapsed ere the Flying Arrow felt the influence of the breeze. Slowly, and almost imperceptibly at first, she glided from her watery bed, each moment increasing in speed, till she flew with her accustomed rapidity over the snow-capped waves.

The gentle breeze so faintly perceptible at first, within the hour, had ripened to a gale, and lashed the mighty ocean with a whitened sheet of foam. With almost fearful speed the privateer bounded over the snowy-crested waves; her slender topmasts bending like reeds before the furious blast of the powerful gale. On and on, with lightning-like velocity, bounded the gale-driven vessel as if she spurned the very waves beneath her,

and ere night-fall was many miles from where she had been becalmed, and pressing on with unabated speed o'er the trackless deep.

The sun was fast sinking towards the foaming ocean, o'er which it cast a broad glare of golden radiance, when there came a cry from the lookout, of,

'Sail ho!'

'Where away?' shouted Seymour.

'Right on our lee,' was the answer.

All eyes were instantly directed in that quarter, and in the distance was faintly discovered a sail, but so distant it could not be made out.

Seymour sprang into the rigging and levelled a glass at the distant sail. It was some time 'ere he, with the glass, was able to make out the stranger.—When satisfied as to what she was, he gave the glass to Almont.

'See what you make of her,' he said as the young man levelled the glass at the strange craft.

'An English Corvette of twenty guns,' said the young man in a few moments. 'There go her colors, the cross of St. George, at her peak.'

'And an invitation to show ours,' he said as a bright jet of flame burst from the bows of the ship.

'Show them the gridiron at the 'fore,' and ours at the 'main,' said Seymour quickly, as the report of a gun came to his ear.

The stars and the stripes, and the beautiful flag of the privateer were bent to the ensign halyards, and in a moment fluttered aloft at the mast-head. In a short time, the English cruiser was in fair sight, and as Almont had said, mounted about twenty guns, and her course bearing the same as the privateer.

The two vessels, sailing on an angle, were rapidly converging to a point, each moment lessening the distance between them. They had kept on their course exactly opposite each other for half an hour, neither gaining any apparent advantage, when the privateer was observed to be gaining on her adversary, and ere the hour expired, shot directly across the bows of the Englishman, full one mile to windward.

'They'll not let us pass without a shot,' said Almont, who had scarcely averted his gaze from the Englishman, when he

had first seen her, to Seymour, who was near him.

Before he could reply, a bright jet of flame issued from the bows of the cruiser, and a column of light blue smoke rolled most beautifully upward. A second, and the report of the gun was heard, and some distance astern, flew its iron messenger like lighting over the water, one moment several feet above it, then dashing into a wave, would scatter the glittering spray high in the air, reflecting as it fell, the brilliant sunlight like drops of golden rain. Thus alternately appearing and disappearing, the globe of iron at length sunk into the waves half a mile to windward of the privateer. Another flash, and another ball went whizzing over the waves, and ere it sunk a third report was heard and the ball skimming over the waves full as wide off the intended mark as its predecessors.

Seymour laughed as the third unsuccessful shot was fired, and in a loud tone ordered the schooner to be hove to and the long Tom to be cleared away for action. In a short time the ponderous instrument of destruction, old Thunderbolt, was cleared and ready for use.

'Now, Bob, send them your card; show the Englishman what you can do in the way of making an impression,' this Seymour addressed to a short, stout, burly looking individual with a sparkling eye and jovial countenance, which looked as though 'twas never troubled with care, or beset with aught but good humor.

This individual was about five and twenty years of age, of extreme low stature, and among the crew invariably went by the cognomen of 'Bob Short.' He was possessed of great strength, of which he was proudly conscious, but prided himself the more on being the best gunner and most skilful shot on the waters. To this pride he had a right, for there were none who could excel, and but few who could equal his accurate aim. Beside the huge gun, with a lighted match in his hand, stood Bob.

'All ready?' he inquired.

'All ready!' was the response of the seaman who directed the movement of the gun.

For a moment Bob let his eye range along the sight of the piece.

'Up a little,' said he quickly.

'Up it is,' responded the seaman, elevating the sight of the piece.

'A very little to the left,' said Bob.

'To the left it is.'

'Steady, now,'

'Steady 'tis,' was the response.

Bob ran his eye again along the sight of the gun, then with a look at the cruiser, said:—

'I'll down with that Englishman's jibs in the wink of an eye. Blow me tight, if I don't spoil her sailing qualities for an hour. Here's my respects.'

Whirling the match in the air several times, he was about to fire, when a ball flew over the decks of the schooner within twelve inches of the main-mast forward.

'They now begin to find their mark,' said Almont, as he heard the whizzing of the ball as it cut through the air.

'And I'll find mine,' said Bob with a laugh.

The lighted match touched the powder. The privateer trembled to the very keel at the discharge of the heavy gun. A cloud of thick smoke enveloped the decks of the schooner, and the missile of death and destruction speed on its message. The wind soon cleared the decks of the smoke, and the Englishman was seen standing on, under full sail, unharmed.

For once the invincible Bob was foiled, for once, he had missed his aim. A low, suppressed murmur of disappointment came from the crew of the schooner; but soon it was changed. The corvette, which for a moment stood on apparently unharmed by the discharge of the Long Tom, of a sudden, slackened her speed. Her foremast seemed unsteady and wavering in its place—it swayed—tottered—and in an instant fell forward upon the bowsprit with a crash that was plainly heard on board the schooner; carrying in its fall, the flying jib-boom, sails, rigging, and all—all was one complete wreck.

On the instant, there burst from the crew as they beheld the destruction which Bob had caused with his single shot, three loud and deafening cheers, which were borne to the ears of their foes upon the breeze.

'Three more for Bob, the matchless,' exclaimed one of the crew, as the first three died away.

In the instant, three cheers more rang out upon the air, in compliment to Bob. 'Now,' said Seymour, as all again became silent. 'Three more for Boston.'

Again the united shout swelled long and loud upon the air; and filling away with a flowing sheet, the privateer was soon again bowling merrily over the waves upon her course; leaving the disabled corvette to make the best of her wrecked situation; and ere the sun had wholly veiled its light, the Englishman was lost in the distance.

It was now the intention of Seymour to proceed immediately to Boston, whither we will precede the Flying Arrow.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was on a lovely evening several days subsequent to the scene detailed in the last chapter that a long, low, not black, but a beautiful bright green-sided schooner, an American privateer, was seen in the inner harbor, standing in for the city. She was a topsail schooner of about two hundred tons, and carried an enormous spread of sail which a vessel of any the less breadth of beam would have capsized under. She sailed like a witch: not the inmates of the sea beneath her could cleave the waves faster than did the schooner.

Upon the wharves were hundreds of spectators watching the privateer; for she had announced her arrival with her guns: and was now within a half a mile of the city. Among the spectators upon one of the piers was Mr. Seymour and Mr. Wildon and his daughter, who had repaired thither, as they had done several times before, when the arrival of any vessel was announced in the hope that it would prove to be the Flying Arrow.—And it was rumored on this evening that the approaching vessel was the one they ardently wished it to be.

'I hope we shall not again be disappointed,' said Clara, as the approaching stranger began to appear plainly in view. 'I pray Heaven this may be the Flying Arrow.'

'I also hope this may be my son's vessel,' said Mr. Seymour. 'But see! her hull is painted green. It cannot be his,' he said, as the vessel, wearing on her course, revealed her green sides.

'We shall have to bear with another

disappointment,' said Mr. Wildon with a glance at the schooner. 'My word for't that's not the Flying Arrow.'

A shadow rested on the face of Clara for an instant, but, as if under the impulse of some new hope, it quickly vanished.

'Yet for all this, dear father,' she said, looking into his face. 'It may be the Flying Arrow. Warren may have altered the color of his vessel. You know his taste was not consulted in any one thing about the schooner. Painted black as she was, she might have bore—as she did in my eye—too strong a resemblance to a pirate, to suit his fancy.'

'It may be: we shall soon see,' said her father appearing to coincide with her ideas. 'He may, as you say, have altered the color of the hull. And by my faith, I hope 'twill prove to be his gallant craft.'

Swiftly onward came the privateer, leaving behind a foaming wake: and her wide distended sails gilded by the last rays of the setting sun. A beautiful craft. At her peak waved the stars and stripes, but she showed no flag or signal by which her name could be discerned. The sun had been some moments down when she came to anchor in the stream. The clouds which had imbued the gorgeous hues of sunset, still retained their tinted glories, and were reflected below, in the waters of the Bay. As the schooner came to anchor, a flag had been run up the foremost head, on which her name was displayed. 'The Rambler.'

Motionless upon the waves she now laid; over which, but a few moments before, she bounded with the speed of the wind. Her tall raking masts, long tapering bowsprit and finely moulded hull, were all mirrored in the depths below. On the quarter deck, with an easy careless gait, paced a young man richly dressed in a naval uniform. He was of fine prepossessing appearance. Yet, on his face, a reckless and devil-may-care expression ever rested, and a continual smile on his lips. His carriage was easy and indifferent, his air independent, and the blue cap, with band of gold on his head, set saucily one side, set off his appearance to a charm. In his hand he carried a long slender sword which he twirled rapidly in the air with his fingers, as if merely to kill time. This young

man was the Privateer Captain. Suddenly he stopped in his promenade, and sheathing the sword in the rich scabbard that hung suspended from a shining black belt round his waist, he said,—

‘Lower away the cutter!’ in a tone so careless that seemed to imply if the order was not obeyed it was all the same to him.

‘Cutters away,’ said the boatswain immediately.

And in a moment the Captain’s gig was lowered alongside, and the young men having first placed in his mouth a lighted cigar (for in those days it was no violation of the law to smoke) he seated himself lazily in the stern sheets, and the boat shot towards a pier to which he had pointed.

Clara, her father, and Mr. Seymour, once more disappointed, were about leaving for their homes when the boat from the schooner touched at the very pier on which they stood, and the young officer ascended; and with several young men, one of whom bowed to Mr. Seymour, passed up the wharf. They had passed some distance up when they stopped, and the young man who had bowed to Mr. Seymour, together with the young officer turned and walked rapidly back.

‘You will see this young Privateersman face to face now,’ said Mr. Wildon to Clara, as the young officer and his friend neared them. To the surprise of Mr. Wildon and his daughter, the young man in company with the officer accosted Mr. Seymour, with whom he was acquainted.

‘I beg leave Mr. Seymour,’ said he, ‘to present to you my friend, Mr. George Fitz Alwyn, commander of yonder schooner. He was acquainted with your sons and but now inquired for you, as he has letters from Warren.’

Mr. Seymour cordially shook the hand of Fitz Alwyn, and presented him and the other young man to Mr. Wildon and his daughter. Clara blushed somewhat as Fitz Alwyn saluted her. Taking her hand within his, he pressed it to his lips.

‘Forgive me, Miss Wildon, if I am rude,’ said the young Privateersman.—‘But ’tis the fashion with us sailors: and a liberty we claim,’ he said, going.

‘Oh, I forgive on condition you take no more such liberties,’ said Clara,

archly, at the same time withdrawing her hand from his.

Fitz Alwyn now turned to Mr. Seymour and said,

‘I have to fulfil a promise made your son, and deliver you a package entrusted to me by him. He was well when last I saw him, and hopes soon to be with you.

Mr. Seymour received the package enclosed in an envelope, heartily thanking the young man for his kindness.

‘Those letters,’ said Fitz Alwyn, ‘will tell you who I am, and when next we meet we shall be better acquainted.’

Having first promised Mr. Seymour that he would call the next evening at his house. Fitz Alwyn took the arm of his friend, and bowing to the three, left them to join the young men in waiting.

The package contained three letters, one each to Mr. Seymour and Mr. Wildon, and the other to Clara, his daughter.

The two former were letters of introduction, and Warren in the one to his father, said—

‘DEAR FATHER. The young man I introduce to your notice is George Fitz Alwyn, commander of the American Privateer schooner Rambler, and as fine a fellow as ever trod a vessel’s deck. But for him and his gallant vessel, me and mine would have been ere now beneath the waves. In a short time I hope to see you, then you shall know all. My friend you will receive as a son, as you would me. Remember that to him I attribute the saving of my gallant vessel, and the lives of my crew. Till I see you farewell.’

That which Clara received was a brief passionate epistle, every line breathing a spirit of hallowed devotion and love; closing by recommending to her notice his friend, Fitz Alwyn, to him he awarded the highest praise as a brave and daring young officer, to whom he should ever feel bound by the deepest gratitude.

‘But for him, dear Clara,’ he said, ‘the hope that I now enjoy; that of soon clasping thee to my bosom, would not now have lived within me. But for him, one who loves you with a heart’s truest devotion, myself, would not now have penned these lines. Till a short time, dearest, farewell.’

These letters, coming from the one they did, were likely to kindle in the

breasts of those who received them, an ardent attachment towards the friend of Warren, and insured to him a cordial and heart welcome reception.

As he had promised, Fitz Alwyn the next evening proceeded to the residence of Mr. Seymour where, had arrived before him, Mr. Wildon and his daughter. He was received in a courteous and kindly manner; and the evening passed off pleasantly to him; enlivened by the presence of Clara, the hours wore rapidly away. At a late hour, Fitz Alwyn promising another visit, departed.

It was his fourth visit to the house of Mr. Seymour, as he was about to depart, that he said, 'Mr. Seymour, I have to say this is my last visit. On the day after tomorrow I sail from here. I have invited on the morrow, a number of friends and acquaintances on board the Rambler for a pleasure sail outside the harbor. It is my wish that you and your friend Mr. Wildon be of the company.'

'And you Miss Wildon,' he said respectfully, 'must not fail to honor us with your presence, as there is to be several young ladies on board. My vessel, crew, and myself, I place at the service of my friends, and every thing in my power shall be done to make the sail a pleasant one. I shall expect you all.'

The invitation of the young officer so politely extended, was accepted with pleasure by the two gentlemen; and Clara also promised to accompany her father.

Gallantly imprinting a kiss upon the hand of the fair Clara, Fitz Alwyn took his leave.

CHAPTER IX.

AN hour past noon on the following day, the Privateer schooner Rambler, with a merry party on board, weighed anchor and dropped down the bay. She skimmed lightly over the sparkling waves, swiftly passing the many green islands within the bay, till she launched upon the blue waters of the Atlantic. The party on board were highly pleased with the beautiful vessel, and finely enjoyed their sail, and a few, never on ship-board before, were astonished at the speed of the privateer. The hours wore merrily off with the party; the excursion proving highly gratifying to all. It was when the

land grew dim in the distance behind them that a few, more timid than the rest, began to show signs of impatience and apprehension from being so far at sea and expressed a desire to return. But their wishes were disappointed. The schooner still flew rapidly away on her course out to sea. They destined never again to behold the city in the vessel that had borne them from it. She had left her moorings in the stream, never to return.

Fitz Alwyn, who had been during the greater part of the afternoon in company with Clara Wildon, had left her in charge of her father, and now stood by himself upon the fore-castle. The care-for-nothing expression that his face usually wore, had given way to a thoughtful troubled look. He had stood some time in a thoughtful mood, when he spoke in a strange manner.

'By heaven! it is too foul. She is too good, too pure to be the victim of this hellish plot, of which I am the base and willing agent. Would to God this heart had stopped its beating; these hands have withered, ere I had lent them to this foul play. Would that I had thought, ere it was too late.'

'By heaven! it shall not be,' he said in a low, fierce tone, 'She shall never be his victim. I will save her even now. The schooner shall instantly be put about and run for the city. If I fail in this may God save her from him. I am too late. She's lost.'

As he spoke, a shrill whistle was heard and in an instant a score of men, armed with cutlasses rushed from below on deck, and immediately fell upon the crew who had charge of the vessel, making them in one moment prisoners.

'This foul play has begun and I must now act my part,' said Fitz Alwyn drawing his sword. 'Treacherous villains! what means all this? By the Lord, what means this mutiny?' he demanded of the mutineers, springing at the same time in their midst.

He received no answer. His sword was struck from his hand, and in an instant he was himself a prisoner.

This sudden and unexpected mutiny, struck the visitors on board with surprise, and filled them with alarm and apprehension for their own safety, momentarily

expecting to be bound themselves as prisoners, by the reckless looking desperadoes who now had charge of the schooner. The young ladies screamed with fear and clung to their fathers, brothers or lovers for protection, dreading lest they should become the victims of the mutineers.—But their fears proved groundless.

As Fitz Alwyn was bound, a gun was fired and a small schooner which had for some time been in sight, was brought to, and in a few minutes lay alongside of the privateer. To the inexpressible joy and relief of the terrified females, the whole party were instantly ordered to leave the schooner; which order they prepared to obey with no little pleasure.

Mr. Wildon and his daughter, among the last, were about to leave the vessel when a hand was placed rudely upon the shoulder of Clara, and a voice said, 'Stay, lady, you must not depart.'

She screamed with fear, and shrunk from the savage looking ruffian beside her, who kept a tight grasp upon her shoulder.

'Take off thy hand, man or devil,' exclaimed Mr. Wildon fiercely; dashing aside from his daughter the hand of the ruffian.

'What means this outrage? what would you of her?' he asked.

'That she remain,' said the other in a deep determined tone, again laying his hand upon her.

With the fury of a wounded tiger, Mr. Wildon sprang upon him and both fell to the deck. At that instant Clara was seized in the grasp of two strong men and borne across the deck.

'Oh God! my father! my father!' shrieked the terrified maiden as she beheld him struggling in the iron grasp of several men, about to thrust him over the side of the privateer.

One piercing cry of agony, and the lifeless form of Clara Wildon was borne below by the two miscreants.

Mr. Wildon had been thrust roughly over the side of the privateer into the smaller schooner, and in an instant springing upon the bulwarks, he said in a frenzied tone, pointing where Fitz Alwyn lay, 'Tell me, has yonder man ought to do with this foul outrage? Knew he of it?'

'He has had nought to do with it?'

answered the leader of the mutineers.

'He is my prisoner you see.'

"'Tis false as hell!" cried Fitz Alwyn raising himself, bound as he was, to a sitting posture. "I was the sole

But here he could finish he was gagged, and carried from the deck.

"This is some damnable treachery and foul crime," said Mr. Wildon as he heard the words of Fitz Alwyn.

"May the curse of God forever rest on him who was the author."

'Oh God,' he cried in agony, 'My daughter! my daughter. Fiends! give back my child, and I will give you wealth—all that I possess. But in the name of God, restore my child,' and the distracted father wrung his hands in despair. His frantic appeal was of no avail. A loud mocking laugh was all that was returned. The next moment the two vessels parted.

Overcome by his feelings, Mr. Wildon burying his face in his hands, threw himself upon the deck, exclaiming in a voice of anguish, 'Oh God! my child, my child! why was she torn from me? why am I robbed of her? Oh may she die, ere dishonor threaten her. My child, my Clara. I am now indeed alone.'

And the unhappy parent gave way to inconsolable and poignant grief. He was raised from the deck by Mr. Seymour, who with words of solace and consolation strove to lessen the sorrow of his friend, but with no effect, the grief of the father was overwhelming, and which time only could soften. The two vessels had been separated about a quarter of an hour, when the report of a gun was heard by those on board the smaller schooner, and almost at the same time an affrighted voice exclaimed, 'In the name of God, look there! A Pirate! The Black Vulture!'

Those terrible words thrilled with horror all on board, and every eye was fixed upon the other vessel.

But where was the green-sided privateer? She was gone! and in her place, was the low, black hull of a pirate schooner seen. At her peak floated her flag, the terror of the Atlantic. It was a broad field, of white, on which the following was represented:—

On a rock, and the waves of the ocean,

with wings extended, stood a Black Vulture. In its talons were clutched the flags of several nations; the most conspicuous among them was the stars and stripes, tattered and torn. In its back was a long slender staff, from which floated the black flag with the grinning death's head and cross bones. While the flags of several nations were trampled upon the rock, the black flag waved above them.

Such was the flag of the Black Vulture. It waved aloft but a few moments when it was hauled down and gave place to the stars and stripes; and at the same moment, as if by magic, the black hull gave place to the green one. All sail was crowded upon the schooner, as if danger was even now to be feared from the pirate, and the distance was rapidly widening between them. Mingled emotions of fear and joy prevailed in the hearts of those on board. All shuddered as thought of the hours spent in the terrible corsair, came to their minds; and all felt a joy at their escape and deliverance. But their happiness was clouded by the unbounded sorrow of Mr. Wildon who would receive no consolation whatever.

'My child, my daughter, in the hands of pirates—oh God! I shall be mad!—mad!' was his passionate exclamation; heightened by the poignancy of his grief.

Several hours elapsed and the schooner lay along side of one of the piers of the city; the party had sought their homes.

Two mornings afterward an American privateer was discovered anchored in the stream. It was the Flying Arrow, she had arrived the night previous. At sunrise she announced her presence with the cannon, and thousands, in a short space of time, had flocked to the piers to learn the cause of the firing. Cheers upon cheers swelled upon the air as the multitude learned the arrival of the famed privateer, the Flying Arrow.

In a short time a boat was lowered over the side and manned, and in a moment more, two officers descended. One, Warren Seymour, the commander; the other, Albert Almont the lieutenant of the privateer. The boat shot rapidly towards India Pier where it soon arrived, and the two officers landed amid the

cheers of thousands. Two hours afterward the boat was alongside of the schooner, when Seymour, Almont, and Mr. Wildon came on board. All three wore looks of sorrow. Warren had learned the arrival of the disguised pirate—of the villainy of Fitz Alwyn. He had read the forged letters of introduction by which Fitz Alwyn had consummated his hellish plans. He had learned of the pretended pleasure sail. Of the treachery; and of the outrage. He had heard all the dreadful truth from the lips of Mr. Wildon.

As he stepped on deck his feelings overpowered him, and he exclaimed in a voice of heartfelt anguish, 'Oh God! she whom I hoped to have clasped ere now to his breathing bosom;—is gone—is far away—torn from her very home by a—pirate—and perhaps, ere now, sacrificed to the desires of the pirate horde. Oh God! the thought is madness—despair.'

His strange words surprised the crew who had heard enough to interpret the dreadful meaning; and every heart beat with sympathy for their young commander. Young Almont now related to them the whole affair, and Seymour recovering from his agitation, spoke.

'Brave friends!' said he, 'You have heard from Almont all that I can tell.—You have learned that the Black Vulture is yet afloat. That she has been here. My men, this cruise is now up; I have no claims upon you—you are at liberty to go whither you will. But listen. I must have a crew. Twelve hours must not pass ere the Flying Arrow stands out to sea. Many of you are now within the very sight of your homes, from which it would be hard so soon to part. I shall cruise six months in search of the pirate; and if, in that time, I fall not in with him I return; Mark me, if I fall in with him I shall fight at all hazards. I will sink the pirate or the privateer. I pledge myself to give each man a year's prize money, who shall accompany me on this cruise. My friends you have heard me. Shall the Flying Arrow, as the avenger, follow in the wake of the Black Vulture? or shall she remain and retribution be delayed.'

'RETRIBUTION!' was the deep and firm response of the crew, and simultane-

ous as if it came from the lips of one man. The next moment, three cheers for the Flying Arrow rang out upon the air.

‘Remember!’ said Seymour, ‘some of you may never return. If we fall in with this pirate, some of us must die.—Now all who ship this cruise will stand on the starboard side; all who do not, on the larboard.’

One moment, and not one remained on the larboard side of the schooner.—Seymour had not dreamed so unanimous a spirit prevailed among his crew as was manifested, and their determination gratified him to the utmost.

‘You will each and all have three hours leave: at the end of the fourth, the Flying Arrow must be outside the harbor.’

A loud and prolonged cheer followed these words, and in a moment all the boats were lowered and filled. In a short time the crew, with the exception of several who remained on board, were landed ashore.

Half an hour before the expiration of

the time allotted the crew on shore, a boat was seen standing towards the privateer, and in a few minutes lay along side. It contained a single individual, who, having made the boat fast, sprang upon the deck of the schooner. He was a young man of fair and pleasing look, but a shade of melancholy rested on his features, and deep seated sorrow was stamped on his fine, open brow. The sad expression of his face struck the beholders with sympathy. He advanced towards Almont, who was standing alone upon the quarter deck, and said in a bold tone, yet marked with sadness,

‘I would speak with the commander of this vessel.’

‘He is below; I will conduct you to him,’ said Almont, with courtesy, and inviting the stranger to follow him, both descended to the cabin.

Before the three hours expired, the whole crew, to a man, were on board, and ere the sun had crossed the meridian, the Flying Arrow had spread her canvass to the breeze, and was skimming the waves of the Atlantic.

THE SCOURGE OF THE ATLANTIC.

CHAPTER I.

The setting sun had lined the western horizon with the brilliant and beautiful colors of the rainbow. The deep, fiery red that stretched far away toward the north and south, gradually lost its brilliancy in a lighter and softer red; which blended beautifully with the tinted hues of purple. The rich purple faded almost imperceptibly into the lightest green, which stretching far upward was lost in the blue atmosphere above.

The last rays of the blazing sun fell with undying splendor upon the gorgeous banner of Spain, as it floated from a lofty flag staff upon the frowning walls of the castle Moro, which guards the entrance to the harbor of Havana. Within the offing the eye rested upon a number of vessels; becalmed upon the motionless waters; their snow-white sails gilded by the sun, and mirrored in the golden depths below. It was a picturesque and lovely sight. The day-king had sunk in his fiery bed; yet the calm unruffled ocean, with its islands of green, were glowing with the lavish beauties of a West Indian sunset. Beautiful as are the evening in these climes, this was a paragon. At length the greyer shades of evening began slowly to usurp the rich glories of twilight. The stars began to

peer from their high homes, and brightly twinkling, were reflected in the calm, clear depths of the ocean, which had now lost its robe of brilliancy. Darkness was fast spreading in the west; but the deepening shade was soon to be dispelled. An hour before the fiery king of day had sunk in the western waters; the round, full moon, the beauteous queen of night, had risen from the east;—and had already pierced night's mantle of darkness, with her beams of silvery light, which fell glistening upon the ocean. Upward and upward, through the starry realms of heaven, rose the beauteous orb, casting broad, over earth and ocean, its mantle of silvery light. Onward and onward, in regal splendor, sailed the queen of night, flooding all below with her silvery radiance, and paling with her resplendent car, the stars,

“Those lesser lights of heaven,” till they burned dim, and shone but faintly in the realms above.

On sailed the moon, till she seemed suspended, like a gigantic lamp of glaring flame, in the very centre of the arching, azure canopy of heaven; when suddenly in the west, appeared a faint, red flush of light, deepening every moment to a redder and more fiery hue, as if the sun, bright god of day, jealous of the rival orb of light, was rising with redoubled splen-

dor from the portals of the west. Deeper and deeper grew the crimson hue, in the horizon, casting upon the broad ocean the reddening glare; suddenly two spires of brilliant flame shot upward, and for a moment blazed with intense brightness, then sunk, extinguished in the waves.

At that instant, in the very verge of the horizon, could be seen a schooner, whose snow-white sails silvered by the moon-beams, were plainly, and distinctly relieved against the glowing sky. She was standing towards the south of the island, with an eight knot breeze which had sprung up within an hour upon her larboard quarter. She held her way steadily over the now slightly ruffled waves, and seemed in the distance more like a beautiful fairy bark gliding over a sea of molten silver, than mortal craft upon the ocean.

She was making towards the land in the line of the horizon, and as it seemed was right upon it, when her course was altered, and she sailed for some time alongside the shore, when she suddenly disappeared from view. No eye could behold her. She was nowhere to be seen. Her disappearance was instantaneous, and as if by magic. The illumination in the west had now entirely faded away, and the moon's effulgent light, supplied its place.

At sunrise the next morning Havana was the scene of unusual commotion, and excitement, owing to the report of the capture of a Spanish brig, the night previous, by a pirate, and her crew murdered. The feelings of the populace were roused to the highest state of indignation and alarm at the atrocious piracy, and every where were vented deep, bitter curses.

The sun was but two hours high when a fast sailing brig-of-war, then lying in port, was despatched to cruise off the island, in search of the pirate. At sunset on the fourth day, she returned, without having discovered the object of her search, to the disappointment of hundreds who had watched her depart in the hope that she would return with the pirate as her prize.

Several leagues south of Havana, within an inlet, the entrance to which would have defied the eyes of mortal to discover, lay a schooner, a long, low, rakish look-

ing craft, of two hundred tons, mounting ten guns, with a long Tom amidships. Her hull was jet black, without the slightest relief; her decks were painted blood red, and the bulwarks inside black. Her topmasts were sent down; and she lay snug and secure from the gaze of man in her hiding place.

The inlet or basin wherein she lay, was hemmed round by dense woods, and the opening from the sea of sufficient width to admit of her passage, and scarcely discernable from the overhanging bushes on either side, and seemed scarcely of sufficient width to allow the entrance of a common boat. Yet here has passed a vessel of two hundred tons, and lay entirely shut out from observation.

A tall, powerful man, with a visage dark and swarthy, was the only person seen about the schooner, and for half an hour he had been pacing the decks alone. His features were American, but a dark, sinister and forbidding expression rested on his face. He wore a broad brimmed black hat, the brim buttoned up to the crown in front, with a button of silver, exposing a broad expansive brow, furrowed by deep lines, which told clearly of the darkest passions within. He wore a snow-white shirt, a Spanish frilled bosom, in which were set several magnificent studs. A pair of flowing white trowsers, secured round the waist by a black shining belt, into which were thrust a brace of pistols. Suspended from the belt, on his left side, hung a large dagger or poniard, in the haft of which blazed a jewel of great worth. His hands were small, exceedingly so for one of so large stature, and literally blazed with jewels.

'Ha! Gaspard,' he exclaimed, suddenly stopping in his promenade, as the figure of a young man emerged from over the bows of the vessel and sprang lightly upon deck.

He was a fair and slender youth, of almost feminine features, yet the seal of vice and sensual passions was stamped too plainly upon his fair brow. His dress was precisely the same as his companion's. Beneath his arm he carried a splendid spyglass of exquisite workmanship.

'Well, boy, what hast thou seen? Thou hast tarried long.'

'I have good news,' replied the youth.

The brig-of-war has returned, and is now anchored in port, within pistol shot of the Moro—I have watched from yonder steep these two hours.'

'Ha! is this so, has she returned?'

'I have spoken truth, she has.'

'Then by the lord, we must to sea this very night. I am well nigh tired of this dull life. The moon will rise at ten; an hour before we must be away from this.'

Placing a silver whistle to his lips he blew a call: a sharp, rolling sound like the notes of a bird, in that region. This was repeated three times; when suddenly from a rocky steep, before the schooner's bows, and within two feet of the jibboom, parted a cluster of bushes, from which emerged the form of a man, who descended by the bowsprit to the deck of the schooner. A second and a third instantly followed; then more, till fifty men were counted. A more ferocious looking set of men were never assembled upon a vessel's deck. Each one wore a red shirt, the collar turned over a black handkerchief, which was knotted in front. White pants secured to the waist by a black belt, black slippers, a red wollen cap, and their dress was completed.

Among these dark-browed men, upon the deck of the pirate schooner *Defiance*, stood William Seymour. As he came on board, the pirate chieftain, the individual first noticed in our description of the schooner, advanced, and addressed him:

'Young man we leave this place to-night and put out to sea. I offer you the second command of this schooner. I have proposed it to the crew; they will acknowledge you as the same, if you accept. I have no more to say! This or the yard-arm will be your choice,' and the pirate chief glanced significantly aloft. 'Do you accept.'

'I do,' said Seymour; 'the second in command. 'Tis but one step to the first,' he muttered to himself, while a gleam of fearful ambition lighted his eye.

'Enough, you know your duty,' said the chief.

An hour before the moon rose, the schooner was hauled out from the concealed inlet, and with a free wind stood out to sea.

CHAPTER II.

To the readers of the *Rival Brothers*, to which this story is a sequel, we must account for the appearance of William Seymour on board the pirate schooner.

Foiled by his brother, in his foul attempt upon the lovely and virtuous Clara Wildon, for whom he had conceived so violent and unholy a passion; he immediately set out for New York, where he soon arrived. There he learned he had been disgraced from the Navy; and that his name was everywhere coupled with that of assassin. He had stood upon the slip from whence he could view the noble frigate whose decks he had walked a thousand times, and might have now trod, a bitter smile passed his lips, and bitter thoughts came to his mind.

'Disgraced!' he muttered bitterly.—'Aye, disgraced forever from the service of yonder flag which floats so proudly aloft, ha! ha!—but here beneath its folds, I swear eternal enmity against the proud ensign; once the loved, now the hated.'

Two days afterward, William Seymour had engaged passage in a Spanish brig, then in port just ready to sail for Havana.

The next day the brig sailed, having a fair wind. She was a new and beautiful vessel of four hundred tons, and an exceedingly fast sailing craft. Her crew consisted of fourteen men, of whom eight were Englishmen and the rest were Spaniards. Two months previous, she had sailed from Havana, her first voyage and her—last.

It was the afternoon of the sixth day out from New York, that Seymour stood watching the progress of the vessel, and the foaming wreath ever curling round her bows. He had stood thus an hour, when a sudden and startling thought—to possess himself of the brig, and convert her to his own purposes, flashed through his brain. He had examined every part of her, and found she could be easily converted into a formidable armed vessel; which once possessed of, he would roam the waters under the free flag, and bid defiance to all others. It was a daring thought, and it was nourished in the breast of a reckless man.

While contemplating in his mind, how to accomplish the fulfilment of the dark thought, his reverie was suddenly broke

by a loud oath from the captain, who, as Seymour turned, struck to the deck one of the crew, a young Spaniard. Seymour beheld the look of terrible hatred, which the young Spaniard, as he rose to his feet, cast at the captain; he knew by the fearful gleam of his dark eye, that blow would be avenged.

'I'll see he does not forget that blow,' muttered Seymour to himself. 'If I can read aright, another Captain, would suit the young Spaniard as well as the present one. At all events, I'll ascertain.'

That night Seymour met the Spaniard on his watch, whose words as they parted were,—

'I am yours heart and hand in this affair; and I pledge my life my countrymen are yours also.'

Seymour had found him in the mood he wished; and heard the oaths of revenge the Spaniard swore against the captain, and without fear he unfolded to him his thoughts of capturing the vessel, to which he heartily assented and promised his aid. The second night after, he was informed by Henrique that the Spaniards to a man, were gained and swore to their purpose.

'It is upon one condition that I now attempt this,' said the Spaniard Henrique, to Seymour.

'Well.'

'It is that I take my own revenge of this English bully, the captain.'

'You shall have that pleasure,' said Seymour; with this they parted.

An Englishman to whom Seymour had made known the plot, had joined the mutineers, who were now eight in number. All was prepared, the plans of the mutineers were laid; but on the eve of their consummation they were betrayed by the Englishman whom Seymour had trusted. Surprised and overpowered, the mutineers were cast into irons, and the brig held on her way to Havana where they would be tried and executed as pirates. Once in Havana their doom was sealed. Seymour resigned himself with a forced unconcern, to the certain doom that he knew awaited him and his companions, but his rage against the Englishman who had betrayed him was beyond all bounds.

'Oh! that I were but for one moment free,' he exclaimed with fearful passion,

roots; and tear his heart reeking from his breast. Ha! ha! this would be vengeance for which I would sacrifice my soul's salvation.'

The brig was within a day's sail of Havana, when a schooner was seen bearing down upon her. She was a suspicious looking craft, and her manœuvres created no little alarm on board the brig. It was now morning, the brig held on her way till noon, crowding all sail, and as yet the schooner, in appearance, had not gained the least upon her. Three hours more, and the schooner gained on the chase. On and on sailed pursuer and pursued, the pirate schooner rapidly gaining and it was evident would soon overtake the brig. Every moment lessened the distance between the two vessels, yet the captain of the brig maintained a hope of escape, as it was now but three hours sail to Havana. He felt confident that if he could keep clear of the pirate for an hour the brig was safe, for the schooner, he believed, would not dare approach nearer than two hours sail of Havana. An hour passed; the sun was setting, and the wind which had for several hours been failing, died away as the sun went down. The brig was doomed. The two vessels now lay becalmed within half a mile of each other: and soon two boats were lowered over the side of the schooner, and came rapidly towards the brig.

'We must fight for our lives now,' said the captain, 'and you,' continued he, turning to the mutineers, 'I will not leave you to die like dogs; but free you and let you die like men, if die we must.'

Seymour and the Spaniards were liberated, and each armed with a pistol and cutlass. It was but a short time ere the boats were alongside the brig, and in an instant several men leaped over the bows on deck followed immediately by others. The foremost had not made three strides across the deck, ere Seymour with the quickness of thought sprang upon the Englishman who had betrayed him, and seized him by the throat with so tight a grasp that his face grew livid and his eyes protruded frightfully. With brutal force he jammed the muzzle of his pistol into his mouth and fired, and ere the Englishman had known his foe, he fell to the deck a corpse.

'Take that for vengeance, cursed dog,' said Seymour, with a fearful passion; 'but for thee this brig would have now been mine.'

Seymour had hardly accomplished his sanguinary deed, when Henrique, the young Spaniard, sprang with uplifted cutlass upon the captain and buried it deep in his brain. But ere he could draw forth the blade, with a fearful yell he fell dead, shot through the heart by one of the English sailors. The pirate chief and his followers stood for a moment surprised, but the next, their bloody work was commenced. The crew of the brig fought with desperation; but vainly, one by one they fell, till not one was left alive. A half score of pirates had met their death and their bloody corpses lay mingled with those of the brig's crew. Seymour had kept aloof from the fearful carnage and was not molested. The pirates now masters of the brig, proceeded to rummage her, and every thing of value was brought on deck; the sails were cut from their spars and stowed upon deck being entirely new, the chief had ordered them to be put aboard the schooner. It was midnight before their operations were completed: during all this time Seymour had applied himself as diligently as any to the work, as if he were one of the horde.

A light wind had now sprung up, and the schooner was bearing down upon the brig and soon lay alongside; and in an incredible short space of time every thing was transferred to her decks. Not a word had been spoken to Seymour till they were about to leave the brig, when the bucanier chief advanced and said to him,—

'Young man I have noticed you have taken an active part with us. I know you not, but presume you are not ignorant as to who and what we are. It is needless for me to tell you we are sons of the sea, who serve no flag but that one that now floats aloft. Beneath its blood-red folds we roam the broad main, on which our fortunes are cast; and as yet, old ocean has yielded bounteously its wealth. Wouldst thou be of our band?'

'I cast my fortunes with you, from this time,' said Seymour; 'yet I would—'

'I know what you would say,' rejoined

the bucanier. 'Look there,' and he pointed to a ghastly corse at their very feet, 'there lies the dead body of my lieutenant. I cannot now promise you his berth without the consent of the crew, but wait three days and if I cannot give it you, and you will accept no other, you are free to leave us. But come, we must stay no longer here.'

And as he spoke a column of flame burst from the hatchway. The brig had been fired. In a short time the fierce flames had wrapped her in their fiery mantle, and in an hour nought remained of the beautiful craft, but a smoking, blackened shell, and the half consumed bodies of her murdered crew and the pirates in and around it. The piratical schooner had kept in towards the land, and was now hidden within the secret inlet we have referred to; she was the same craft whose mysterious disappearance we related in the first chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Within the hidden inlet was a spacious cave, whose entrance, a stranger, with the utmost, strictest scrutiny, would have failed to discover, and known only to the band of freebooters who now possessed it. Here their plunder was from time to time deposited; and immense was the wealth it contained. Here, these bloody outlaws spent their time in drunken carousings when not upon the sea.

Four days Seymour remained with the pirates in their rendezvous, participating in all their debauchery and yielding to every excess of intemperance. On the evening of the fourth day, while in the midst of a boisterous carousal the outlaws were surprised by the shrill whistle of their chief. In an instant every voice was hushed; and all prepared to leave the cave. The object of their summons has already been described.

Several months passed; the corsair had traversed many leagues o'er the broad main, and had thrice returned to the secret rendezvous with freights of ill-gotten wealth.

Seymour was yet the second officer of the pirate schooner; but from the first moment he had stepped his foot on board, but one thought had possessed his soul; one dark, aspiring thought of fearful na-

ture. He was the second in command—he must be the first. It was but a step, but that step was one of uncertainty; and only to be gained by the death of the bucanier chief, and even then he felt there was no surety that the pirates would acknowledge him as their chief. But this thought had deterred him too long; he had resolved to remove Alvarez, the chief, from his path, and hazard the result.

The very hour he had come to this determination a Spanish brig-of-war was discovered bearing down upon the schooner, about six miles distant. As this announcement was made from the lookout, Seymour started as if struck with an electric shock. His eyes blazed fiercely bright, and his face wore a startling and peculiar expression; as if some new and sudden thought was awakened in his mind. It was so. A dark and devilish thought had that very instant flashed through his brain. Its nature and accomplishment will be seen anon.

‘I will acquaint the chief of this,’ said he disappearing down the companion-way.

Alvarez was seldom on the deck of the schooner except when in chase, or escaping from a foe. His time was spent below in the company of Gaspard, the youth he called his son, who possessed a strong influence over the pirate chieftain. Seymour had been below but a moment when he returned.

‘What think you was the order of our chief?’ he said, addressing the crew in a low, deep tone.

‘We know not,’ was the response.

‘Keep the schooner on her course, deviate one point at the peril of your lives. This was his order. What think you is his motive? Brainless fools: have ye no thoughts? What can but be our destruction? Listen, if you would not be the victims of treachery. Know ye not an enormous reward is offered by the Spanish authorities for the capture of this schooner and her crew? Ha, ha! your thoughts have come at last. He has doubtless made a compact to betray and deliver the schooner into their hands.—By so doing he will secure his pardon and the reward, and also our destruction.’

A deep, threatening murmur rose from the crew as he finished, and every hand

grasped a shining stiletto. The countenance of Seymour bespoke a hellish joy as he observed this, and he again spoke:

‘Alvarez, your chief, has basely deceived you, and would basely betray you. The youth Gaspard, whom he calls his son, is a *woman*. I discovered this, when I went to tell him of the war brig bearing down upon us. She has tempted, and he has yielded to the temptation. Through her influence our chief was made a traitor. Are ye now willing to be delivered into the power of your foes in yonder brig? Are you willing the traitor should purchase *his* pardon with *your* lives.—Are you willing that he, and his base mistress, shall wallow in your wealth while your lifeless bodies dangle at the yard-arm, and then thrown as food to the fishes, or quartered, hang broiling beneath the blazing sun, as a warning to all who lead a rover’s free life.’

‘Never!’ was the fierce, unanimous response of the crew, on whom the words of Seymour had produced a terrible effect.

‘Death! death to the traitor! Death to Alvarez; he is no longer our chief.’

The Spanish brig-of-war was within three miles, her gorgeous colors plainly in view, when the schooner was put before the wind, and in a few moments showed her superiority in point of sailing.

‘You have now no chief,’ said the wiley young man, again addressing the crew; ‘who from among your ranks will ye choose as your leader.’

For a moment all were silent; each man of the crew gazed around upon his fellows, as if at a loss who should henceforth be their chief. That single moment was one of most intense suspense to Seymour. He dreaded lest their choice should not fall on him. What! if by his own plans, to secure to himself the attainment of the dark ambitious thought that for months had possessed his soul, another should be chosen chief of the bucaniers. The thought to him was a maddening one, and with quivering lips and heaving breast he waited in the response of the crew, on which depended his highest earthly desire.

‘Who but Lenardo should be our chief,’ at length burst in unison from several of the crew. ‘Who but Lenardo, he

who saved us from the treachery of Alvarez?' The next moment the name of Lenardo burst from every mouth, as all hailed their new chief.

When Seymour entered the cabin of the chief he was filled with extreme surprise on beholding a young female magnificently attired reclining upon a couch, her head resting upon a cushion of crimson velvet, in the lap of Alvarez who was regarding her face with looks of extreme fondness. A second glance at her features convinced Seymour that Gaspard and herself were one. The cabin door had been left by accident unlocked; he had surprised them. Both started to their feet as he entered, while a crimsoning blush suffused the face of the woman.

'What wouldst thou?' asked the chief.

'A Spanish brig-of-war is bearing down upon us, now about six miles distant,' answered Seymour.

'Run the schooner within sight of her teeth, and then pay her off before the wind, and show them her name,' was the quick, decided response of Alvarez.

'I am sorry thou art discovered sweet Adelaide,' said the chief, as Seymour left the cabin, to the blushing woman at his side. 'But Lenardo is true, with him our secret is safe.'

Ha, ha, little dreamed he that Lenardo was false. Little thought he of being a victim to his treachery.

'Ha! what means that shout,' he exclaimed suddenly, 'I hear the name of Lenardo shouted loudly, I must on deck.'

Ha, hn, little dreamed he of the fate that awaited him: so falsely betrayed—that, that shout was his death knell. As he ascended the companion-way to the deck he was suddenly seized by four or five of the crew, who brandished menacingly their sharp poinards.

'Hell-hounds! what means this?' he said in a terrible voice, as recovering from his surprise, he struggled in vain to free himself from those who held him.

'Release me, devils! or dread the vengeance of Alvarez,' he again said, exerting himself with fearful strength to break free.

'By heavens! 'tis the first time ye have ever dared to disregard my words. Ye have ever trembled at them till now.'

'They will fear you no more, traitor,' said Seymour in a fierce tone, advancing

toward him, 'you are no longer master here; I am now the bucanier chief.'

The betrayed chief cast at him a terrible withering look.

'False, distardly wretch,' he exclaimed in a voice of unbounded rage, while the fearful working of his face told the depth of the passion within. 'By treachery you have attained your ambitious desire, but you are not chief till I am dead.'

'To death with the traitor!' said Seymour, madly. 'Bury your steels deep in his heart! Strike!'

A dozen blades pierced him; he fell to the deck a bleeding corse. A fearful shriek was at that instant heard, and springing up the companion-way, Adelaide, the corsair's mistress, fell death-like upon his bloody corse.

'Bear her below,' said Seymour to the men who stood gazing with surprise upon her who had always passed for the pirate's son.—'She has been the mistress of one chief, she shall be the mistress of another,' he continued in a low tone as the lifeless form of the woman was borne from the deck.

'I am now your chief as ye one and all proclaimed me,' said Seymour to the horde around him. 'Let every man dip the blood of yonder traitor with his poinard. Now swear to be as true to me as ye were to him, till he proved false to you—swear!'

'We swear!' was the deep response, while in the right hand of every man was held aloft the ensanguined blade.

'And I swear to be true to you, or may his doom be mine.'

CHAPTER IV.

With a heavy shot attached to each of his hands and feet the betrayed and murdered chief was cast into the sea. Thus ended his career, and with his death began the dark and fearful career of William Seymour, or Lenardo, by which name he was known among the bucaniers.

The schooner was now put away for the secret inlet, then about two days sail distant. During a short stay here, an outside covering of canvass closely fitting the hull of the schooner was prepared. This in a very short space of time could be drawn over the hull, effecting a com-

plate and effectual disguise. It was painted a bright green, with a narrow red line, and descended a short distance into the water, laying close to the vessel's sides. The vessel's name was changed by Seymour and called the Black Vulture, and the blood-red flag gave place to one wrought by his own hands, for a description of which see 'Rival Brothers.'—A short time and the Black Vulture was coursing the blue waves of the Atlantic, which Seymour had determined should be the field of his future career.

The first prize of the pirate was a large and heavily freighted East Indiaman, which was captured within four days sail of New York. The Indiaman was fully and ably manned, and her crew fought long and desperately in her defence, but were compelled at length to yield, to the overpowering force of the pirates, but not until the gory corpses of two-thirds their number were strewn upon the bloody deck. Among those who had fought in defence of the ship was a young man named Edward Elmore, a passenger in the ill-fated vessel. He had been for several years a resident in the east; had married the only daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of India. With his fair, young bride, and a young and lovely babe, he had embarked in the 'Oriental' for his native land. When aware that the ship was brought too by pirates, he had left his weeping, agonized bride for the deck of the Indiaman, and offered his aid in the fearful contest. With his own hand he had sent four of the pirates to their last account. He had fought hand to hand with the bucanier chieftain, and wounded him, but in warding a furious blow his blade was shattered to the hilt, and he stood defenceless, and at the mercy of the chief, whose gory blade circling above his head threatened his instant doom. The sweeping cutlass descended, but harmed him not.

'I spare you,' said the chief in a terrible voice, as the point of his weapon, dripping with blood, touched the deck: 'I spare you for now.'

He was spared; but for a fate far worse than that which had threatened him; for agonies far more terrible than death's. Better had the reeking blade of the pirate pierced his brain, than to have spared

him then. Leaving the young man in the hands of several of his crew, the pirate chief descended below. On deck the scene was horrible: covered with blood and strewn with bleeding, ghastly corpses. What few remained of the ship's crew were entirely at the mercy of the pirates, who, begrimed and blackened with powder, and besmeared with blood, resembled more a troop of fiends than human beings.

Beside young Elmore and his wife, there were a number of passengers in the ship, among whom were several females, who were subjected to the most brutal violence, by the pirates, before the very eyes of their fathers, brothers or husbands, who mourned but dared not murmur. Every jewel, or ornament of any kind or value, about their persons they were robbed of, and commanded to deliver up all valuables they were otherwise possessed of.—Heart-rending cries of the females, and vain appeals for mercy, mingled with the loud vociferous oaths of the pirates, filled the cabin.—Amid this scene, Seymour entered the splendid cabin of the Indiaman. The terrified females threw themselves at the feet of the pirate chief, and with clasped hands, and upturned faces, with burning tears gushing from their eyes, and with voices choked with anguish, they begged for mercy. But in vain were their supplications. With a face unmoved, and heart of stone, Seymour gazed for a moment upon the agonized beings around him, then turned from the cabin into a state-room, from which he soon passed into another, and another, till at last, he came to one the door of which was locked. Low, suppressed sobs came to his ear from within. He listened for a moment, then lightly rapped at the door. In a moment, he again rapped, and louder than before. His summons received no notice.

'Unlock this door!' he said in a loud, fierce tone, again rapping.

His summons was not obeyed. One blow from the pirate's cutlass, and the door flew open. As he entered, a young and lovely woman with a beautiful infant clasped to her breast, threw herself, weeping, at his feet.

'Oh spare me! spare me!' she cried

in a voice of deepest anguish. 'Spare my babe, my infant boy.'

Seymour gazed for a moment at the fair being at his feet with a look, not of pity, but of fierce, unhallowed passion. His lighted eye, his quivering lip, and flushed countenance, bespoke the fiend within.

'By Heaven! this is loveliness,' he exclaimed to himself, gazing with deep passion into the face of the kneeling woman. 'Never before, have my eyes beheld such beauty. By heaven, she shall be mine, and mine only.'

'Rise, fair lady,' said he taking her fair white hand, and speaking in a tone of voice that belied his heart; 'rise, no harm shall come to thee or thy babe.'

The beautiful woman rose to her feet. Beautiful in form and feature; beautiful in sorrow, she stood before the pirate chief, a model of all that was lovely.—Better had nature never granted her such beauty.

'Thou hast said no harm shall come to my child, or me; but has harm come to my husband, my Edmund. Oh! tell me, quickly.'

'Thy husband? then thou art the mother of this child.'

'I am.'

'Thy husband! was he young, fair in look, and brave of heart?'

'Twas so I thought of him.'

Seymour gazed down for a moment in silence.

'I fear my lady he is slain,' he at length said in a tone of compassion he felt not.

'Slain! Oh God! my Edmund, my Edmund dead. No, no, 'tis false, he is not dead! You do not mean it; you but trifle with me.'

'Lady, I have spoken as I believe.'

'Oh heaven! is it so? Edmund, my loved, loved Edmund dead! and this poor babe left fatherless? Oh! would to God!—but 'tis His will.'

Clasping her infant closely to her breast, the young mother sank upon a couch, and gave way to the wildest paroxysm of grief. The beautiful infant boy smiled sweetly, unconscious of its mother's sorrow. Any but a heart of stone would have melted. The bucanier gazed at the lovely, sorrowing woman, but his face betrayed no emotion: his

eye relaxed not its guilty, fearful light. He spoke:—

'Lady, this wild grief befits thee not: cheer up. Thou mayst yet be happy.—Beauty such as thine should not be wasted in sorrow. Lady, thou hast lost thy husband, but gained a lover. Nay, start not. I love thee. Wouldst thou wed me, wealth untold, shall be at thy command.'

'Oh stay the words in the name of Heaven cease—murderer. Away!—away.' Frantic was her grief.

'Hold, lady, calm your grief. I did but jest with thee to try thy love. Methinks thy husband lives.'

'Lives! oh. say you so; my Edmund lives? Then shall I again behold him? again clasp him in my arms. Oh, lead me to him, quickly, if you would not crush the hope you have given life, within this bosom.' And she cast herself imploringly at the feet of the bucanier.

'Lady, he is my prisoner; I had spoken his doom; but you shall see him,—shall save him.'

'Oh! lead me then quickly to him, if I can save him.'

'On one condition you can see him, and save him.'

As he spoke her gaze met his. An expression of terrible meaning she read in his gaze. A fearful thought she realized.

'The condition—name it,' she said in a tremulous voice, her cheeks blanched to the hue of death.

'Wed me, and he is saved.'

'Never! monster. Thou hast doomed him, thou shalt doom me. And were it my doom to linger and perish besides the corse of him I love, I would embrace the doom, ay, cling to his corse till death, rather than wed thee.'

Her flashing eye, impassioned words, and looks of the bitterest scorn, produced no effect upon the fiend before her, other than it brought a smile to his face.

'Nay; but it shall not be so. I will yet win thee.' He advanced towards her.

'Back, back, touch me not,' she shrieked.

His hand was laid upon her. Quicker than thought she plucked forth from his belt a jeweled dagger he carried there.

Now I am saved: now I am free!

she said, as the pirate started back at this sudden, unexpected act. 'Advance one step nearer me, and I free myself and babe forever from your power; my death be upon your head.'

Spirited and determined were the words of the beautiful woman, as she stood with the dagger raised in her right hand, above her bosom and her child. Seymour gazed at her for a moment with a kindling eye, then said,

'By heaven! thou hast nerve, and spirit too. Ha, ha! thou art well fit to be a corsair's bride, and thou shalt be; I swear it.'

He sprang toward her. That moment sealed her fate. Quick as lightning the dagger descended into the bosom of her child, and ere the arm of the pirate could stay her's, the reeking blade was buried to the hilt in her heaving bosom. Mother and child fell lifeless to the floor. Freed by death from dishonor, and beautiful even in death, lay the wife of Edmund Elmore, weltering in her life's blood.

CHAPTER V.

Foiled in his damnable design, and muttering an oath, the pirate stooped down, and bending over the bleeding corpse of his victim, grasped the hilt of the dagger to draw it forth. As he did so a piercing cry of wildest agony smote his ear.

'Oh God! my wife, my child!' were the words of young Elmore, uttered in a startling tone of horror as he at that moment sprang into the room. With a wild cry he sprang towards his murdered wife, and then, as if withheld by some unseen hand, he stood motionless and immovable, a statue of marble. The point of the cutlass he carried pierced the floor; the hilt was firmly grasped in his right hand, while his left was buried in the flowing locks of his hair. His face was dreadfully pale; his lips colorless and quivering; his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, so intense was their gaze. He stood—the picture of despair; and as he gazed at the corpse before him, his look was terrible. Thus he stood for a moment, as if chained immoveably to the floor. Suddenly the spell that bound him was broken; his face relaxed the fearful, rigid look; and life, which seemed to have

He sank to the floor, beside the corpse of her he so fondly loved, and clasping her hands within his, exclaimed in a voice of anguish:—

'Louise, Louise, my loved, loved wife, awake! speak, thou art not dead! 'Tis Edmund, oh speak! Live, oh live for him; my heart's loved idol.'

In agony he pressed her hands within his own; kissed her cold fingers; to her lips, yet warm, he pressed his. Yet no answer came from the lips of his loved Louise. Her sweet voice he never again would hear. Again and again he pressed those lips that had oft returned the kiss, but were now sealed forever. He laid his hand upon her fair brow—the seal of death was there; then, upon her heart—but no life was there. His babe lay dead upon its mother's breast, over which its life's blood welled. He placed his lips to its face, it was cold, and he shuddered as he gazed.

'Oh God!' he exclaimed in agonizing woe, 'my wife, my child, my infant boy—dead!—both dead. Oh God! was this thy will?'

Burying his face in his hands, upon the bosom of his wife, he gave way to the most poignant and heartrending grief. Suddenly he started; drew forth the dagger from the breast of the corpse, and grasping the cutlass that lay beside him, he sprang to his feet; changed, fearfully changed. Casting one look at the bodies of his wife and child he turned to the bucanier, who had stood with folded arms, a few paces from him during the sad scene. A devilish smile played round the lips of the pirate as he met the gaze of the young man.

'Monster! inhuman, hell-born fiend! this is thy work; this is thy deed. Look there!—if thou hadst a heart, 'twould melt at the sight. Thy myrmidons themselves, accustomed as they are to scenes of cruel slaughter and blood-shed would weep at this sad sight. But thou, fiend incarnate! canst look with an un pitying eye, and unmoved face. But thy crimes are done; thy deeds are ended. By heaven; vengeance shall now be mine.' With a force which desperation alone could give, he sprang with uplifted cutlass upon Seymour, who received the fierce blow upon the edge of his own weapon, but so powerful and instantane-

ous was the shock, that he staggered several paces back, and with a vain effort to recover himself, fell prostrate to the floor. With one foot upon the breast of the pirate, young Elmore stood; a faint smile played on his lips as he gazed down upon him. With a nerveless arm he raised his cutlass. One moment, and his revenge would be completed. Poised above his head for a moment, his weapon fell; but an interposing blade received the blow intended for the pirate chief, and saved his life.

At that very instant young Elmore was seized in the powerful grasp of several of the pirates who had been drawn thither by the clash of weapons, and the heavy fall of their chief, who now freed, rose to his feet, and in a voice of unutterable rage, said,

'Bind him quickly, and convey him to the schooner. Let him not escape on your lives. I have to do with him.'

His order was quickly obeyed, the unhappy young man was conveyed on board the pirate schooner, immediately followed by Seymour and his crew. Their inhuman work was ended. The ship had been thoroughly rummaged by the pirates, and as much of the most valuable part of the cargo as could be conveniently stowed away in the schooner had been taken by them. The schooner was now cleared from the ship, and in an hour was lost to view.

It was noon on the following day, that Seymour was pacing the deck of the schooner; an angry flush o'erspread his face, and his countenance betrayed the existence of some terrible thought within. Suddenly, in a fierce tone, he ordered a boat, which had been taken away from the Oriental, to be lowered away, and a running noose to be affixed to the fore yard arm. The orders of the chief were quickly obeyed.

'Now the prisoner—bring him upon deck.'

A moment elapsed, and young Elmore, led by two of the pirates, stood upon the deck. With an unfaltering step he walked between the two ruffians, to within a few feet of where the chief stood. His face bore the stamp of deepest sorrow, yet he gazed with an undaunted eye into the face of the bucanier; and as he caught sight of the yard arm a slight

smile parted his lips, and he sent at the monster before him a calm, yet scornful look of defiance. He knew he was doomed; yet his eye quailed not; he scorned to betray fear or emotion.

'Young man,' said Seymour in a chilling tone, 'you are to die! your death alone will appease those by whom you are surrounded. Four of my crew, who but yesterday walked this deck, were slain by you; and now your time has come.—But you shall have the choice of the manner of your death. It was for this I sent for you.'

Taking forth a small phial filled with a colorless liquid, and holding it forth in his hand, Seymour said,

'This contains the deadliest poison; one drop, and life is fled. This, the yard arm, or an open boat, are the three alternatives, of which you will have your choice. Decide quickly.'

The eye of young Elmore rested for a moment upon the phial containing the fatal poison—one drop brought sure and speedy death. He glanced his eye aloft; the yard arm with its dangling noose met his gaze. Death there was as sure as from the poison, yet not so instantaneous, and far more terrible to the mind. He thought of the boat, adrift upon the open sea, with starvation, the most horrible of deaths, staring him in the face. Yet here was a ray of hope—faint, yet it was hope. For a moment he thought. His choice was made.

'Have you decided?' asked the chief.

'I have.'

'Your choice?'

'The boat.'

'Tis well! Yet methinks my choice would not have been thine. Comrades, he has made his choice. The boat, away with him.

Instantly the young man was seized and thrust over the side of the schooner into the boat.

'But am I to have no food?' he asked, as the fiends were about to cast the boat adrift.

'None!' answered Seymour.

'Water?'

'None,' he answered, with a fiendish smile upon his lips, as he leaned with folded arms against the bulwarks.

'Inhuman monster, this is worse than death.'

'It was thy choice,' said Seymour, in a heartless tone; 'tis too late to retract.'

'Be it so, fiend; but I will yet live for revenge.'

Seymour with his own hand cast the boat adrift; as he did so, a flask of wine was thrust into the hand of young Elmore, by one of the crew, the only one among them who betrayed a look of pity. This caught the quick eye of the chief, and a terrible frown darkened his brow.—Drawing a pistol from his belt, he fired, and he who had been guilty of pity, fell to the deck a corpse.

'That for thy interference, fool?' he exclaimed in a voice of rage, as he returned the smoking instrument of death to his belt. 'He'll make food for the sharks; over with him,' he continued in a fierce tone. 'Such be the fate of all who meddle with my purposes.'

Elmore uttered an exclamation of horror as the corpse sank in the waves at the side of the boat, and in a voice that smote the hearts of all on board the schooner, exclaimed,

'May God's curse descend on you in your dying hour, for this.'

A moment more and the schooner was beyond the reach of his voice. A short time, and the boat was but a spec upon the ocean, then was lost to the sight.—With naught to protect him from the chilling air of night, or shield him from the burning heat of day; without one morsel of food, one draught of water, was young Elmore left to his fate.

Such were the scenes that marked the first capture of the *Black Vulture*. Such were the deeds that commenced the fearful and bloody career of William Seymour. From that time, and for nearly a year, the *Black Vulture* ploughed the Atlantic, the curse and scourge of its waters: and of her terrible fame we have alluded to at some length in the *Rival Brothers*. Seymour had hoisted the free flag in defiance of all others; but towards the stars and stripes was his enmity the more exclusively directed. He had sworn himself forever an enemy to the flag of his country. He had sworn to become a terror to the Atlantic. His oath was kept.

For nearly a year, until the breaking out of the war, was his career marked by

crimes of the darkest dye. Bloodshed and rapine everywhere followed his appearance. Favored by the superior speed of his schooner, as also the disguise he had prepared for her, he roamed the Atlantic with impunity, and many and fearful were his piracies; till at length, with the commencement of the war, the *Black Vulture* disappeared from the waters.

CHAPTER VI.

THE war between the two countries had been a year carried on, when towards the close of one of the loveliest days of summer, an American privateer schooner entered and came to anchor within the broad bay of the harbor of New York. At her peak floated the stars and stripes. At her main waved a small white flag, in the centre of which was represented the letter 'R.'

A thousand eyes had watched the schooner from the first moment she hove in sight, till she came to anchor in the bay, when a thousand voices swelled high upon the air, with repeated cheers. The schooner was of the most beautiful model, and commanded praise from every lip. Her hull was painted a bright green, beautifully relieved by a narrow red ribbon around her waist. Her snow-white topsails, furled with all the nicety and precision of those of a man-of-war, contrasted vividly with the dead black hue of her yards and masts. The schooner had been half an hour at anchor, when a boat was lowered over her side, and in a moment put off from her. Upon one of the slips, amongst the numerous spectators who had been watching the privateer, stood Fitz Alwyn, arm-in-arm with a young associate.

'Ned, I believe she is making for this slip,' said Fitz Alwyn to his companion, pointing to the boat now half way between the schooner and the slip, and making as he said towards the latter.

His conjecture was right, but a few moments elapsed, ere the boat touched at the slip, and a young man, neatly clad in a pair of snow-white flowing pants, and round blue jacket, leaped lightly in the midst of the spectators, who gave way to the right and left, allowing him a passage. As he passed through their midst, his eye glanced round upon the hundreds

whose gaze was fixed on him, as if he sought recognizance. He had nearly cleared the crowd, when his eye fell upon one, who started as he met his gaze.

'Fitz Alwyn!' he exclaimed, springing toward the young man and grasping both his hands, 'Fitz Alwyn, is this you? By Heaven! you are the one above all others, whom I most wish to see.'

'Good God! is this Bill Seymour?' exclaimed Fitz Alwyn, in a tone that expressed the deepest surprise. 'It is, as I live.'

'You have guessed aright,' said the other, 'but my name, not so loud here if you please. How is this, Fitz?' he asked gazing at the young man from head to foot, 'I see you don't sport the navy blue. How is it? Has Uncle Sam graciously presented you, your time, in consideration of past services, or did you leave him without his leave.'

'Why, to tell the truth, Bill, that little affair of ours, by some means got wind, and some terribly knowing ones, asserting their suspicion that I had to do with it, made quarters rather too hot for me, so to save Uncle Sam the disagreeable duty of discharging me, I discharged myself. Several days after, I had the agreeable pleasure of reading in one of the prints, of one George Fitz Alwyn being cashiered from the U. S. N.'

'Ha, ha, ha; that pleasure was mine once; but I've had—' and he whispered in the ear of Fitz Alwyn—'revenge. But enough; Fitz, an hour before midnight meet me at Black Ben's. Will you?'

'An hour before midnight, yes I will.'

The two young men now parted, and Seymour walking rapidly through several streets, turned at last into a narrow and darkened lane, through which he proceeded cautiously, and feeling his way in the dark, till at length he stopped, and knocked at the door of a low building, from which a faint light streamed from a half opened shutter, into the dark lane.

'Who's there?' asked a gruff voice in answer to the summons of the young man.

'Open the door, and you will know,' answered Seymour, impatiently.

A bolt was withdrawn, and the door was opened by a tall, ungainly negro, with a visage ugly and almost frightfully black. He looked for a moment at

Seymour with an ugly frown upon his brow, but it soon relaxed, and a broad grin beset his face, revealing a row of well set teeth of pearly whiteness.

'De Lord! Massa William, dis you. De Lord bress me, if ever I 'spec to see you 'gen.'

Grasping the young man by the arm, he drew him within, and bolted the door.

'Lord bress you, Massa William, where you come from. Ya, ya, old Ben lubbs to see old friends; old Ben lub Massa William.'

'I know it,' responded Seymour, 'you are the same old boy; black as ever, and have the same good heart. But Ben I'm here on business now. I want a room, and pen, ink and paper. Here, take this.'

He placed in the negro's palm a shining, yellow coin. The eyes of the black sparkled as he received the coin, and he exclaimed in a voice of pleasure,

'You shall hab 'em, Massa William; you shall hab 'em. Room, pen, ink, paper, you shall hab 'em. Massa William cum wid me.'

Seymour followed the black into a small room, where in a few moments were set before him the materials he had requested.

'An hour before midnight, Ben,' said he to the negro as he was about to leave the room, 'Fitz will be here to see me. Bring him here when he comes.'

'Massa Fitz; he cum see me berry offin. I bring Massa Fitz here when he cum.'

At the appointed hour, Fitz Alwyn repaired to the house of Black Ben, and was shown by that personage into the room with Seymour. As he entered, Seymour grasped his hands and shook them heartily, and after gazing into his face for a moment, said,

'You are the self same Fitz, as you were two years ago, when I last saw you. The self same, care-for-nothing expression is now upon your face, as when we parted. And that smile—Fitz you were born to be happy. But Fitz, tell me, how does the world go with thee. Does fortune smile or frown; is she lavish, or does she withhold her gifts?'

'Dame Fortune and myself are hand-in-hand. I have long followed in her train,' said Fitz Alwyn.

'And how does she use thee?'

'Well. A cool thousand she has yielded me this night, since three hours ago we met. And he spread out upon the table before them, notes and glittering coin to that amount.

'Fortune, indeed, has smiled upon you to-night; to-morrow, and she'll play thee false. Fitz, thou art her slave—a bound slave to her. You should lead a freer life than this. One like mine.'

'Privateering,' said Fitz Alwyn in a tone half inquiring, and half sneer.

'The privateer wars with the flag her country wars with, there are freer flags afloat, Fitz

Seymour spoke this significantly, and as he spoke, he bent his keen gaze upon Fitz Alwyn who uttered a single exclamation—'Ha!' he glanced his eye at Seymour, and a sudden, dark suspicion, flashed through his brain.

'Seymour, what mean you?'

'Mean! that there are flags that war with all others. Such a one is mine. Is my meaning now taken?'

'It is. By Heaven! you mean you are a—pirate.'

'If thou canst not find a term more courteous, why, call me—pirate.'

Springing back several paces, Fitz Alwyn gazed with a look of the deepest surprise at Seymour, while yet an expression of doubt rested on his face.

'Fitz, have you ever heard of the Black Vulture,' asked Seymour in a deep significant tone of voice, fixing his piercing gaze upon his companion.

'The Black Vulture? I have, and who has not?'

'Did you ever see her?'

'No.'

'You have. Fitz, I will speak plain, and boldly before you. I am her commander; and she lies at anchor not a mile from here.'

'Good heavens is this so? You the commander of the Black Vulture—the terror of the Atlantic.'

'Aye! How would you like the life we lead; free rovers of the sea.'

'Well! by Heaven!' exclaimed Fitz Alwyn, his eyes flashing with animation as he spoke.

'Will you join me? you shall have the second command of the Black Vulture.'

'I will. I am yours,' said Alwyn off-

ering his hand to Seymour. It was hastily grasped by him, who said,

'Fitz, we are now one. I have placed myself wholly in your power. I am yours; you can betray me or not, as you will, yet I ask no oath of you, to keep the secret. It was solely to find you, that I came here. I have you, and as I wished; I have that in my mind which can only be accomplished by your aid. Can I rely upon it?'

'You can.'

'Then listen. Fitz, I loved, passionately, aye, madly loved a fair and beautiful maiden. I had a rival—a hated rival; he was my brother. To him she gave her heart, to me, who loved as fondly, no love was returned. The maddening truth, that she loved not me but him, I heard from her own lips. I left her while within me rankled the deepest hatred toward my brother. I swore to thwart him in his love. I sought her, and would have ruined her, but hesaved her. I fled, but swore terrible revenge. Fitz Alwyn, she must and shall be mine.'

The eyes of Seymour flashed with terrible fire, as he spoke, and his clenched fist struck heavily the table, at which, both were seated.

CHAPTER VII.

'Tis now two years since I left home; and since then they have not heard of me, save of my death'—

'Your death?' exclaimed Fitz Alwyn, with surprise.

'Aye! they think me dead. List; a year ago and more, in New Orleans, I was challenged, I fought and killed my man. He was a stranger there; none knew him, or me. I gave my name for his, and so it was reported. In a disguised hand I wrote my brother, informing him of his brother's death. The letter was received, as I learned afterward. One year ago, I was in Boston, a short time after this war commenced. There I saw my father, and also her, whom I once loved. I saw my brother—my hated rival in love. I whispered one sentence in his ear that thrilled the blood to his very heart. I had but uttered it, when he turned. His eye met mine, but he knew me not. That sentence paralyzed for a time all bright thoughts with-

in. It was a meaning one and has yet to be fulfilled. Wouldst thou know it? it was this—

‘The hawk is on the wing; let the timid dove beware its stoop.’

Such were the words I whispered him, just as he was leaving the pier on which I stood for a schooner that lay anchored beyond—a privateer; her name, it was the *Flying Arrow*, and he, as I learned, was her commander and owner, from his father. I saw the schooner depart; she was a beautiful craft, and had she been modelled after mine, that lay anchored—disguised as she now is, within pistol shot of her—two crafts could not have been more like. I would have followed—would have fought him, but his schooner was manned by a hundred men, I had but forty. For twice that number, I would have given worlds, had I possessed them. Revenge was beyond me then; I will seek it now at my soul’s peril.—Ere three suns have set the *Black Vulture* shall be anchored in Boston Bay. My brother is doubtless, now upon the ocean; if he is, Clara Wildon is mine.’

‘How, and by what means will you accomplish this?’ asked Fitz Alwyn.

‘Easily, and by the means of these,’ answered Seymour, throwing down as he spoke, three letters upon the table, each bearing a superscription. ‘Listen; your name, Fitz Alwyn, had often been spoken at home, as a friend, both by Warren and myself, and is familiar with those to whom these letters are directed. They are written in my brother’s hand, and by heaven! he himself would own the writing, and yet forswear it. My plan is this. You are to have the command of the *Rambler*, as I call my schooner when in disguise. You noticed her hull was painted green.’

‘I did.’

It is but a covering, that hides the blackest hull that floats the sea. But, as I said, in this enterprise you are to have the command of the privateer schooner *Rambler*, and run her into Boston Bay. These letters you will deliver as they are directed. One to my father, one to the father of Clara Wildon, and the other to Clara herself. Her’s is a tender epistle of love: love, ha, ha.’

Seymour laughed bitterly as he spoke

and tossing the letters to Fitz Alwyn, said,

‘You can read them all, and then I will seal the one to her. I have written them this evening and had but finished her’s, as you entered. These letters,’ continued Seymour, as Fitz Alwyn finished them, ‘will gain for you the most cordial friendship, from those who receive them, filled as they are, with warmest praise from Warren, from whom they purport to be. These delivered, you must make the most of the friendship tendered you, to be the most successful. After several days have passed, inform your friends that you will have to sail, on some near approaching day; and invite them, as a special favor tendered them, on board the *Rambler* for a pleasure trip. Invite a goodly number, and fail not in obtaining the consent of Clara Wildon to be of the number. Once upon the deck of the *Black Vulture* she is mine, and forever. Such Fitz Alwyn is my plan. You have now heard all I have to say. You now know me, and my purpose—are you mine in this, or will you retract.’

‘Retract! no, by Heaven, I am yours, I like the game, and long to begin the play, were it this very night.’

‘You shall not long wait; ere to-morrow’s sunset the privateer schooner *Rambler* shall be on the way to Boston. What time do you require to make all necessary arrangements for leaving New York?’

‘Twelve hours,’ answered Fitz Alwyn.

‘Well! meet me then to-morrow at noon, at the slip we met to-night, or rather last, for ’tis morning now. I had not dreamed the time so far advanced.’ As he spoke, Seymour drew forth an elegant gold repeater. ‘Three o’clock. An hour past midnight I had ordered my men to come for me where they landed me—they wait for me, Fitz, remember, to-morrow noon, I will be there for you.’

Both now left the house of Black Ben, and separated, till the morrow, when at the hour appointed, Fitz Alwyn repaired to the slip, where were in waiting, Seymour and half dozen of his crew, with a boat into which he stepped and in a few moments stood upon the deck of the *Black Vulture*.

'Come below, Fitz,' said Seymour, taking the arm of the young man. 'You must see the cabin. Get the schooner under way,' he ordered, as he descended the companion-way.

As Fitz Alwyn entered the cabin, he was struck with astonishment at the lavish splendor that met his gaze, and he uttered an exclamation of wonder. The cabin of the *Black Vulture* was furnished in a style of gorgeous splendor and magnificence, that would have done honor to the Seraglio of an Eastern prince.

'What think you of my cabin,' asked Seymour after a few moments silence.

'Had I been taken here without knowledge of where I was, I should have sworn it was the boudoir of a queen, rather than the cabin of a—'

'Speak it out, Fitz; you mean the cabin of a pirate craft, do you not? ha, ha. You have paid it a compliment. Fitz, how think you it will please the taste of the fair Clara.'

'Why, as to the luxurious splendor that is here, a queen might be content.—But a bird ensnared, and imprisoned within a gilded cage, would pine for liberty: leave it but a chance to escape and it would quickly leave the gilded prison house for freedom and the green woods again.'

'Sentimental, Fitz, but right I suppose,' said Seymour with a laugh, 'but there is no refuge upon the broad blue sea, if once the bird is imprisoned here.'

'Aye! but first catch the bird; then keep it,' said Fitz Alwyn in a tone that savored slightly of railery.

'Well! I've set the snare; catch the game if I can. But come let us on deck, the schooner is in motion.' So saying both left the cabin.

The schooner was well under way as they came on deck: and at sunset of the second day afterward was anchored in Boston Harbor. The arrival of the privateer schooner *Ramble*, the introduction of Fitz Alwyn, the delivery of the forged letters; and the too successful termination of the damnable plot of William Seymour for the abduction of Clara Wildon, have already been recounted in the chapters of the foregoing story to which this is a sequel; as also the sham mutiny on board the *Black Vulture*, and her de-

Seymour, on board, and the power of the pirate.

When torn from her father by the two ruffian pirates, she swooned, and was conveyed below to the cabin, where was Fitz Alwyn, who had been released as soon as he was taken from the deck. Depositing the lifeless form of Clara Wildon upon a couch, the two men were peremptorily ordered to leave the cabin by Fitz Alwyn, who instantly proceeded, by every means devised, to restore the inanimate form of the young maiden to consciousness. He chafed her snow-white hands, laved her temples, and the most powerful aromatic drugs he applied to her nostrils, but without the slightest effect. For a time his efforts were unavailing. The seal of death seemed set forever upon her fair brow. When suddenly a slight shudder ran through her frame, followed by a violent trembling—a fearful start—and her eyes opened, and with a wild vacant stare she gazed round the apartment.

'Oh God! where am I,' she wildly exclaimed. 'That dream—oh, it was a horrible dream. Methought I was torn from my father, by savage men—but this place, it is strange to me,' and again she gazed round the room: her eyes fell upon Fitz Alwyn who had started back when first she had revived.

'Fitz Alwyn!' she exclaimed, springing to her feet, 'you here? then it was no dream. Oh God! it is reality. My father, oh where is he? Oh tell me, is he safe? is he unharmed?'

'He is,' said Fitz Alwyn, touched by the deep concern manifested by Clara Wildon as to her father's fate.

'Thank God! he is safe!' she exclaimed, 'but save me; oh! save me, Fitz Alwyn, from these dreadful men.'

'I will, lady, I swear it.'

'But you were thrown to the deck and bound, and now are free.'

'It was so, Miss Wildon,' said Fitz Alwyn, drawing near to hear, and speaking in a low voice, 'It was the work of treachery. Listen to me, you shall know all. It was through my agency, monster that I am, that you were placed here, and in the power of one who seeks, aye, one who has sworn your ruin. Who he is, you may not know, but shall ere long.—I lent my aid in this foul play, freely, as you see. Oh! that I had withdrawn

it, ere it was too late. Nay, reproach me not, fair lady, I would have saved thee—'

'Yes, when too late,' said Clara bitterly, casting at the young man a bitter, reproachful look.

'It was too late, indeed, but the order to tack and run the schooner for the city, was upon my lips, when the signal for the foul outrage was given. The order were useless then, I should have betrayed my purpose, and been without the power to befriend you now. As it was, I had well nigh lost all, when I gave the lie to him, who was interrogated by your father as to whether I had aught to do with the base deed. Happily, it was mistaken by him who had command of this vessel, for an effort of mine, to bear the whole responsibility of the deed, and leave no room for suspicion to fall on any other. What I thought had betrayed me, proved to have made a favorable, though mistaken impression upon one, who, had he a thought that I would play him false, would order me, without the slightest hesitation, to swing at the yard arm. Yet I have played him false; he knows not, that I have sworn to frustrate his damnable design.'

CHAPTER VIII.

'Who is he, of whom you speak?' asked Clara of Fitz Alwyn.

'Not now, but to-morrow I will inform you,' answered he, 'I must now depart. But remember Miss Wildon in me you have a friend. No harm shall come to you while Fitz Alwyn breathes. Six hours ago I was his friend, now I am his sworn enemy, and thy friend; you will rest here to-night without fear. There is none who dare enter here, but one, and he will not this night, and never, if I can prevent it. To-morrow morn, I will be here again;—rest and fear not.'

Fitz Alwyn left the cabin. Left alone Clara threw herself upon the couch, and burst into tears.

'Oh cruel, cruel fate!' she exclaimed in her grief; 'why was I torn from my home, from my only parent, whose grief is perhaps now greater than mine. My father! oh, why was I torn from thee? perhaps forever! the thought is torture. Oh, Warren! why were you not there to save! In whose power I am I know not;

yet I fear—yes I mistrust Fitz Alwyn, alone was the author of this deed. His words to me I fear were false. The one of whom he speaks, I believe none other than himself, yet he spoke with the semblance of earnest truth. He said that he aided; but was not the originator. He says he is my friend; that no harm shall befall me, while he lives. May Heaven grant him the power, if his words are true, to protect me. Oh God! if he has spoken false; I fear a dreadful fate awaits me; I know not what. Oh cruel, unaccountable destiny—but I should not murmur: 'tis the will of One who watches over all.'

She rose from the couch and paced the floor; and gave way to grief she could not banish. Hours she paced the floor of the cabin; rest came not to relieve the sorrowing maiden; sleep closed not her eyes, that long, long night of harrowing grief to her, till breaking morn, when nature, exhausted, by her poignant grief, gave way; she sank into a gradual and profound slumber.

When Fitz Alwyn left the cabin, he went on deck; the sun was down, darkness was fast mantling the waters, and the schooner was flying rapidly before the wind, which swelled every inch of her canvass. He walked forward and met Seymour who accosted him.

'Well, Fitz, the bird is caged, thanks to you. Ha, ha, she is mine now, and none can dispute it. Thus far my revenge is attained. Would to God! I could see my brother when he returns; when he leaves his schooner, proud with the laurels he has won, for the home of his loved, betrothed bride: when he leaves his schooner buoyant with hope and love, to find her, whom he fondly loves, gone! torn from him forever. Ha ha, would I could witness his agony when he learns the fate of Clara Wildon.—Could I but see the burst of frantic, agonizing grief, that will possess his soul and rend asunder all bright hopes within him; then would the hatred that has long rankled within me be assuaged; then would revenge, which has long burned here,' he smote his breast as he spoke, 'be accomplished. Fury!' he exclaimed, suddenly and fiercely, 'I have missed half my revenge. Why did I not reveal myself, when I had my prize secure. and

make known into whose hands she had fallen, that he, my brother might have known. But 'twill be enough for him forever. Ha, ha,' bitterly he laughed, 'Will he not remember the words I whispered him. Will he not think those words of evil omen, fulfilled. But enough! Fitz, how did you leave my fair captive?'

'I left her recovered from her swoon, but overwhelmed with deepest grief,' answered he.

'That of course was to be expected,' said Seymour in a light and heartless voice. 'Fitz, what if I visit her to-night and make myself known.'

'It were not best, I think; wait till her grief somewhat subsides; to-morrow, or it were better, if you would wait longer. To reveal yourself while grief bends her soul nearly to despair; would be a greater shock than her nerves could sustain. Be not now too rash, and foil yourself, Seymour, leave it to me; I will so prepare her mind to receive you, that your first visit shall be not an unwelcome one. 'That it shall be wholly unattended by the slightest fear, or shrinking on her part, which otherwise you might expect. I will tell her of your love;—the first, warm, passionate love you bore her. I will tell her of love unrequited, rejected, that made you what you are. I will tell her, that within your breast love yet brightly for her, as when rejected first.—That if she will but consent to be yours; you renounce from that moment the life you now lead, and devote yourself wholly at the shrine of love, and live but to contribute to her happiness. I will tell her all this, Seymour, and if I do not succeed in getting you into favor, why then you can take your own course: she is in your power.'

'Tell her of my wealth, gold is a talisman, seldom rejected.'

'I will speak of your wealth. Gold has a powerful charm, I know. It has turned the heads of kings. Priests have sold their faith for gold. It has bought Religious converts. It has triumphed over honor. Friendship is but its monitor. Truth has yielded to the irresistible charm. It has turned Justice from its course. It has shut the eyes of the Law ere now. It has compromised the darkest crimes. Gold has done all this, but it never bought the love of woman.'

'It has bought her hand, and her consent, ere now, Fitz,' said Seymour with a light laugh, 'but I leave the management of this affair, to you for a spell, Fitz, as you request it.' He turned and walked aft.

'And I will manage to foil your hellish designs, monster!' exclaimed Fitz Alwyn to himself as Seymour left him. 'To me, she owes her now unhappy lot, and for her safety I will forfeit my own life.'

The sun was just rising the next morn, when Seymour came on deck; he paced it several times, then descended the companion-way and stopped at the door of the cabin. He tried it—it was locked. Placing his hand against the door, he pressed firmly against it for a moment just above a small panel, which as he pressed sank down without noise from sight. He looked for a moment through the aperture, then thrust in his arm and turned the key. Replacing the panel he opened the door and entered. Clara Wildon lay asleep upon the couch before him. He stood still for a moment gazing at her, then noiselessly approached to where she lay. The long dark hair of the young girl was unbound and fell loosely over her shoulder. He hands were clasped across her breast, he long silken eye lashes were moist with tears. Upon her cheek lay trembling a single tear drop; and glistening like a pearl thrown upon carnation's richest bed. Seymour gazed in silence at the lovely maiden before him; a bitter smile of triumph passed his lips.

'She sleeps; I'll not disturb her now, but yet I will not deny myself what she would deny me.'

Bending over her he imprinted upon her lips a kiss. She smiled in her sleep, and in a whispered voice she murmured the name of Warren. A sweet dream was upon her. Seymour drew back.—'No not to Warren, but William,' he uttered in a bitter voice, which betrayed the unutterable hate, with which he heard his brother's name. 'Sleep on, fair maid you are mine, sleep on. Your eyes will never again behold him. Dream on! dream you stand at the altar—his! wake, and find you are—mine. Ha, ha, this is my triumph.'

Bestowing one glance more upon the

sleeping maid, Seymour left the cabin.

Eight days passed away from the time Clara Wildon had been torn from her home, during the greater part of which time, Fitz Alwyn had been in her presence, as Seymour supposed with the view of creating in her mind an interest in his behalf. And as Fitz Alwyn had told him he had succeeded beyond his expectations.

'I have so wrought upon her mind,' said he, 'that I believe she has half forgotten Warren, and would, if you were to make an open and honorable offer, to wed her, I believe, accept it.'

'Do you think so, Fitz? Faith! I have half forgotten my hate, and love her again. I would wed her even now, though I had sworn when in my power, she would sue in vain for that boon. I will see her.'

'Not yet Seymour, I have gained an inch of ground in your favor; be not over hasty and take a foot. Wait, and I shall yet stand at your wedding.'

Thus he had kept him, day after day, from visiting Clara; and held him in suspense. He had informed Clara into whose power she had fallen, of the whole damnable transaction, the success of which, he himself had been instrumental in effecting. At her feet he had begged her forgiveness and received it. He had tried in vain to have Clara receive a visit from Seymour, without betraying her abhorrence of him, as the only means of her safety. He knew that Seymour would not brook much longer delay; and would know that he had played him false. He knew he was bearding the lion in his den; but he had sworn to keep inviolable, the person of Clara Wildon, at the hazard of his own life. He knew that Seymour would reek his vengeance upon him in a terrible manner when assured of his treachery. But for this he was prepared.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the afternoon of the eighth day, a terrible thunder storm had burst upon the Atlantic, and raged with fearful and unabated fury for several hours. The rain fell in unceasing torrents, mingling the waters of the heavens with the briny spray of the ocean waves which dashed in maddening fury, high, as if to rear their snowy-crested tops into the

blackened, frowning heavens above. The lightning was frequent, and its flashes intensely vivid. The thunder burst in fearful and incessant peals, from above, and rolled heavily away.

The pirate schooner under close reefed topsails was driven with fearful velocity over the mountain waves; now borne on the very crest of a towering wave, high aloft; now sinking into the trough of the sea, while high above her reared the snowy crests. Yet like a feather she rode the waves, and seemed to scorn their tumultuous fury. In the cabin of the Black Vulture, upon the couch, with her face buried in her hands and in a posture half reclining was Clara Wildon. She had always experienced during a thunder storm the most abject terror, and was more dead than alive, with fear. At every flash of lightning that lit the cabin from its two windows, at the stern of the schooner, she would start, and an involuntary exclamation of fear escape her lips. Each successive peal of thunder would send a fearful shudder through her frame. Her sufferings during that terrible storm were intense; alone, with no endearing friends around, imprisoned, and tossed upon the raging waters in that frail vessel, which every succeeding wave that bore upon, threatened with destruction. She had but thrown herself upon the couch, when suddenly at the door of the cabin was heard a loud knock. She started to her feet, but did not approach the door.

'Oh God! if that should be him,' she exclaimed, wringing her hands, while her face betrayed the wildest terror.

Another knock. With a faltering step she approached the door. 'Who is here?' she inquired with deepest agitation in her voice. 'Fitz Alwyn,' was the answer returned from without. Clara turned the key, Fitz Alwyn entered. He closed the door and locked it. 'Miss Wildon,' said he advancing toward her, 'I have come with words, which I now fear to speak.' 'Mercy! is the schooner in danger? Is it that, Fitz Alwyn?' she seized his wrist with a convulsive grasp. The tone of her voice was fearful; for words of Fitz Alwyn had created in imagination a sudden thought of a ble nature.

'No it is not that,' said he, suppressing a slight smile that forced itself to his lips, as her vehement words and look of fear with which she regarded him. 'I have to tell you, Miss Wildon, that Seymour has resolved to see you. I can no longer stay him. He will be here within a few short moments. I have stayed him till now, to further a plan I have in view. For your sake I would have stayed him longer, but could not. He has resolved to see you, and I could as well withhold the hungry tiger from his prey, when about to spring upon it, as Seymour, when he has resolved. You must see him; but in God's name receive him with a slight assumed show of courtesy; if you value ought your life. Promise me that, Miss Wildon, for your own sake, and I will thank you.'

'Never! Fitz Alwyn. To you, for the care you manifest in my behalf, I am sincerely thankful. Your advice, given as you gave it, for my welfare, I cannot accept. Never, will I assume a falsehood, in word, or in bearing. No, Fitz Alwyn, I scorn and abhor William Seymour; and with scorn and abhorrence will I greet him, though the worst should befall me.'

Her form dilated with excitement and her eyes flashed with unwonted fire as she ended. Her spirit, determined words and manner struck Fitz Alwyn with surprise, he seemed for a moment to doubt them; but a gaze at her now glowing face, a glance at her firmly closed lips, convinced him her words were not merely spoken, but sealed with determination.

'If this be your mind; if this is your resolve, may heaven protect you from the power of the pirate Seymour,' said he in a voice that betrayed fear for her safety. 'Here, Miss Wildon, take these, they may be of service to you. Quick, Seymour is already at the door.' He spoke suddenly and in a hurried manner, at the same time tending to Clara, a pistol and dagger. She started back at the sight of the weapons. 'Nay, take them,' said Fitz Alwyn in an earnest manner, 'they will at least save you from dishonor, if you fear to use them in your defence. Consecrate them quickly in the name of heaven.'

'This should fail, the dagger will at least be true,' said he, as Clara took the weapons with fear and trembling.

A slight rap was at that moment heard at the door.

'Remember, Miss Wildon,' said Fitz Alwyn in a low tone, 'I shall be near you; if he offers violence fire the pistol, if you fear to fire upon him, fire at random. I shall hear the report which will be the signal for that which will draw his attention from you on the instant. His conduct here will determine whether he or I is the master of his vessel.'

He now approached the door and opened it. The buccannier chief entered; a smile was upon his face. He advanced toward the trembling Clara, and knelt with one knee bended at her feet.

'Monster! kneel not at my feet,' she exclaimed in a tone that spoke the deep scorn and loathing, with which she beheld him.

Had he knelt upon a writhing viper and felt its deadly sting at his vitals, the pirate would not have started quicker to his feet, than he did at the words of the maiden before him. Mortification and rage was depicted in his face.

'Monster! ha. This was not the appellation I had thought to receive from you, proud one,' said he in a bitter tone, while a smile of fearful expression rested upon his lips. 'Fitz Alwyn how is this?' he turned, but Fitz was gone. He turned again to Clara; his gaze was fiend-like and fearful. He spoke in a bitter, ironical tone, 'if you have no other term for me, proud beauty, why, call me monster; I like the term, it suits me well, as you will find it does. Let me hear it again from those pouting, ruby lips, ere I taste their sweets.—Speak once more the mild term, pretty one. I see how it is,' he said in an altered voice. 'I have been the dupe of Fitz Alwyn. But bitterly will he repent the hour he played me false.' The dark eye of the pirate gleamed fiercely bright as he spoke; and his face was wrought with dreadful passion. 'He has played me false, but it matters not, since he and you, proud beauty, are in my power. What was his purpose, I know not, but it has availed him naught. He has wrought his doom. You, too, shall know your fate; you are mine, and Heaven nor hell shall snatch you from my grasp. Mine, in spite of earthly power, Clara Wildon.'

Terrible was the voice and terrible the

look of the bucanier as he spoke. He advanced a step toward Clara, extending his hand as if to grasp her. She shrunk from his approach.

'Touch me not, thou fiend in form of man! Advance one step nearer me, at your peril,' said she in a spirited voice, casting at him a look of scorn.'

The threatening danger of her situation had roused within her, a courage to confront it, she knew not she possessed. Her eyes flashed brightly as she gazed at the fiend before her. Seymour stood silent for a moment; her manner and words confounded him. Gazing at her for an instant, he sprang toward her, while a derisive laugh escaped his lips. Quicker than thought she drew forth from her bosom the pistol and aimed it at his breast. He sprang to its very muzzle, but quick as lightening darted back. He saw the menacing attitude of the maiden: the pistol aimed at his breast; he laughed not again. He saw she was not the easy victim he thought her. And he muttered a curse, as he gazed upon her; foiled and at her mercy. One movement of her finger would wing a bullet to his heart. He moved slightly.

'Approach one step nearer me, William Seymour, and you peril your life,' said Clara in a firm tone, taking a deadly aim at his breast.

Seymour ground his teeth in rage and his eyes flashed with hellish fire.

'Am I to be thus baffled, and by a woman, no, by all the gods! I'll not,' he exclaimed in a voice of fury. 'I dare the danger.'

He made a sudden, furious spring toward her. The click of the pistol lock was heard, but the pistol missed its fire. Seymour grasped the weapon and dashed it to the floor.

'Ha, ha, you are foiled, and are yet mine,' he exclaimed with a burst of savage joy, as he grasped her form in his arms.

She struggled in vain to free herself from his grasp, when she suddenly drew from her bosom the dagger given her by Fitz Alwyn. She raised the glittering blade above his head. He released her from his hold, and started back, but the point of the weapon aimed with fatal precision slightly pierced his breast, and

flash of lightning, intensely vivid, lit the cabin, and the fearful light seemed to linger for a moment there. The flash was followed instantaneously by a terrific, deafening peal of thunder; as though the very heavens were rent assunder. Clara uttered an exclamation of terror and sank almost fainting to the couch. Seymour started involuntarily as though with fear. Hardly had the terrible burst of the thunder-peal smote his ear, ere the cracking and rending of timber was heard, and on the instant, a fall and crash, that shook the vessel to its very keel. So heavy was the crash, that it seemed to rend the schooner in every joint. With a sudden bound Seymour sprang from the cabin, and darted up the companion-way to the deck. The sight that met his gaze, drew from him an oath and curse too fearful to repeat. The mainmast of the schooner had been struck by the lightning, and was shivered from its head to the deck. The long Tom was torn from its carriage, and was half buried in the deck. The bulwarks on the starboard quarter for a number of feet had been ripped up, and three of the guns lost overboard. Two men lay crushed beneath a portion of the mast. They had met with a sudden and terrible death, and their mangled bodies struck the crew with horror, as they gazed at them. Such was the scene that Seymour beheld. With an oath he fiercely ordered, 'All hands to clear the wreck.' Hardly had the order died upon his lips, ere a cry from the look-out, 'Sail ho!' smote his ear.

'To windward, on our starboard bow,' was the answer returned.

CHAPTER X.

Turning his eyes in that direction, Seymour discerned through the storm a schooner, with reefed topsails, bearing down and not a mile distant. He ordered a glass, and springing into the fore-rigging levelled it at the approaching sail. He had scarcely placed it to his eye, ere he removed it and suddenly exclaimed,

'By all the gods! I should know that craft. 'Tis the Flying Arrow—my brother's. The furies seize him,' he exclaimed fiercely, as he sprang to the deck. 'He is bearing down, thinking we are in danger, and will attack us.'

were I sinking I would not accept from him.—Curse this wreck; where it not for this, I would put to the test the speed of the Flying Arrow. I would leave the wake of the Black Vulture for her to plough, till her keel would wear away in the pursuit. He knows not my craft; the fiends be praised for that. He'll bear down and hail to know if we want aid. He will make not the offer, when he hears my answer, but be off and leave us to make the best of our misfortune.'

The approaching schooner was now within a quarter of a mile, and bearing down with the wind's speed. A few moments more brought her within hailing distance; yet no voice of hail was heard. On she came, dashing aside the salt spray; her bows, now buried to their head in the waves, now rising, and her stern sinking in the hollow of the sea. What his brother's intention could be, the pirate chief could not conjecture. A few fathoms now only separated the two vessels.

'Hell and furies! will he run me down?' wildly exclaimed the bucanier; while his voice betrayed a fear as he spoke.

The situation of the pirate schooner was critical in the extreme. The other had dashed on with lightning's speed to within a perilous proximity of the pirate, and bearing directly upon her starboard bow, threatened to run foul. The pirate schooner careened over by the wreck of the main-mast which had not been cleared away, obeyed not her helm, and collision seemed inevitable. Breathless anxiety prevailed all on board as they watched the other schooner.

'Keep off, or you will sink us,' shouted Seymour, in a loud, vehement voice, as at that moment the privateer was borne to the top of a wave, which threatened to dash her with terrible force to the pirate. His word came too late. Destruction seemed certain and inevitable.

A cry of horror burst from several of the pirates. The vessel had struck; no. When right upon them, as it seemed, the privateer was laid, by a skilful manoeuvre, broadside to with the pirate, her stern with the bows of the latter. Grappling irons were thrown from the privateer and the vessels were in a moment bound firmly together. Before the pi-

rates could recover from their surprise the deck of their vessel was crowded with three score of privateersmen. So suddenly, so unexpected had been their movement, that the pirates were taken completely by surprise. But a few of them were armed sufficiently for the fierce contest that must ensue between them and their foes. But these were instantly engaged with the privateer's crew, who were formidably armed for a fierce encounter, while the others rushed precipitately aft, and hastily arming themselves joined their fellows in the commencing fray. Seymour, who had gone below when his vessel was boarded, now came on deck with a score of followers and rushed furiously upon the privateersmen. One loud, wild yell burst from the pirates, and the fierce, sanguinary contest began in terrible earnest. The pirates pressed upon their foes with savage fury; now receding in a body to gain impetus for a furious charge; which the privateersmen bravely encountered, and in turn pressed hotly, and with equal force upon them.

Thus they receded alternately, like the waves of the ocean, neither gaining any apparent advantage. For half an hour the fearful carnage raged, and terribly. The deck was strewn with the corpses of pirates and privateersmen. Dead and dying lay heaped upon the fore deck, and were trampled by the feet of the fierce combatants. Every moment increased the fierce heat of the battle, and added to the number of the wounded and slain. The storm yet raged with unabated violence and added to the din of carnage. The privateersmen, with their commander, Warren Seymour, and his friend Almont, at their head, fought bravely against their savage foes. Wherever the fight raged the fiercest Warren was in its midst. His blade had thinned the pirate rank of a number. He confronted danger with a courage and daring almost fatal to himself. Several times during the conflict he had caught sight of his pirate brother, and had striven in vain to near him. To cross blades with the bucanier, was his earnest wish. Their eyes had met, and the look of hatred which he cast at his brother, told that the wish of one was the wish of the other. The battle still raged. The pi-

rates fought like devils incarnate; expecting no quarter, they fought with reckless desperation, and fury. They had partaken freely of rum mixed with powder, which imparted a ten fold fury to them. Their faces streaming with gore, their eyes gleaming with unearthly fire; and the fierce yells they uttered, gave them the appearance of a troop of madmen. Their ranks momentarily thinned; yet they fought on with tiger-like ferocity, asking no mercy, giving none. With an impetuosity naught could resist, fought the crew of the privateer, against those fiends in human guise.

Among them was one who by his reckless daring had made himself the terror of the pirates, and conspicuous among those with whom he fought. Who he was, was unknown. He wore a black mask, concealing his face from view.—Who he was, or how he came into the ranks of the privateer's crew, was a mystery to them. His unequalled daring elicited surprise from all.

Seymour had noticed him among his crew; he had seen the terrible effect of the death dealing blade of the stranger. He had watched him with surprise. He had seen several of the pirates one after one fall beneath the fatal stroke of the stranger's blade. Thrice during the fight he had hailed him, but the unknown kept aloof and fought and felled his foes. The dim of battle and storm increased. The ringing and clashing of steel; the loud incessant report of pistols; the cries of the wounded as they were trampled to the deck, by friends and foes, rose in wild confusion upon the air. The fierce lightning leaped from horizon to horizon along the frowning sky; darting to and fro in zig-zag streams of liquid fire; then quenching its fiery bolts in the raging waters. The deep toned thunder burst in awful peals, and rolled heavily along the frowning sky; the wind howled loudly, and the angry roar of the surging billows, was continual and monotonous. The elements of fire, air, and water seemed striving in fiercest war; the blackened sky seemed like a gigantic funeral pall suspended over this scene of Nature's wildest commotion, and fiercest human strife. The deadly combat yet holds fiercely on. Neither of the opposing foes

do yield. Victory hangs suspended and sides with neither.

Mark the combatants! See how furiously their reeking blades fall around.—Their blows, how terrible and fatal; the clashing steel rings upon the air. How the fire flies from their well tempered blades. Mark, the red blood follows the ensanguined blade: how the wild cry of mortal agony bursts in piercing accents above the din of battle, See how they reel—fall—how they writhe in the last fearful agonies of death. A shout. Look there. The privateersmen give way before a furious charge of the pirate horde. But 'tis momentary: they recover, and with a force irresistible, in turn, drive their demon-like foes and pile their corpses upon the gory deck. Another shout rings out upon the air. The privateersmen gain—conquer—they press hotly upon their savage foes! driving them forward to the very bows of the schooner. They yield. Look! The rival chiefs have met—the bucanier and the privateer: face to face the brothers stand. One moment and their weapons cross, clash. Again they cross, now raised high, descend with terrible force: edge meets edge; and again resounds the clash of their weapons. The battle on both sides had voluntarily ceased—the crews of both vessels watched with intense anxiety the fierce contest between their respective leaders.

The brothers fought. Many and fearful were the thrusts made at each other; but neither gained advantage. Both plied their weapons with equal skill and dexterity. Mark well, how they wield their heavy, gory blades. Their forms dilate, their eyes flash fiercely bright; every nerve and muscle is brought into action, and strained with fierce excitement. But at length the thrust and lunges of the bucanier became more frequent and furious. With mortal hatred gleaming in his eyes, he sprang with the fury of a demon upon his brother, who now stood on the defensive. He withstood the assaults of the bucanier with firmness and courage unyielding, and parried with coolness and dexterity, the frequent and terrible passes made at him by his brother, who in his mad fury lost in a degree the skill, with which till now he had fought, thus giving to Warren the.

advantage. Of a sudden he bounded upon his brother, whom he fancied for a moment was off his guard, and aimed a terrible blow at his breast. But the ever ready blade of Warren foiled the blow, and the pirate's weapon fell ringing to the deck. With the quickness of thought he stooped to recover it, but in so doing he missed his footing upon the deck, slippery with human gore, and fell one knee upon it.

'Now yield thee, monster or take thy doom!' said Warren, poising above the head of the fallen pirate, his heavy cutlass, 'yield, thou monster as you are, I would not be my brother's murderer.'

'Yield to thee! never!' said the buccanier. 'Strike if you will a fallen foe; strike deep to my heart, it were a deed that would well besit thy coward heart. Strike, or if you shrink to do the deed, give me my weapon, and I will show thee that I can be a brother's murderer.'

The bitter, taunting words of the pirate were uttered in a voice, that spoke vividly the deep and deadly hatred he bore his brother.

'Take the weapon,' said Warren dropping, his own to his side and stepping back a pace. 'Though I give no heed to your words of bitter taunt, yet you shall have the trial over.'

The pirate grasped his weapon and sprang to his feet.

'Remember now,' said Warren, placing himself in an attitude of defence.—'It is life or death with us. Be it fair or foul, I will not again spare you, nor will I ask of you to stay your hand if you should prove the victor.'

A moment more, and the two brothers were again engaged in combat. It was a fearful struggle, but brought suddenly to a close. Warren by a powerful, dexterous blow dashed aside the blade of his brother, and smote heavily upon the breast, and pressed upon him, bore him to the deck.

'Now your time has come; brother though you be of mine, that brother's doom I seal. But ere thy guilty soul has fled, I would ask, though I expect no answer but that which will tear afresh the agonizing wound that gnaws my bleeding heart, caused by a brother's deed; I would ask of you what of her whom you so foully tore from her home? Speak!

relieve thy soul of one dark guilty deed. I would know her fate.'

'Thou shalt know. You shall have my answer,' said the buccanier writhing beneath the foot of his brother, planted firmly upon his breast, 'you shall know her fate, ha. I would see how well your nerves can meet the shock. Know then that she of whom you speak is lost to you forever. She is thy brother's mistress.—A foul, dishonored woman; corrupted by one who hated her, and thee; to gratify revenge, ha, ha, ha; I swore revenge, and living, I attained it: and dying I have revenge, gazing at thee.'

'And I will avenge her, fiend,' said Warren, raising for the death-blow, his weapon above his brother's head. The words of his brother fell terrible upon him: his nerves received a fearful shock.

CHAPTER XI.

For a moment he poised the weapon in the air. The pirate writhed in agony; he knew his doom was sealed. The blade descended, but thrust between it and the pirate's breast, was another blade; the weapons clashed; the blow fell harmless. Quicker than lightning the pirate sprang to his feet, again respite. Warren was thrust aside at the moment, and between him and the buccanier, stood another form.

Mark the pirate's cheek, now bursting red with rage. See! it blanches to the ghastly hue of death. The color's fled his lips; they quiver. His eyes are fixed in a frightful stare upon the form before him. He speaks—wildly—in accents of mortal fear, that came deep from his soul.

'Does the sea give back its dead?—Art thou a form of flesh and blood, or a phantom come to mock at me?'

'I am flesh and blood! no phantom!' was answered, in a voice deep and thrilling. 'Ha, ha, ha,' wildly laughed the form. 'You are mine, mine only, for vengeance! I have lived, prayed for this—this moment; it has come. From the worst of deaths you doomed me, I escaped, to live for vengeance. For wealth, the greatest; for honor, the highest; for fame the noblest: no—not for the proudest kingdom upon the globe, would I barter this moment of revenge that now is mine. Take up thy blade and couldst



thou invoke the powers of darkness to thy aid, and clothe thy weapon with all their power, I would foil the charm.'

He who was now the pirate's foe; and who spoke so terribly, was—Edmund Elmore.

The pirate grasped his weapon, and the next moment it was crossed with that of his foe. Fearful is the clash of their weapons; fierce and deadly is the struggle. One fights for vengeance, long hoped, long prayed for. He has not a thought for life. The other fights with the desperation of one who sees no hope of life, but yet fights on to die. Thrice, the blade of the pirate rang upon the deck, dashed from his hand. As it fell the third time, Elmore whirled his high in the air, it fell, and the two lay crossed upon the deck. Sudden as the lightning's flash, upon the buccanier he sprang. One arm, he winds with a convulsive grasp around his waist. His right hand is upon his throat; how hard he presses, how he gasps for breath, the pirate. He staggers.

'Come with me, thou fiend, to the ocean depths below,' said a terrible voice.

Two forms dashed through the air, fell into the maddened waves. A wild hysterical laugh broke loud above the storm, like the yell of fiends, then died away. Again it was repeated, and again; thrice, as the two forms rose to the surface of the waves. They sink for the last time. The raging billows now close over them forever; the doomed, and the avenger. Such was the terrible revenge of Edmund Elmore. This sudden, terrible mode of revenge, thrilled, for a moment, all on board with horror.

'But ha—what is that? is it smoke that rises from the hatches? it is. The schooner is on fire!' were the thrilling words uttered by a dozen voices in unison.

There was a rush for the deck of the privateer. See! from the companion-way of the pirate schooner a wreathing column of black and stifling smoke rolls fiercely upward. A moment more, and it is pierced by the red flame, as it shoots from below. Fearful must have been the progress of the flames.

'My daughter, she is not saved!' exclaimed a voice in wild and startling accents.

Wringing his hands, in agony of despair, Mr. Wildon sprang upon the pirate's deck. He rushed towards the companion-way.

'Good heavens! it is too late!' he exclaimed, driven back by the flame and smoke. 'Oh God! must she die thus? must this most dreadful death be hers?'

A form rushed past him; sprang down the companion-way. It was lost to view, enveloped in the wreathing smoke. It was he who wore the black mask upon his face. An involuntary thrill of horror shot through the hearts of all who witnessed the form disappear down the flaming passage, to inevitable destruction. Clara Wildon had paced the cabin floor, in breathless trepidation, during the time the battle lasted. She had been informed by Fitz Alwyn that it was her lover who had given fight to the pirate. Although cheered with the hope that her lover would prove the victor by Fitz Alwyn, who had come to the cabin several times during the battle, yet a fearful anxiety pervaded her soul, as she thought how the battle might turn.

'The fight is ended; why does he not come? Oh God! if the pirate has triumphed,' said Clara in a tone of apprehension, pacing the floor deeply agitated. 'This smoke—O it is stifling. Where is it from? methinks I hear the crackling of the flames. Oh God! the vessel is on fire.'

A moment more, and the door was burst open, and he who wore the black mask stood before her.

'Come lady, we must quickly leave this place. No not there, the flames have cut us off. The window, the window, 'tis our only way of escape,' he said as Clara made a movement toward the door. 'Follow me, quickly; for the schooner will soon blow up.' And as he spoke the flames burst into the cabin.

He dashed open the window, and let himself out, till he hung by one arm over the furious waves, which dashed him several times with violence against the schooner's stern. With fear and trembling, Clara emerged through the window. Her form was half way out; her head swam. Entwining his right arm around her waist, her preserver and herself dropped: the roaring waves received their

forms, and for a moment closed over them.

When it was found the flames could not be subdued, the privateer was cast free from the pirate, and was now some distance from her. Yet there remained upon the deck of the pirate Warren Seymour, his friend Almont, and Mr. Wildon. The latter was wrapped in agony at the fate of his daughter. His reason seemed to have forsook him entirely.—He paced the hot deck like a maniac.—He wrung his hands; all the while uttering the most piteous exclamations of grief. No less was the agony of Warren Seymour at the fate of his betrothed.—The agony of his friends caused the heart of young Almont to bleed with pity and sorrow.

‘In the name of heaven, leave this vessel,’ he said grasping the arm of Mr. Wildon; ‘tis madness, ’tis folly to remain here longer.’

‘Leave, oh leave, I pray you, I beseech you.’

‘Away, away,’ said the father, ‘I will not go. I will perish with my daughter. Go, save yourself, leave me to perish with my child,’ and he tore himself from the young man.

Almont turned to Seymour—

‘Warren, if you love me, if you love yourself, if you would not be guilty of self-destruction, in God’s name leave this vessel. With your aid we can get him into the boat, and save him from his rash will. Come! hark, I hear the fierce rumbling of the flames below; they will soon reach the magazine. Fly from here ere it is too late. Ha, what is that!—Look, those forms, they again appear.—One is a woman. She is saved! Thank God! your daughter is saved, Mr. Wildon.’

The words of young Almont were uttered in a voice of rapturous joy, that contrasted strangely with his late imploring tone. Mr. Wildon and Warren turned their gaze in the direction Almont pointed; and half way mid the pirate and privateer, they saw two forms tossed upon the waves. With one arm round the waist, and supporting the lovely burden, with the other her preserver buffeted the angry waves. Almont and Warren leaped into the boat which had been left,

and with a wild cry of frantic joy Mr. Wildon followed.

‘We can save them,’ he cried joyfully.

The boat was pushed from the burning vessel, and dashed rapidly over the waves towards the two forms dashing so wildly about. A few short moments, and Clara Wildon and he who had so nobly striven to save her, were rescued from their perilous situation; and in as short a space of time, the boat had reached the privateer. As soon as they reached the deck the unknown stranger sank to it, exhausted with the powerful exertions he had made. The black mask fell from his face, and exposed the features of Fitz Alwyn to view. He was carried to the cabin of the Flying Arrow. It was an hour ere he recovered, when he started from the couch, exclaiming,

‘Oh God! I am dying.’

He grasped the hands of Warren Seymour and Clara Wildon, who were standing near, and said,—

‘Forgive, oh forgive me lady, for the foul wrong I have done you: forgive, and I die relieved. You too will forgive me, Seymour? I have done you both foul wrong; but the vengeance of heaven has fallen, and justly, upon me. I swore to rescue her from the power of the pirate; my oath is kept. She is restored to you, as pure and spotless as when, through me, she was torn from her home. Let me know I am forgiven, and I die happy.’ His breathing became heavy and difficult. His eyes rolled fearfully; his face became pale, and rigidly contracted. The seal of death was set upon his brow. He sank back upon the couch. He had received a terrible wound from one of the pirates, which bled inward, copiously.—He had also dreadfully burned himself, when he sprang down the companion-way. His agony was intolerable, indescribable. One convulsive start, one piercing exclamation of agony, and death closed his sufferings.

He died. But not until he received the full forgiveness of those whom he had wronged, for which wrong he had expiated with his life. He had worn the black mask during the fight, that the pirates might not know him: nor Warren, to whom he did not wish to be known till he had restored to him, in safety, Clara Wildon, his betrothed.



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THE
NYMPH OF THE OCEAN,

OR,

THE PIRATE'S BETROTHAL.

A Tale of the Sea.

BY B. BARKER, ESQ.

Author of the 'Lily of Lexington,' 'Emily Elwood,' 'Mornilva,' 'Grey Dwarf.'



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CONTENTS

THE
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ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
Vol. 10, Part 1, 1880
CONTENTS
P. 1
P. 2
P. 3
P. 4
P. 5
P. 6
P. 7
P. 8
P. 9
P. 10
P. 11
P. 12
P. 13
P. 14
P. 15
P. 16
P. 17
P. 18
P. 19
P. 20
P. 21
P. 22
P. 23
P. 24
P. 25
P. 26
P. 27
P. 28
P. 29
P. 30
P. 31
P. 32
P. 33
P. 34
P. 35
P. 36
P. 37
P. 38
P. 39
P. 40
P. 41
P. 42
P. 43
P. 44
P. 45
P. 46
P. 47
P. 48
P. 49
P. 50
P. 51
P. 52
P. 53
P. 54
P. 55
P. 56
P. 57
P. 58
P. 59
P. 60
P. 61
P. 62
P. 63
P. 64
P. 65
P. 66
P. 67
P. 68
P. 69
P. 70
P. 71
P. 72
P. 73
P. 74
P. 75
P. 76
P. 77
P. 78
P. 79
P. 80
P. 81
P. 82
P. 83
P. 84
P. 85
P. 86
P. 87
P. 88
P. 89
P. 90
P. 91
P. 92
P. 93
P. 94
P. 95
P. 96
P. 97
P. 98
P. 99
P. 100

THE NYMPH OF THE OCEAN.



CHAPTER I.

On a clear, bright and sunny morning in the month of August 1796, a small but very neat looking vessel lay becalmed on the Equator, some seventy or eighty leagues from the East coast of South America. We have said that she was a neat looking vessel, and so she was, not only neat looking, but in every particular of her outside was a clear and shining black, the general sombre appearance of which was greatly relieved by a broad streak of deep, vermillion red, which reached from quarter to quarter, leaving her square and handsome stern, full of elegant and costly carved work, which had been curiously designed, and beautifully gilded.

Now dear reader, let us, (if you please,) step on board of this fine craft, and there we shall see that neatness and perfect seamanship has made her look as though she might have been cut by some superior and masterly hand ; sails, rigging and all, from some perfect mould, which had been formed by architectural hands, perfectly skilled in all the various phases of maritime mechanism.

On the same calm and sunny morning that we have chosen for introducing this beautiful vessel to the reader's notice, a middle-aged, stout and handsome looking man might have been seen leaning over the vessel's side, at one time looking wistfully into the dark blue depths which lay beneath his gaze, and anon gazing along the whole compass of the horizon as if he were looking to discover the quarter, from whence the next anxiously wished for breeze should come.

Some few sailors might also at the same time have been seen working upon blocks, splicing pieces of rope, or busily engaged in other avocations

pertaining to seamanship, whilst a young man with thin but strikingly handsome features, was walking rapidly to and fro on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, which was the side opposite to that whereon stood the middle-aged man before mentioned.

Having suddenly arisen from the leaning posture in which our story found him, this latter personage thus addressed his younger companion on the other side of the deck :

‘ Lay the yards exactly square, if you please, Mr. Walton, for if I am not mistaken, I feel a very perceptible intimation of a breeze from the eastward; and it stands us well in hand to take advantage of the least flaw of wind which may prove favorable to our course. You had better set the top-mast studding sails too.’

‘ Ay, ay, sir,’ answered the person thus addressed, as the captain finished speaking, and he jumped forward to superintend the execution of the order.

This was soon done, and in the least possible space of time, the vessel’s yards were laid perfectly square, and the eastern breeze came swiftly but sparingly on, soon filling the lighter sails, and causing the beautiful brig to move through the heaving waters of the Atlantic, at first slowly, but by degrees, and as the larger sails become filled, faster, until, when the first officer, after some few moments delay, again stood by the side of his commander. She was going at the rate of some nine miles, (or rather in sailor phrase, knots,) with a fair, though light breeze, towards her destined port in the coast of South America.

After standing for a few moments apparently absorbed in a deep reverie, the captain thus again addressed his first officer, and that in a tone somewhat more familiar than he had used before :

‘ Walton, do you not think that the present time will afford me a suitable opportunity to make our proposition to the crew ?’

‘ Do you mean, sir,’ replied Walton eagerly, ‘ the same proposition which you made to me last evening and which I agreed to ?’

‘ The same,’ replied the captain, ‘ but by the way Walton, have you sounded any of them concerning it ?’

‘ I kind of hinted the matter, sir, in a very careful and distant kind of a way, to Collins and Draper, in my watch on deck last night, and by what I was able to gather from their conversation afterwards, I should judge that they would not be very much adverse to the design. These are the only two Americans, with the exception of deaf Samuel, which we now have on board, and as far as I have been able to judge of the rest of the crew, they are comprised of a set of desperadoes who would not stick at any means to gain an easy fortune.’

‘ Very good, answered the captain, musingly, ‘ and now I guess Walton, that instead of calling all the crew together and stating the proposition to them, broadly and at once, we will first call Collins and Draper into the

cabin, and gain them over to our cause, and then it is my humble and decided opinion, that we can very easily coax, or if needs must be, drive the rest of the crew into it.'

'But deaf Samuel, what of him?' interposed Walton.

'Oh, d—n him, replied the captain, 'he appears to me to be such a confounded idiot, and besides he is so d—d deaf, that I guess we shall not have much trouble with him.'

'But if he should happen to demur to our future proceedings,' replied Walton, 'how shall we dispose of him?'

'According to the established code of all former gentlemen adventurers, who as we are now about to do, have chosen to go through the world upon their own hook, that is we will endeavor to introduce him, in as polite a manner as may be at the time possible, to the intimate and everlasting acquaintance of our friend, Davy Jones, in whose convenient locker, he will have plenty of time to preach and pray, and talk crazy nonsense till doomsday.'

At this instant, the door of the cabin gang-way was thrown open, and a girl apparently about sixteen years of age jumped with a light and elastic step upon the deck, and the next moment she stood by the side of the captain, whom she thus addressed:

'Why father, how beautifully your handsome vessel is now gliding over the surface of the blue waters.'

'That's a fact, she does go pretty well,' answered the captain earnestly.

'Will it be many days before we see the land father?' asked the maiden.

'I rather think not, Mina,' answered the captain. 'If this breeze should last, I am in hopes to be favored with a sight of it by to-morrow afternoon.'

'It will be a joyful sight to me, father,' replied the maiden, for although I was born and have spent the greater part of my life on the wide ocean, I still have an innate and mysterious longing after the green woods of the land.'

'But you would soon also tire of the land,' answered the captain, 'and again you would long to be careering over the wild waves, my Mina, after a very short abode amongst the denizens of the world, the fair Nymph of the Ocean, would again long to encounter the capricious storms and calms of her native but ever varying element.'

'All that may be even as you have said, father,' answered Mina, 'but still I long once again to step upon the hard substantial earth, where I can run, and frolic in the very wantonness of my girlish freedom.'

'It shall be even as you will it, Mina,' replied the captain, after exchanging a significant glance with Walton, and when we reach our destined port you shall experience all the freedom which you may desire.'

Having thus spoken to the maiden, the captain left the deck and accompanied by Walton, entered the cabin, leaving the beautiful Mina, still leaning slightly over the side of the brig, where she soliloquised as follows:

'I know not how it is, but something of great importance seems to be weighing upon my father's mind, for I have lately known him to sit in his state-room for hours together, brooding in silent abstraction over something, which I am sure must be of secret and mysterious import. And I have also noticed that since our departure from Boston, on this present voyage, that he has not so often caressed nor taken so much notice of me, his daughter, as he has been wont heretofore to do. And it has fallen to my lot, to be so situated in the world,' continued the fair girl, as the pearly tears stood like emerald drops upon her eye-lids, 'that I am apt to feel too sensitively, perhaps, the least particle of neglect, from him who is my only adviser and protector. My father is the only friend whom I now know in this whole world, and I cannot bear he should neglect me as he has lately done. But I will put my trust in the Great Father of all, praying that as he saw fit, in his wise Providence to deprive me of a mother's care, ere I had learnt to lose her name. He will show me the path of my future duty and uphold me with His all-powerful hand.'

As she uttered these last words, the fair girl stood erect with clasped hands and eyes upturned towards that Heaven, whose aid she was invoking, and she stood in that attitude for some moments after she had ceased speaking, apparently adding a silent prayer to her former simple but eloquent petition.

And now kind readers, we will endeavor briefly to describe her whom we have chosen as the heroine of our story, as she thus stood.

She was then about sixteen years of age, and notwithstanding she had passed, (as has been before observed,) the greatest part of her life upon the ocean, she possessed all the feminine graces and accomplishments, in a degree which far surpassed many of her own sex, who had arrived at the same age, and who had been blessed with far superior advantages. Still we do not mean to intimate that our heroine did not enjoy any such advantages, for such is far from being the fact.

As we have before hinted this fair being had been born on ship-board, and her mother had been taken from her before the vessel had reached her destined port. Her reputed father, who appeared to unite with his character of sea-captain the attributes of a gentleman and a scholar, not having any relatives in Boston, (the port to which he happened to be bound when our heroine was born,) concluded for that and other reasons to keep her under his care, rather than to leave her in the care of strangers, and superintend the first rudiments of her education himself.

As upon account of the war which was raging at that time; he was very soon obliged to leave the port of Boston, he did not even have his child carried upon shore, but having engaged the services of an old and faithful nurse, he quickly sailed for a port in the East Indies, nor did he again revisit Boston, for eight long years, when the infant Mina had grown to be a fair-haired blue eyed and beautiful child.

He then commenced trading between that port and the West Indies, making short but profitable voyages, during the intervals, between which were sometimes of two or three months duration, he had his daughter privately instructed in all the feminine accomplishments suitable in his judgment, for her age and station.

Time wore on, and after another period of eight years had passed away, and we find our heroine deprecating her father's apparent neglect as we have described above, a fair and beautiful girl of sixteen.

We have said that she was beautiful, and verily such was the fact. Her form, which was of the medium height, was faultlessly proportioned, her limbs somewhat voluptuously rounded, and her skin, white as the driest snow. Her hair was of a light auburn color, (and at the time we have introduced her to the readers notice,) it was suffered to hang down over her white neck, in all the profuse exuberance of its glossy beauty. Take her all in all,

She was so bright and purely fair,

She seemed a spirit of the air.

Always when in happy mood,

Lovely, beautiful and good.

After a few moments spent apparently in silent prayer, Anna instantly became her own happy self again, and wiping the lingering tear from her fair cheek, she bounded towards the forward part of the vessel, and was soon busily engaged in conversation with the person whom we have designated as deaf Samuel, who acted on board as the captain's steward.

Meanwhile the captain, after having entered his cabin, as before mentioned, accompanied by Walton, having motioned the latter to be seated, and seated himself, speaks as follows :

'Well Walton, what think you, is it best to call Draper and Collins aft, and reveal our future plans to them at present?'

'Before we proceed thus far Captain Conolly,' answered Walton, 'I have something to suggest to you, and I think that although it may appear disagreeable to you at first, still after due explanation you will be induced to acknowledge the wisdom of my suggestion, if you do not see fit to agree to it.'

'Let us hear it,' replied the captain.

'Before proceeding farther, continued Walton, I would ask you, sir, whether it is your intention to keep your daughter, on board of the vessel after we have changed her flag?'

'That is a very important question, Walton,' replied the captain, 'and I must have time to think before I can answer it.'

'Well what I meant to suggest was this,' answered Walton. 'Your daughter, as you term her, is young and beautiful, she possesses a tender heart, and is withal a woman. Probably in pursuing the plans which we have

formed, it will be necessary for us to go through many violent scenes of blood, and carnage, and death, which it would be the next thing to impossible for her woman's gaze to witness without losing her reason and perhaps her life; therefore, I shall think it advisable, under present circumstances, that she should be placed on shore, at some place, where she may be well taken care of till we return.'

'Walton,' replied the captain, after a short pause 'your words betoken wisdom, and it is strange that I should not have thought of this girl, as connected with our future movements before. But I thank you for bringing me to my senses upon that point, and acting in accordance with your suggestion, I will run the brig under her present flag, into the nearest Portuguese or Spanish port, where after leaving Mina in the care of some responsible person, we will open our business to Collins, and Draper, and besides we can there ship any number of Spanish or Portuguese desperadoes which the exigencies of our future situation may seem to require.'

'My opinion agrees with yours exactly, sir,' replied Walton.

'I am glad of it,' replied Conolly, for there is nothing which will more successfully conduce to the furtherance of our future operations than mutual agreement and confidence between us as the leaders. You had better now go on deck Walton, and if the breeze has freshened as I imagine it has, set the lower studding sails.'

'Aye, ay, sir,' replied Walton, and he immediately hastened upon deck to superintend the execution of the captain's order.

CHAPTER II.

THE person whom we have introduced into our romantic story, under the title of 'Deaf Samuel,' was indeed a very curious and singular being. At the time of his introduction to the readers notice, he was an ill made and deformed specimen of humanity apparently some eighteen or twenty years of age. His nether limbs were very small, but Nature, as if to make up for this deficiency, had in one of her most capricious moods caused his head and shoulders to be formed most horribly and unnaturally large. Imagine if you can, dear readers, a form of some five feet in height, standing before you, with very small yet very long legs, with a head and shoulders, placed upon them, or in other words, upon the very small amount of body which connected them together, which might have been large enough for a common, or rather an uncommon giant, place a large hump between these two shoulders, and you will have before you the general outlines of the picture of Deaf Samuel. Besides being apparently very deaf, this singular lump of deformity was by many supposed to be idiotic, in other words Deaf Samuel was generally considered to be a fool. But such was not the case. Many people are very apt to estimate the mental faculties and moral qualities, of their fellow beings, by their outward appearance, but they very often, as was the case with the person now under consideration find their self-made wisdom scattered to the four winds of Heaven, and themselves wofully deceived. Samuel was deaf, very deaf, and being debarred by this painful infirmity, of the privilege of joining in ordinary conversation with his ship-mates, he had acquired an inevitable habit of talking aloud and muttering to himself, and this peculiarity, together with certain ludicrous contortions of features, in which he was wont to indulge, when any thing excited his risibilities, were among the many reasons why he was considered by the few who happened to be temporarily acquainted with him, as a being *non compos mentis*.

But as we have intimated before, those wiseacres, who had pronounced the above verdict upon poor deaf Samuel, were greatly mistaken. He was gifted with a great share of natural wit, possessed a very relentive memory,

was fond of books and held the utmost reverence for every thing pertaining to religion or religious worship.

Within the rude misshapen case of his deformed body there was also confined, a kind and generous heart, which bore every privation and abuse meekly and without murmuring, a heart, which in its perpetual beatings to and fro, felt nothing but good and holy impulses.

Such gentle readers, is a general outline of the perpetual appearance and character, of him, whom Walton found on the forward part of the brig's deck, in earnest conversation with Mina, just after he, (Walton,) had given orders to the crew to set the lower studding sails.

'Sa-am!' shouted Walton, in that persons ears with all the strength of his Herculean lungs.

'Sir,' answered Sam, mildly.

'What the devil are you preaching about at this time of day? If it is not time to begin to get dinner ready for the cabin, turn to and help set them studding sails.

'Do what sir?' asked Samuel, looking up innocently in the officer's face.

'Help set them studding sails, you d—d deaf jackass,' exclaimed Walton angrily, as he again shouted the words into Sam's ears at the top of his voice.

'Mr. Walton,' answered Samuel, in a low but very distinct and earnest tone, 'I will obey your orders, but you need not curse me, or upbraid me for the painful infirmity with which it has been the Will of God to afflict me.'

'What,' exclaimed Walton, as his face became flushed with almost the very extreme of passion, 'do you dare to stop to reason with me, you d—d ill-begotten, misshapen mass of knavery and foolishness.'

'Tis not in human nature, always to bear ill treatment as I have heretofore borne without murmuring.'

'Start yourself,' exclaimed Walton with an oath.

As Samuel turned slowly around as if to obey the order, Walton gave vent to his over-boiling indignation, by giving the poor deformed creature a tremendous kick which caused him to fall instantly upon the deck.

'Shame on you Mr. Walton,' exclaimed Mina, as she rushed forward and helped deaf Samuel to arise, 'to lift either your hand or foot to a poor defenceless, and deformed creature who never in his life harmed even a worm.'

'I would thank you to mind your own business, Miss Mina,' answered Walton, highly exasperated at her interference, 'and I hope after this you will keep in the cabin where you belong.'

'I presume I always shall have, as I always have had the liberty of visiting any or every part of my father's vessel, at any time.'

'I do not wish to deprive you of that liberty answered Walton, smiling contemptuously, 'but I advise you to be very careful in future not to abuse it by interfering with the discipline of the vessel, or else you may find your

self, deprived of the liberty you boast of, and that in a moment when you little think of it.'

'Recollect, Mr. Walton,' replied Mina, 'that you are not now giving orders to one of your own crew, but you are speaking to the daughter of your superior officer, who as I and you too well know can displace and disgrace you at any moment he pleases.'

'Let that be as it may,' replied Walton grinning, (if we may be allowed to use the expression,) the words out from between his firmly set teeth, 'I order you to repair immediately to the cabin.'

'And I order you to attend to your duty Mr. Walton, and leave me alone.'

'D—nnation,' muttered, Walton, as he stepped quickly towards Mina; apparently with an intention of executing by force the order which he had given, 'I believe this girl will cause me to turn pirate before the time when I had calculated to do so, and then stopping short in his career, he continued speaking aloud to Mina:

'I tell you again Miss Mina, that you had better retire immediately to your Cabin.'

'And I tell you again, Mr. Walton,' replied Mina, firmly that 'I shall do no such thing, at least for the present.'

'You won't hey?' exclaimed Walton, springing forward thoroughly infuriated, and making an effort to seize her.

Ere, however, he could accomplish the daring feat which he had contemplated, the valourous lieutenant received a heavy blow from a handspike, which caused him, unceremoniously, and with great celerity to measure his length upon the deck, where he lay for some moments completely stunned and without sense or motion.

It so happened that just as Walton fell, Captain Conolly had just stepped on deck, from his cabin, and hearing the scuffle, and seeing that there was an unusual commotion amongst the sailors forward, he immediately hastened to the scene of action, and spoke as follows:

'What have we here men, a mutiny? Who struck Mr. Walton?'

'I did sir,' answered deaf Samuel.

'You did, you d—d deaf fool,' as he struck the deformed man a heavy blow, with the butt-end of his pistol, which he held in his hand, 'take that then and lay yourself alongside of him.'

The blow which poor Samuel had received, caused him quickly to obey the captain's last order, and there on that deck side by side, and completely stunned, lay the slim and handsome form of Walton, and the huge misshapen trunk of deaf Samuel.

'Where's Mr. Montano, the second officer?' exclaimed the captain, after he had performed the above named valorous deed.

'Here I am sir,' answered that worthy, who was a Spaniard, as he jumped from the fore rigging, where he had been at work, upon the main deck.

'Put that d—d deaf b—r whom you see laying there in double irons, and confine him below,' said the captain, speaking to the second officer.

'Ay, ay, sir,' answered Mr. Montano, as he passed aft to bring the irons.

'Father,' exclaimed Mina, stepping forward, 'do not punish that poor unfortunate creature, for in knocking down the villain who now lays beside him, he acted in my defence.'

'In your defence,' repeated the captain, 'and pray how came he to be acting in your defence? A comely and chivalrous knight, to engage in a fair lady's cause, truly.'

'I will tell you how it happened father,' answered Mina, calmly, and so saying she commenced her version of the story of what had taken place between herself and Walton, but she had not proceeded far in her narration, before she was suddenly interrupted by that worthy, (who in the meantime had recovered from the stunning effect of Samuel's blow,) in the following manner:

'Don't listen to her yarns captain Conolly. An officer of your vessel has been insulted sir, and knocked down by an idiotic man, in the shape of a devil, and he was instigated to do it sir, by that very girl. Now the amount of the story is this, Captain Conolly, if your daughter, as you call her; and that deaf devil, who lays coiled up there like a heap of manure, are to command this vessel, why just say so, and I will go below and the brig may go the devil.'

'This has been a very unfortunate and unlucky affair from beginning to end, Mr. Walton,' answered the captain, 'but let us wait until all the parties concerned, get a little calmed and then we will have an investigation of the affair.'

'I am as calm sir, as ever I shall be,' replied Walton, until I see summary punishment inflicted upon that deaf rascal, who had the insolence and the unparalleled audacity to raise his hand to his superior officers. I say that it is downright mutiny, Captain Conolly, and that misshapen mass of humanity has plagued us long enough, and I therefore motion that he be hung at the yard-arm immediately, and that without farther ceremony.'

'Oh no,' answered Conolly, as Walton, finished the above elegant tirade, 'we must not be quite so bad as that. I will see that the man is sufficiently punished, for what he has done I have already ordered Mr. Montano, to put him in double irons. But he is nothing but a poor fool, you know Walton, and therefore I think that hanging would be too good for him.'

At this moment Mr. Montano, as he was called, approached with the hand-cuffs, and he was about, somewhat roughly to raise the almost lifeless form of Samuel, for the purpose of placing them upon his wrists. Mina sprang between him and her father, and falling upon her knees she thus addressed the latter:

'Father, dear father, I conjure you to listen for once to the prayer of your only child, in behalf of the unfortunate being, who now lies before you,

deprived of sense, and almost of life. He acted for me father, and in my behalf, therefore if any one deserves punishment for the assault which has been committed upon Mr. Walton, that one is myself. Therefore if punishment must fall upon the head of any one, let it, whatever it may be, fall upon mine.'

'Mina,' exclaimed Connolly, as she finished speaking, and he turned towards her with a ferocious scowl upon his sinister countenance, 'repar to your state room instantly, and never more dare to interfere with the discipline of my vessel.'

'I have never disobeyed you before father,' replied Mina, 'at least intentionally, but I cannot nor will not leave this deck until you give me your word that that poor unfortunate creature shall not be subjected to any farther punishment.'

'Go below instantly, Mina,' again shouted the captain, in a terrible voice.

'I shall not go,' replied Mina firmly.

'You shall go, by G—d you shall,' answered the now enraged father, as seizing her in his iron grasp, he bore her into the cabin, and from thence he bore her to her state room, and after fastening the door upon her he again immediately made his appearance upon deck.

As he approached the spot, where the ironing process was going on for the benefit of deaf Samuel, he thus addressed Walton:

'Are you satisfied with what has so far been done Mr. Walton?'

'I am satisfied,' replied Walton stepping up to the captain's side, and speaking in a low tone, so as not to be overheard, 'that we must by some means or other get rid of that deaf scoundrel, and your daughter, else we might as well bid good bye to all our cherished plans for the future and give the brig up to them altogether.'

'Well,' replied the captain, speaking in the same low tone, which his companion had used, 'we will put the poor fool ashore to-morrow, and let him shift as well as he may be able for himself.'

'The prisoner is ironed,' reported the second officer, stepping up to the captain.

'He has recovered his feet too, I see,' answered the captain, 'put him below.'

'Hold on,' exclaimed Walton, 'snatching up a piece of rope which happened to be laying near by, I have not done with him yet.'

So saying, he rushed with savage brutality depicted in his countenance towards his intended and defenceless victim, and was about to flog him severely with the above mentioned rope, when Samuel spoke as follows:

'Murderer, beware, and desist from your savage purpose, before I pronounce a single word, which if I mistake not its terrible power, will cause your uplifted arm to fall powerless to your side.'

'And pray what is that fearful word?' exclaimed Walton, at the top of his voice as he at the same time inflicted upon poor Samuel a blow with the rope which caused him to reel with pain.

'Eliza! The dagger! the bloody dagger!' shouted Samuel, in a loud screaming and unearthly tone of voice.

In an instant the arm of Walton, as Samuel had predicted, did fall powerless by his side, and turning deathly pale he turned from his victim and muttered:

'That fellow, must surely be the devil himself, or some one sent by him to upbraid me with my ——'

'What's the matter Walton,' exclaimed the captain, suddenly interrupting him, 'you look as pale as a sheet.'

Before Walton had time to answer the man at the mast head sang out,

'Land ho!'

'Where away?' shouted the captain.

'High land straight ahead sir,' was the reply.

In an instant, every thing upon deck was thrown into confusion, by getting up and bending the chains, and making other necessary preparations for coming to anchor.

CHAPTER III.

WALTON, who upon hearing the enigmatical and magic words, uttered by Deaf Samuel, had almost entirely lost his customary self-possession, quickly regained it, when interrupted by the question of the captain, as related at the close of our last chapter, and after he had been for a short time employed in the bustle attendant upon the preparations which were making in order to get the vessel ready to go into port, every trace of the emotion which he had so strongly and suddenly shown forth had left his countenance and he exerted himself with more than his customary activity.

Meanwhile the captain having ordered Mr. Montano to confine Deaf Samuel in the steerage, retired immediately to his cabin, where after seating himself and burying his head in his hands thus soliloquised :

‘That Walton begins to carry a high hand already, and he dictates to me concerning my business and my duty, as though he was captain, and I was mate. But he must be humored, for he has managed to gain my confidence, and it will not do for me to cross his path, at least for the present. That he will make a good pirate, pshaw I can’t bear that word, it’s altogether too plain, I have not the least doubt, for he possesses in a most admirable and energetic degree, all the necessary attributes, especially those of bravery, cold blooded ferocity and cunning craftiness. G—d, if I had not stopped him just as I did, he would have killed that poor fool Samuel, and for what I know to the contrary, would have turned cannibal, and ate him up for the sake of gratifying his savage revenge. And there is Mina too, I believe that she is near as big a fool as Samuel, at least she is possessed of a far greater degree of stubbornness; and I know not but what that devil’s bird of a Walton would have killed her too, if I had not borne her out of his reach by the exertion of main force. D—n that Walton,’ continued he, ‘if I had not let him into the secret of my future plans, I would quick find a way to rid myself of his presence. But I will fix him yet. I will leave both Mina and Deaf Samuel on shore, and then after the Sylph once gets into the blue water, after the first unlawful act shall have been consummated, and Walton has fully committed himself as a Pirate, then I say will I

learn him to submit, and that humbly to my commands! But for the present I must be careful and wary, lest he should in some fit of spleen take umbrage of my proceedings, and denounce me and my plans to the governing authorities of the place.'

Having thus spoken, the captain threw himself upon his couch without undressing himself, where he soon after fell into a troubled and disturbed slumber.

He had not slept a great while, however, before he was awakened by Walton, who as he entered the cabin thus addressed him:

'The land appears to be quite near us, sir, and it is getting dark and cloudy, shall we heave the brig to?'

'Yes, heave her to,' answered the captain, 'and stand off shore, for about an hour and then tack and stand on again. And you can give the necessary orders, Walton, to have the brig thus lay off and on during the night.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' answered Walton. 'But where is Mina, continued he as he cast his eyes around the cabin and found she was not there.

'She is in her state room, I suppose,' answered Conolly, where she has been ever since the fracas on deck. But why do you ask?'

'Oh, I have no particular motive in asking,' replied Walton carelessly, 'only I thought it somewhat strange, that she was not at her accustomed place by her father's side.'

So saying, Walton repaired to the deck, and the captain again threw himself upon his couch, and there slept without interruption till the next morning, when upon going upon deck he found the brig as he expected he should close in under the land, and near the entrance of the harbor of a little town upon the Brazilian coast which we shall call San Palos.

The town which we have thus introduced into our story for particular reasons under a fictitious name, was then a place of some commercial importance, although it has now dwindled down into a ruinous and insignificant village.

At the time of the commencement of our story however, San Palos, was a considerable town, possessing several long and narrow streets, which were lined by stone dwelling houses, built after the Portuguese style. It then contained some eight or ten thousand inhabitants, who were provincially in business of a commercial nature, and was also a port of entry for slavers from all countries. Piratical vessels had also often visited it, for the purpose of disposing of their ill-gotten gains, and refitting their vessels; and therefore by means of promiscuously favoring all kinds of trade, (though in some instances it was done covertly,) San Palos had become the grand receptacle of villains and desperadoes of the deepest dye, and hailing from all quarters of the world.

Such, kind readers, is a partial description of the Port of San Palos, where upon a certain morning in August, 1796, the beautiful brig Sylph, Captain Conolly commander, entered, and dropped anchor.

After she had been visited by the custom-house officers, and her papers had been examined and found to be correct, the captain had liberty to land and transact any business relating to his vessel and her cargo, that he might wish to.

'Lower the jolly boat, Mr. Walton,' said the Captain, after the officer of the customs had departed, 'tell Collins and Draper to get into her, and keep her along-side, till we get ready to go on shore.'

'Does your daughter accompany you?' asked Walton.

'Not in the first boat Walton,' answered the captain. 'Before she can land I must look for somebody to take charge of her.'

'Shall we tumble that deaf devil into the boat?' asked Walton.

'I hardly know how we should dispose of him, if we did,' answered the captain, 'so I guess we will let him stay where he is, for the present, and wait for some more favorable opportunity to land him unobserved.'

Having thus spoken, the captain retired to his cabin, in order to make himself ready to visit the town, and after Walton had given the necessary orders for lowering the jolly boat he called two Americans, Draper and Collins aft and thus addressed them:

'You two chaps get into that boat, and keep her alongside, until the captain is ready to go on shore.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' simultaneously answered the two men jumping into the boat, and as they did so, Walton entered his state room, in order to prepare himself for the proposed landing.

In a few moments both the captain and Walton again made their appearance upon the brig's deck, and after some few orders given by the captain to his second officer concerning the work which he wished to have done on board the brig during his absence, he, together with Walton jumped into the boat, and in a few minutes the whole party landed safely upon the pier. Beckoning Walton aside, after landing, Captain Conolly thus addressed him:

'Walton I will leave you here, to open our future plans to Collins and Draper, while I go up into the town, and endeavor to find some person who will be willing to take charge of Mina. Are you satisfied with my proposal?'

'Perfectly,' replied Walton, 'but shall I go on board at dinner time or remain on shore?'

'I do not wish you to go on board until I return,' answered Conolly, 'which I intend to do as soon as possible.'

'But suppose Draper and Collins will not join us?' asked Walton.

'I rather guess that you will have no trouble about that,' rejoined the captain. 'But if you do, and they should refuse to join us, you may laugh it off and call it a devilish good joke, get them on board the brig, and confine

them below in double irons, until we get to sea, when I think that we will find means to bring them to it.'

So saying Conolly turned upon his heel, and hastened towards the principal street of the town, leaving Walton to try his hand at the business of making pirates or, rather as he saw fit to term it, "gentlemen adventurers," of the two American seamen, whom we have introduced to the reader's notice under the Draper and Collins.

Leaving for the present, both him and the captain, to pursue their mutual avocations, we will endeavor to transport the attention of our readers to a scene which was at the same time in progress of enactment in a wretchedly mean looking house, in the Portuguese, or rather we should say the Brazilian town of San Palos.

It was in the outskirts of the town, where the dwelling now under consideration happened to be situated, in a narrow and miserable street, and about noon of the same day upon which the Sylph had entered the harbor of the town, a motly crowd might have been seen gathered in front of this house laughing and hallooing to a person who was violently talking and gesticulating to them from an aperture at its side.

This person was a Spanish woman, and she was apparently endeavoring to prevent the crowd outside from entering.

'I say,' exclaimed a stout looking, black whiskered Spaniard, who was foremost of the intruders, 'who have you got inside there mother Magdalena, that you so pertinaciously refuse to let us enter?'

'I tell you,' replied the person thus addressed, 'that there is a woman here very sick, and therefore, I shall neither open the shop, nor sell you any liquor to-day either!'

'But we must have liquor, and d—n the sick woman,' replied the Spaniard still striving to enter.

'To-morrow gentleman, only wait till to-morrow,' deprecatingly answered the woman, 'and then you shall be welcome to my house, and I will sell you my liquor at half price. But for the love of God, and the Holy Virgin,' continued she devoutly crossing herself, 'do not force an entrance at present.'

Her last words apparently had some effect on the foremost man, who was the one that appeared to be the leader of the rabble, for as she finished speaking, he turned to the crowd, and after speaking a few words to them, they gave a loud shout, and started off in an opposite direction, and he after muttering a few hearty curses upon the old woman, and her sick companion, brought up the rear of the party which in a few moments after had entirely disappeared.

After unbarring a miserable apology for a door, old Magdalena, (as she had been styled,) looked forth up and down the street for the apparent purpose of getting ocular demonstration of the fact of the disappearance of the rabble; and after satisfying herself in this particular, she carefully closed

and barred the door again, and entering an inner apartment, she stepped up to the side of a low miserable bed, the occupant of which she thus addressed :

‘My dear, good, kind lady, I shall not be able to screen you another day. To-morrow I must open my shop, and then you will be discovered, and nothing I am afraid will prevent them from abusing you, unless you consent to let me inform them, that although an American lady, still you are a good Catholic. But hark, I hear a distant noise, and I must run and see that they do not come upon us unawares.’

The person whom the old Spanish duenna had thus addressed, and whom she had styled the American lady, was in fact a lady who belonged to that free and happy country. She was at the time when we have chosen to introduce her into our story, laying upon a miserable bed sick, almost even unto death ; she was apparently somewhere about forty years of age, of a tall and commanding figure ; but the practiced observer, could easily see by looking for a few moments upon her pale and emaciated, yet still handsome countenance, that the disease which had thus prostrated her noble form, must have been first seated in, and afterwards germinated from the mind and the heart.

During her attendants’ absence which continued, for a few moments, this sick and unfortunate being thus soliloquised :

‘There are only two things now that I pray for, first to see my child, and then calmly return my spirit unto him who gave it. But the first of these blessings, I know that it is impossible for me to receive, therefore the last shall be welcome as soon as it comes. I believe that I have reached the very acme of human suffering, but why should I murmur ? It is my own fault that I have drunk to the very dregs the cup of suffering and distress, and though I have been made the dupe of a deceiving villain, still I feel that I should not complain, and I will not, oh Clarendon couldst thou but at this moment see the emaciated form of that being that was once called beautiful couldst thou but for a moment see that form, as it now is prostrated with disease and anguish, reclined upon a miserable couch in a foreign land, and fearful every moment of being consigned to the ruthless hands of bigoted and lawless ruffians, methinks that thy iron spirit would quail at the sight, and thou would drop at least one sincere tear of pity and commiseration over a being whose only fault or crime, if so may it be called, consisted in loving thee. But oh, when I think of him, my poor weak brain wanes, and I know not what to say !’

The unfortunate lady was here interrupted by the reappearance of Magdalena, who addressed her in the manner and with the words which we shall relate in our next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

'THEY are not coming madam,' exclaimed Magdalena, as she entered into the inner apartment, 'and I thank God and the Holy Virgin that such is the case. But my dear lady, I cannot possibly afford you shelter longer than to-morrow, without exposing myself to the insults and outrages of a drunken rabble, that is, unless you may be willing to deny your religion at least for a time.'

'I cannot do that, my dear Magdalena, not even if death should be the consequence of my refusal!'

'I can hardly blame you for your refusal,' replied Magdalena, 'although death bears such a terrible aspect to me, that although I have always been, and now am, a good Catholic, I really believe that I should abjure that faith, if, as in your instance, death would be the consequence of my adherence to it.'

'If you have passed as I have,' answered the sufferer, 'through the burning fiery furnace of trouble, and care, and grief, and sorrow, you would hail that death which now appears to your imagination so terrible, as a kind angel sent from Heaven for your relief. But hark, did I not hear some one knocking at the front door?'

They both listened for a few moments in breathless silence, when their fears were corroborated, by a second loud rap at the street door, which caused Magdalena to hasten to the aperture before mentioned which answered the purpose of a window, (although it was situated out of the reach of any one who might attempt to reach it from the ground,) where she looked out to see who the intruder might be.

She was surprised at seeing standing before the door, a handsomely dressed middle aged man, and judging by his looks, that he was a foreigner, she thus addressed him:

'What may your business be with the inmates of this house, sir?'

'My business is such, that I cannot tell it standing out here, in your infernal hot sun!'

'Then I am afraid that I shall not be able to hear it.'

'How so?' asked the stranger.

'For the following very good and sufficient reasons,' sturdily replied Mag-

dalena, for although she had some fear of some twenty-five of her own countrymen, she disdained to be afraid of a single man, and he a foreigner, outside of the house; 'in the first place, there are no male inhabitants here, the only occupants of this miserable dwelling being myself, and a poor sick lady, who cannot be disturbed at present by strangers.'

'Well I do not wish to disturb the sick lady,' replied the stranger, 'but if you will just be kind enough to open the door, and give me a draught of water wherewith to quench my intolerable thirst, I will thank you kindly and then proceed upon my way.'

Now Magdalena possessed a kind heart, though the aspect of her outer features were somewhat rough and forbidding, and besides the stranger talked so very civil and polite, and appeared to be so very thirsty, that she could not for the heart of her, refuse his very reasonable request, and she therefore hastened to unbar the street door, and bid the stranger a welcome entrance.

We will state to the reader now, what perhaps we should have stated before, that there were two apartments on the ground floor, one near the street which old Magdalena occupied as a sort of shop, for the sale of liquors, groceries &c, while the other, and the largest one of the two, was the one in which she slept, and in which lay the sick lady before mentioned.

The stranger having entered the outer apartment or shop, threw himself down upon a low bench placed there purposely for the accommodation of Magdalena's customers, and as she bustled about and hastily procured for him a glass of water, she began to feel a sort of itching curiosity to know who the civil stranger was and where he had come from, and what his business might be.

Now all this, under the circumstances of the case, was perfectly natural, but the great trouble with Magdalena was, as to the way in which the conversation should be opened, which was rather difficult, especially as the individual in question was not only a perfect stranger, but also a foreigner.

But her natural curiosity at last prevailed over all other considerations, and as she handed the stranger the beverage which he had called for, she thus addressed him:

'You are not a native of this country, sir?'

'No,' replied the stranger quite laconically.

This seemed to be spoken in a tone calculated to preclude all farther inquiries, but our duenna was not to be put off so easily, and she again asked:

'Are you from England, sir?'

'No, I am from America,' answered the stranger.

'Have you been long here?'

'No,' replied the stranger, 'I arrived this morning at this port, and my vessel is now at anchor in the harbor. My business here at present is to find some one who would be willing for a short time to take charge of my daughter.'

ter, as I am about to sail upon a somewhat dangerous expedition and I do not wish her to accompany me.'

'How old may your daughter be?' interrupted the inquisitive Magdalena.

'Oh, sixteen or thereabouts,' answered the stranger carelessly, 'and although, as you are situated, I find that you cannot accommodate her, still you can perhaps recommend to some one of your acquaintance, who upon being well paid for their services, might possibly be glad to receive them.'

'Oh yes, so I can, sir,' answered Magdalena, 'there is my twin sister Agatha, who lives but a short distance off, would be thankful to take her.'

'Does she live alone?' asked the stranger.

'Yes sir,' replied Magdalena, who now began to grow loquacious, 'and so did I too sir, until the poor sick lady in the other room came here, poor dear lady, I found her a few nights ago, wandering up and down the street, hardly able to stand, and mourning and groaning very piteously, and although she was a heretic, and I know it was almost as much as my life was worth to shelter her, still I could not but recollect that my lot happened to be cast among heretics in an heretical country once, and they treated me kindly, therefore sir, I could but take the poor thing into my house, and try to comfort her. But oh sir, she refused to be comforted, but after a while she consented to share with me my poor bed, and the next morning she was unable to rise from it, and she has been growing sicker and sicker ever since till now, poor thing, when I fear she is near dying.'

'This appears to me to be a very strange kind of story,' replied Captain Conolly, for he it was who had visited the abode of Magdalena, as we have above related, 'you say that you found this sick lady in the street, and you also say that she is a heretic, which term I suppose to be synonymous in this country with the name of English or America.'

'She is an American lady sir, according to her own account of herself,' replied Magdalena.

'Ha,' exclaimed Conolly, beginning apparently to take some interest in the conversation, 'but do you know how she happened to be in the wretched condition in which you first discovered her?'

'She said at the time, that she had sailed in search of a person whom she dearly loved, probably her husband, at least it is very natural for me to conclude so you know sir.'

'But did she say so?' interrupted Conolly somewhat vehemently.

'Oh dear, Lord no sir!' answered Magdalena, somewhat alarmed at the sudden change of the captain's manner, 'she only said that some horrid pirates took the vessel, and murdered all hands, except her, but they took her on board of their vessel, which shortly after got wrecked near this place, and she alone escaped to tell the tale. This much that I have told you sir,

I did not get from her directly, for her poor brain has been wandering-like and well it might poor lady, considering the hardships she has suffered, so I have only gathered what I have told you from words and sentences almost indistinct, which she happened to drop in her lucid intervals.'

'Can I not see this strange lady?' asked Conolly.

'Oh dear no sir, such a thing is utterly impossible,' replied Magdalena, 'for I feel that the poor creature is very near her end.'

'Well then if you are determined on that point,' replied Conolly 'let us return to the other.'

'What, concerning your daughter?' asked Magdalena.

'Yes,' replied Conolly, 'I understood you that you had a twin sister living near by, who would be glad to receive her.'

'Yes sir,' replied Magdalena, 'that is, I think she would, but to settle the matter, I will, after I have looked in upon the sick lady, accompany you to her house, where you can talk the matter over with her.'

Having thus spoken, Magdalena softly entered the apartment of the sick lady, and finding her awake, he thus addressed her:

'Do you feel any easier than you did Madam?'

'Oh, I cannot tell you Magdalena, whether I do or not. My poor wandering brain has been troubled with strange fancies since you have been absent. I either imagined or dreamed, that I saw him of whom you have before heard me speak, and I also dreamed that I heard his beloved voice, and the illusion was so strong, that had I possessed sufficient strength, I am sure that I should have left my bed, and rushed out in search of him.'

'Oh,' replied Magdalena, 'do not allow yourself to be troubled by such strange fancies, for it must have been all fancy, except the voice, which I suppose must have proceeded from a very civil gentleman, who called into my shop a few moments ago to beg a draught of cold water.'

'If that voice did proceed from any living being,' replied the sick lady with fearful earnestness, 'that being must have been Edward Clarendon!'

'Who is it that speaks that name,' exclaimed the stranger, as he rushed wildly into the apartment of the sick.

Upon hearing these words, the sufferer with all her remaining strength contrived to raise her head from her pillow, and after regarding the intruder with a gaze so earnest that it caused her eyes to start from their sockets, she exclaimed:

'Good God! it is Edward Clarendon!' and then fell back apparently lifeless upon the pillow.

'You have finished her!' exclaimed Magdalena, to the stranger, as she rushed towards the bed-side to assist the unfortunate lady. Did I not tell you that she was crazy, and that the sight of a stranger would kill her.'

These words, which had been spoken in a somewhat petulant voice, by the old nurse were entirely unheeded by him to whom they had been addressed, for he stood as if rooted upon the very spot where his eyes had first

encountered those of the sufferer, erect and motionless as if his whole form had been suddenly petrified into stone.

The reader will undoubtedly recollect that we left Mr., or rather Lieutenant Walton, about to undertake the task of trying to gain over to his own and Conolly's future interests the two American seamen, Draper and Collins.

Before commencing operations however, he thought that he would take a short walk along the principal streets in the town, in order more fully to digest in his own mind, the plan of those operations. While he is gone, we will take the liberty of looking ourselves after the two seamen before mentioned, and we shall find them still seated in the boat alongside of the pier, apparently engaged in earnest and interesting conversation, and before reporting the subject of their conversation, it may be perhaps as well for us to give a brief description of their personal appearance, and former characters.

Henry Collins, the younger of the two, and the one with which our story is the most concerned, was, although we have found him in seamen's garb, and have introduced him in the character of a common sailor, a young man of very prepossessing personal appearance, who had been born of rich parents, brought up in luxury, and well educated, and who previously to his sailing upon the present voyage, was about twenty two years of age.

Now it so happened that about two years previous to the opening of our story, young Collins had accidentally become acquainted with the fascinating, young and beautiful Mina Conolly.

After a few meetings between them, Henry was so infatuated, or impassioned, or whatever else our readers may be pleased to call it, as to claim the privilege of being considered the accepted suitor for her heart and hand, and loving him as did Mina, with all the fervor of a first attachment, she in the artless simplicity of her, guileless heart, was easily prevailed upon to consider in that light, and after having vowed eternal constancy to each other, the lovers parted upon a bright moonlight night about six months previous to the commencement of our story.

But as if more fully to illustrate the truth of the old maxim which says, "the course of true love never did run smooth," Mina's father became by some unknown means acquainted with the fact that she had been often seen when on shore, in company with a very handsome young man, and therefore after delivering a severe lecture to the blushing Mina upon the impropriety, as he expressed it, of her conduct, he ordered her to go on board the brig, and immediately sailed without troubling himself to ascertain anything farther concerning the person, or character of his daughter's lover, thinking probably, that after she had been to, and returned from the West Indies, where at that time his vessel was bound, she would, as she was very young, probably forget both her love, and the object of it.

But as has been the case from time immemorial with many wiser, if not better men than himself, Captain Conolly happened to be widely mistaken in his measurement of the strength of woman's love, which in his case, was the more strange, as he himself had in younger days, some little experience in such matters.

But he was mistaken, for no sooner had the Sylph arrived from her short cruise to the West Indies, than our lovers found an opportunity clandestinely, to meet again, and at that meeting, Henry Collins laid before his fair innamorata, a very bold, hazardous, and chivalric plan, the particulars of which were as follows :

He was fond of the sea, and not entirely unacquainted with it, having, the two previous years, taken one or two short excursions in a fishing smack to the banks of Newfoundland for his health. Upon the strength of that therefore, young Collins proposed to dress himself in a seaman's garb and offer his services to Captain Conolly for the next voyage, hoping that during that voyage, he might find a favorable opportunity to disclose his views towards Mina, to her father, under circumstances that might render such a disclosure favorable to the future plans, both of his beloved one and himself.

In pursuance of the above plan, in which Mina warmly coincided, Henry boldly made his appearance on board the Sylph, about a week previous to the time specified for her departure upon her present voyage, and after introducing himself to Conolly, a conversation took place between them something like the following :

‘What is your business with me, young man?’

‘I wish to try my fortune upon the sea sir,’ replied Collins acting out the part to perfection, ‘and after looking all about among the rest of the vessels I saw none which took my fancy so strongly as this beautiful little craft, of which as I have been informed you are the owner as well as the master. Therefore sir, as I wish to be a sailor, I would like to have you, if you have not got all your crew engaged, to give me a chance in her.’

‘Well,’ replied the captain, after having professionally eyed our hero from head to foot, ‘you appear to be a good, stout-built, clean-looking chap, so if you will step into the cabin,, and place your name upon the shipping papers, you may render yourself on board immediately.’

So saying, they both descended into the cabin, where to his no small astonishment and surprise, and we may also add gratification, our hero saw Mina, who had come on board that morning, for the purpose of adjusting some of her father's cabin furniture, preparatory to the voyage which he was then about to undertake, of course she blushed at seeing Henry, although his appearance, was not by her entirely unexpected, but she very adroitly managed to hide what little confusion she might have felt by keeping her beautiful blue eyes most provokingly fixed upon a large mahogany dressing case, which she was most busily employed in polishing.

In a few moments, Henry Collins' name was duly enrolled, and he was thereby constituted one of the crew of the brig Sylph, Conolly, master, bound from Boston, on a trading voyage, to a port or ports in South America.

This having been accomplished, Henry left the brig for the purpose of, as sailors would say, getting his chest ready, which having done, he, in the sailor phrase, and nothing loth, rendered himself on board the next morning as being ready for duty.

The previous night however, he and Mina managed to meet, and it was then agreed upon between them, that during the voyage, or at least until such a time as might be thought favorable for a denouement, they should act towards each other like entire strangers, and as though they had never met before.

They both punctually and faithfully adhered to the above agreement, until the period of the commencement of our story, although to be sure we must admit that Mina was very fond of going nightly upon the brig's fore-castle, where leaning over the bow, she could notice the beautiful skimming of her father's vessel, o'er the glassy waves of the broad and deep Atlantic.

So much gentle reader for Henry Collins, and now for a short notice of his companion William Draper. A very few words will suffice in relation to him.

He was an early friend and school-fellow of Henry's but unlike him he was poor, although he had not been born so. His father, who had been considered to be a rich merchant, had by unfortunate speculations, been reduced to a hopeless state of bankruptcy, about a year previous to the time under consideration, which rendered it expedient, for young William to look about for some employment, whereby he might obtain the means of supporting himself.

Fancying like Henry "a life in the ocean wave," he luckily fell in with Conolly, joined the brig, and after having made in her two trips to the West Indies, he liked her so well, that he concluded to try her on the present voyage, and he and our hero, having been as we have before said, early friends they soon became like brothers on board the brig, sharing to the utmost extent, their cares and their confidence.

Such kind reader, was the character and description of the two American seamen, whom Walton was about to endeavor to transform into pirates, and the result of whose endeavors, will be made known in our next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

For the farther edification of our readers we will commence this chapter, by reporting the conversation which was carried on between Henry Collins and William Draper, as they sat in the jolly boat, which belonged to the Sylph, awaiting the return of their officers.

Draper was the first to begin, and he therefore commenced as follows :

‘ Well how have you liked our voyage thus far, Collins ?’

‘ Oh, as to that,’ answered Collins, ‘ I have for many reasons been well satisfied with it, but for many reasons I have disliked it.’

‘ Your feelings in that respect I presume are very much like mine,’ replied his companion. ‘ In the first place I like the vessel, for I have sailed in her some time, and I know her to be one of the swiftest sailers afloat ; and I used to like the captain too, but I tell you, Collins, that he is a very different man this voyage from what he was last. Since that proud, conceited chap, Walton, has been on board, a change, and that not for the better has been gradually creeping over his deportment and conduct, which, in my opinion, bodes no good either to himself or his vessel.’

‘ I cannot say that I have any particular liking for Walton,’ answered Henry, ‘ still I do not see but that the Captain has treated the crew very well ; that is, with the exception of deaf Samuel, the steward.’

‘ Ay, therein lies the change to which I have alluded,’ responded Draper. ‘ There has always appeared to me a kind of mystery hanging over the life of that unfortunate being, and it has before now struck me very forcibly that he is in some manner connected with our captain, and the following facts have led me to that apparently strange conclusion. Deaf Samuel has been kept on board of this vessel ever since I have known anything aboard, and from what I have been able to glean at different times from his own mouth, leads me to think that he has never known no other home.— Besides, previous to this present voyage, the captain has uniformly treated him with the utmost kindness, and I believe that he would have continued to do so if it had not been for Walton. Now taking all those things together, it appears very likely to me that, as I said before, this poor deaf and unfortunate creature must be connected with our captain in some way or

other. But be that as it may, I for one have got heartily tired both of the captain and his lieutenant, and if you will agree to it, Collins, we will both leave the vessel without further ceremony.'

'Under present circumstances, Draper,' replied Henry, 'such a proceeding upon my part would be next to impossible.'

'Oh yes,' interrupted Draper, smiling significantly, 'I recollect now—so it would. There is a loadstone, or rather, I should say, a beautiful magnet on board of the brig, which I know attracts you to her with as much power as the magnet does the unerring needle of the compass. So we will talk no more of leaving the Sylph whilst she contains such a valuable treasure as the fair Mina, the beautiful 'Nymph of the Ocean.' But did you not notice, Henry, that as Walton was talking with us in his watch on deck the other night, that he kind of darkly hinted at some secret expedition of great profit, which Captain Conolly proposed to undertake, after we had visited this port. What did you think of that?'

'Why, to tell the truth,' answered Collins, 'I thought nothing at all of it. That Walton seems to be so fond of spinning strange yarns that I wound that one up, and threw it immediately out of my mind and memory the same as I have all the rest of them. But we must stop now, for the object of our remarks is close upon us.'

Upon looking up sure enough there was Walton standing upon the pier, regarding the two seamen with a mingled look of interest and contempt.

'Come boys, come up on to the pier; I wish to have a little chat with you, was the familiar salutation with which the pseudo lieutenant greeted our two seamen.

In accordance with this excessively familiar invitation on the part of their superior officer our two heroes, made their boat fast, and then simultaneously jumped upon the pier, and as they landed Walton thus again addressed them—

'Come, boys, step up street with us, and let us take a social glass of something to drink.'

'I thank you, sir, for your invitation,' answered Collins, 'but for my part I don't drink anything stronger than tea or coffee.'

'Nor I either,' chimed in Draper.

'What a pair of milksops you must be,' exclaimed Walton, somewhat contemptuously, 'not to take even a single glass of wine. Why you will never make finished seamen in the world if you don't learn to tip your grog.'

'I am afraid that we shall never be finished, if that be the case, sir,' replied Draper.

'You wont go then either of you will you?' asked Walton.

'I shall not go for one,' replied Collins.

'Nor I for another,' answered Draper.

Now Walton felt highly indignant at their refusal, but he thought it pru-

dent not to show it, and therefore with an agreeable smile upon his countenance, he answered as follows:

‘Well then I will not urge either of you against your wills any farther, and for my own part, I must admit that I feel highly gratified at thus receiving proof positive of your temperate inclinations. But I have a proposition from Captain Conolly to lay before you, whereby you may both be able to realize before the termination of the present voyage, handsome and independent fortunes. We have yonder there in the harbor, as you well know, as handsome and fine sailing a little craft, as there is skims over the ocean, and it is our intention to put some big guns on board of her, together with a large brass one upon a pivot amidships, and then afterwards to cruise on our own account!’

‘What, do you mean to make a piratical vessel of her, and blood-hounds of us?’ asked Collins eagerly.

‘Not altogether, exactly,’ answered the crafty lieutenant. ‘We have lately heard war is deemed inevitable between America and France, and our object is therefore to sail immediately for some port, where we may be able to obtain a letter of marque, and reprisal, and then you know boys, that in yonder fast sailing little craft, our fortunes will soon be made! Now the captain not wishing you to be deceived, has commissioned me to state the case to you, and he proposes for you to join as he no doubt you will heart and hand in his purpose.’

‘There is something very strange and mysterious about all this to me,’ replied Draper, and I must have time to consider such a weighty proposal, before I can give a decided answer to it.’

‘So do I,’ chimed Draper.

‘Oh well, you can have, and shall have plenty of time to consider it in, answered the lieutenant carelessly, and if by the time that we get ready to sail from this port, you should not wish to join us, I have not the least doubt but you can be then honorably discharged. But come, I guess it’s getting somewhere along about dinner time now, so jump into the boat, and we will go on board.’

‘Must we not wait for the captain sir?’ asked Draper.

‘No,’ answered Walton, ‘for like enough, he will not be ready to go on board till night, and if he should wish to come sooner, he can very easily make a signal from the pier, to that effect. So man the boat my bullies, and let’s hasten on board and recruit our bread-basket.’

The two seamen having immediately obeyed the officer’s order, he followed them into the boat, which a few moments after was safe alongside the brig, when the officer and his two men instantly jumped on deck.

‘Is dinner ready there, cook!’ exclaimed Walton to the woolly pated official of the brig’s galley.

‘Yis sar,’ answered the cook, ‘it hab been ready dis half hour sar.’

‘Get your dinner there, forward,’ shouted the first lieutenant.

'This order, which is ever welcome to a seaman's ears, was very readily and promptly obeyed, by the crew and soon after Collins and Draper were busily employed on the forecastle in despatching their noontide repast.

After the suspension of deaf Samuel from the duties of his stewardship, a young Spanish cabin boy had been appointed as a sort of steward 'pro tem,' and Walton after having ordered dinner forward, thus addressed him:

'Is dinner ready in the cabin, Gonzalo?'

'Yes sir,'

'Has Miss Mina left her state room, to day?'

'I have not been in the cabin sir.'

'Very well, tell Mr Montano to come down to dinner.'

'Ay, ay sir,' and the steward went forward to execute his orders while Walton descended into the cabin where after seating himself at the head of the table, he thus soliloquised:

'The devil, or some one else, now whispers in my ear, that I have now a fine opportunity to gratify my revenge, and I will gratify it. That I have been, and now am a desperate villain, I very well know, and I will now crown my villainy by a glorious and triumphant proceeding. There is Montano, I feel sure he will cooperate with me, and I am sure we can very easily bring the rest of the crew to terms, with the exception of the two Americans, who we can otherwise very easily dispose of. And if I prove successful, Mina Conolly shall be mine, soul and body she shall be mine.'

Walton's farther meditations was here cut short by the entrance of Montano, whom the desperate villain thus addressed:

'Montano, I am afraid, in fact I know, that our captain has turned chicken hearted.'

'What, concerning our next intended expedition?' asked the Spaniard.

'Just so,' replied Walton, 'he has always appeared to be wavering, ever since I first hinted the affair to him, and who knows but that, while we are laying here, he may take it into his head, being influenced by his daughter, and others to blow the whole plot for the sake of saving his own bacon.'

'I never thought of that,' replied Montano, 'he may do so, but if he does why I can see no help for it. We have gone too far to back out, and——'

'But I can see help for it,' exclaimed Walton interrupting his companion. 'What is to hinder us Montano, from slipping the brig's cable, and giving our worthy chicken-hearted captain leg-bail? We have the wind fresh from off shore, and almost every thing else in our favor, and in fact we have now got the staff completely in our own hands.'

'What say Montano, shall we go?'

'Go, yes,' answered the Spaniard, exultingly, 'I for one am ready to go to the d—l, when I can find a brave man like you, Walton, to lead me on

But those two d—d yokkers there forward, what shall we do with them?

'I will tell you what we will do with them,' replied Walton, 'we will first put them in double irons now, whilst they are at dinner, and then after we get clear of the land, we can easily settle their coffee for them. Come, let us put the darbies on them now.'

So saying Walton and his companion having each armed himself with a pair of pistols, proceeded immediately to the fore-castle, where Collins and Draper were seated, eating their dinners, and utterly unconscious of their impending danger, and after some fruitless and impotent resistance, they were heavily ironed, and afterwards thrust into the fore-hold, where they were left for the time, in a state of dreadful suspense and horrid anticipation.'

The above operation consumed a great deal more time than we have been able to spare in reporting it, and meanwhile the brig's cabin was entered immediately upon the disappearance of Walton and Montano, by Mina Conolly, the fair Nymph of the Ocean.

She emerged from a side door, which opened from her state-room into the cabin. She was about to enter the cabin, when Walton, had first come down, thinking that it might have been her father, but after having become convinced of her mistake by hearing the well known sound of Walton's voice, as he soliloquised in the manner related above, she altered her resolution, and slipped back, cautiously to the farther corner of her apartment. Feeling somewhat alarmed at the non-appearance of her father at the dinner table, and from the few words that she had overheard falling from the lips of Walton, she began to be fully aware that all was not right, and therefore, when she heard another voice in the cabin, she crept close up to her own door, and there stood listening with breathless eagerness, to the conversation which the two desperadoes were holding over the dinner table.

Our heroine, it is true, did not hear the whole of the conversation, but she heard full enough of it to cause her woman's heart to beat violently with the palpitations of fear and revenge. But what could she do? She knew that for herself, she could do nothing, but the thought struck her with overwhelming force that she could do something for deaf Samuel.

Therefore as soon as she heard the last receding steps of the two desperadoes, as they sounded fainter and more faint, upon the cabin, she crept carefully from the apartment, and entered the main cabin as we have before stated.

Knowing very well that no time was to be lost, she unfastened immediately the door of deaf Samuel's prison, which communicated with the main cabin, and in a low and fearfully distinct whisper, thus addressed him :

'Come forth Samuel.'

In the agony of her earnestness, she had entirely forgotten that the unfortunate creature whom she had thus spoken to, had been deprived of his

hearing. But instinct seemed for once to supply the place of hearing, for she had no sooner uttered the above words, than Samuel shuffled his misshapen form as well as he could, encumbered as his wrists were by the irons, into the cabin.

By the help of Mina, he was soon released from them, however, and then they had to look about for some means by which he might effect his escape.

But that natural instinct, or with which is always at woman's call in times of danger, guided Mina to the cabin windows and upon looking from them she discovered to her great joy that the jolly was laying directly under the brig's stern, with the oars in-it, just as it had been left by Walton and the two seamen, when they had come on board from the land.

She then motioned Samuel to fly, to jump into the boat, and pull with all his strength for the shore, giving him at the same time, warning of the danger he was in, by energetic and significant signs.

Instinct again seemed to have come to the aid of the unfortunate creature, for giving to his fair deliverer, a mingled sign of intelligence and gratitude he lifted the cabin windows, dropped silently into the boat, and cutting the rope which held her to the brig, he shipped an oar, and skulled quickly towards the shore.

'Thank God that poor creature is safe,' exclaimed Mina, as she watched his successful progress, and if it becomes my lot, to meet with a violent death, I shall at least have the satisfaction of thinking in my dying hour, that I have been instrumental, in saving the life of that poor unfortunate, yet gentle, affectionate and kind-hearted being.

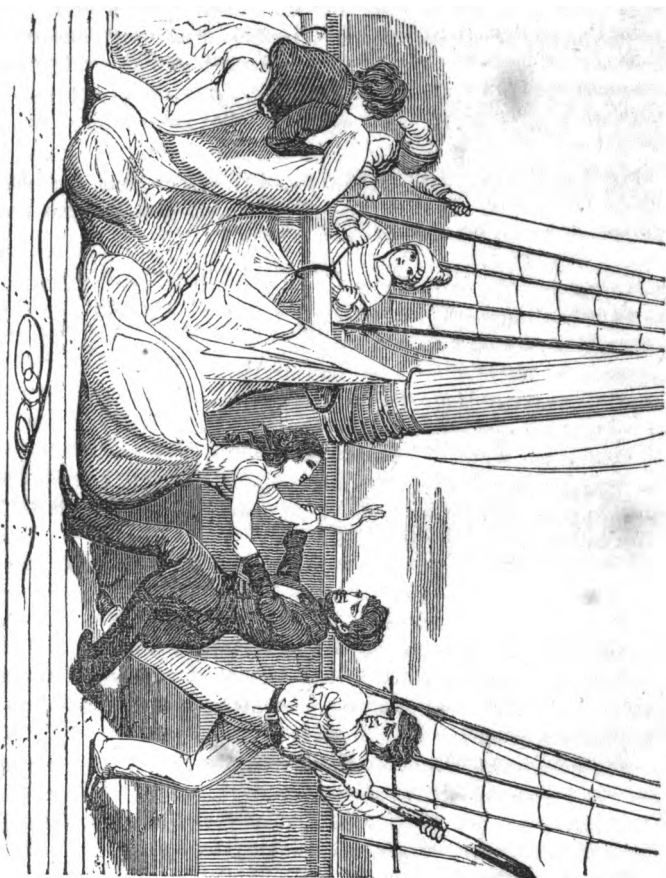
Meanwhile Walton, after having seen that the two American seamen were safely and securely disposed of, hastened with his companion Montano to make the necessary preparations for getting the brig under weigh, and this necessarily consuming much time, greatly favored the escape of deaf Samuel, by keeping Walton and his second officer busily employed upon deck, and therefore Samuel managed to land unobserved and unperceived, by either the officers or the crew of the brig.

After having closed the cabin window, through which Samuel had made his abrupt departure, Mina retired again to the shelter of her own apartment and as the full reality of her horrid and defenceless situation burst with its full force upon her mind, she thus soliloquised :

'God of Heaven, look down in pity and compassion, upon a poor miserable and wretched girl, who is now left, in the ruthless hands of cold-blooded villains, without either earthly protector, or earthly friend. Oh, Henry, Henry,' continued she, after a momentary pause, 'could I be assured of your safety, I could meet the dreadful fate which now appears to be inevitable, with serenity and fortitude.'

She was here interrupted by a slight tap at the door of her apartment, fol-

Prompt interference of Deaf Samuel, who knocks down the mate and thus rescues Mina from his hands.



lowed by the detested sound of Walton's voice which broke upon her ear, by the following question :

'Mina, are you within there?'

'I am here,' answered the trembling girl, and here I am determined to remain !'

'You may remain there,' replied Walton, 'until we get clear of the land, and then you shall come forth, and act a conspicuous part in a drama which shall be termed the Pirate's Betrothal.'

Having thus spoken, this reckless desperado again visited the deck, where he was much gratified to find that the Sylph, was going beautifully through the water at the rate of ten knots or more, leaving behind her far in the distance, the high and evergreen hills of the Brazilian coast, and the white-washed buildings of the town of San Palos.

CHAPTER VI.

It will undoubtedly be recollected by our readers, that we left Captain Genelly in the apartment of the sick lady, standing in the position of one apparently horror-struck, at sudden remembrances, which the scene he had witnessed, and the words he had heard, had strangely brought before his excited imagination.

On the bed before him lay the lifeless form of one whom he had in earlier days, sworn to love protect and cherish through life. Aye, the form that laid upon the bed before him, was the pale and emaciated form of his once beloved wife.

‘But how in the name of wonder,’ exclaims our readers, ‘came she to be in such a singular predicament?’

Have patience kind readers and we will endeavor to unravel the mystery as briefly as may be consistent with the main plan of our story.

Lydia Mornville was born of rich parents in the town of Boston, in Massachusetts. She grew up to the age of eighteen without any material occurrence to mar the even tenor of her way, which as her parents granted her every indulgence, compatible with a due regard to propriety and decorum, was emphatically a ‘way of pleasantness,’ and therefore she had reached that age, she was a beautiful and guileless being, though she at the same time possessed every feminine accomplishment, which a superior education could lavish upon her.

At that sunny period of her existence she became acquainted with Edward Clarendon, who was then about to sail for the first time as commander of one of her father’s ships. They loved, their love was mutual, and with the consent of her parents, Lydia became the betrothed bride of Edward, and it was mutually agreed that the marriage rites should be performed and consummated immediately upon his return from that voyage.

Edward accordingly sailed soon after for England, made a successful voyage, returned and claimed his affianced bride, the claim was answered

to his satisfaction, and a few weeks after his arrival, Lydia Mornville became his dutiful and affectionate wife.

The first two years of their wedded life passed off joyously and harmlessly, and Edward Clarendon had in the meantime, been very successful in his mercantile pursuits, indeed he had met with such uncommon success that at the expiration of the two years, alluded to above, he had acquired a sufficient amount of capital to enable him to do business for himself. He accordingly purchased a small but handsome schooner, and commenced trading back and forwards to South America and the West Indies, which at that time was a very profitable business, and was called by all with whom he then happened to be familiarly acquainted, 'happy and fortunate Captain Clarendon.'

But a change, and an awful one too, was destined to come over the spirit of his happy dreams.

Upon his return from one of his trading excursions to the West Indies, about three years after their marriage, he found that a stranger had visited his house frequently, and as these, who poisoned his ears by these insinuations, informed him that the stranger was young and handsome, the dark demon of jealousy, immediately took possession of his bosom, and effectually banished from thence all its peace, and transformed it into a theatre, where all the strong and bitter passions of his nature had opportunity to act their parts, without hinderance or control.

This story about the stranger, had been set afloat by an enemy both to himself and his innocent wife; by one who was well acquainted with the latent jealousy of his disposition, one who in revenge for some imagined insult resolved to ruin the peace of mind of those two happy and then innocent beings.

Clarendon did not see the stranger, the mere report which was craftily poured into his ears, by the destroyer, proved almost to madden him, and with that cruel cunning which jealousy always bequeaths as a damning inheritance to its possession, he appeared before his unconscious wife, after having heard the fatal story, with the same happy smile, and the same calm, uncontracted brow, with which he had met her upon the joyous night of their young bridal. When his vessel was again ready to sail, he ordered his wife to prepare to accompany him, giving her no other reason, except that it was his will and pleasure.

With ready acquiescence, to his commands, she was all in readiness to depart at the time appointed for the sailing of the vessel, together with their little son, who was then about three years of age. To her great astonishment and unbounded grief, however, her husband positively declared that the child, who was deformed, should not accompany her, but should be left in the charge of a friend, until she returned to America.

In accordance with this decision, which he carried out despite all the entreaties and even tears of his injured wife, on the night previous to his

departure, he took the poor deformed boy from his mother, and instead of placing him under the charge of a friend, he left him to the tender mercies of entire strangers, not however without leaving a sufficient amount of money to indemnify them for their trouble.

The next day accompanied by his wife, he sailed for South America, and when after he had got her completely in his power, when she was far away from either home or friends, then he allowed all the smothered feelings of his jealous rage to burst upon her devoted head. In vain was it that she represented to him, that the stranger who had visited and who had been so affectionately received by her in his absence, was a dear brother who had returned after an absence of many years to his native land, we say it was in vain that she stated this fact, for Clarendon derided her words, and the repetition of the story only served to confirm him in an obstinate belief of her guilt and criminality.

During the progress of the voyage, which he suddenly altered from South America to England, the cold unfeeling and sometimes almost brutal treatment which she received from day to day at his hands, as she was likely soon to become a mother, caused her feeble health rapidly to decline, and also caused the premature birth of her daughter.

This event which she had fondly hoped would have restored to her her husband's former love, had an effect quite the reverse; for after the birth of the child, he treated her worse than ever, until at last she sank under it and became insane.

Whilst in this state, Clarendon, put her on board of a vessel bound to Boston, which happened opportunely to speak him, and she arrived at that place shortly afterwards a raving maniac.

After he had thus got rid of his wife, Clarendon disposed of his schooner in England and after changing his name to Conolly, he purchased a brig, which was the same vessel in which we found him at the commencement of our story, and in which he immediately repaired to America, and landed at Boston, where after having disguised himself, in order that he should not be known to his wife's relations, he procured a nurse for the little Mina, his daughter; and at the same time, he also took on board of his vessel his deformed and deaf son, who is one and the same with him whom we have introduced into our story under the cognomen of Deaf Samuel.

As soon as the young Mina, had got old enough to inquire for mother, her father in a few words, gave her to understand that she was dead, and although he treated his children exactly alike still he did not allow them to regard each other as brother and sister, and in fact he prohibited Samuel from even calling him by the name of father.

Upon returning to Boston, about a year after he had parted from his wife Conolly, or rather as we shall hereafter term him Clarendon, secretly and in disguise, sought to visit the house of her parents.

And he did visit it, and was greatly surprised at finding it tenanted by

strangers, who informed him that the former occupants had suddenly closed up their business, disposed of their property, and departed for parts unknown about six months previous to his arrival. And such was precisely the fact.

The strange and unexpected return of his daughter, sick and insane, had the effect to place her father, who loved her tenderly, in the same predicament, and it also caused so many idle reports, and singular stories to get about, that the unfortunate father guided by the advice of his two sons, resolved to remove where his misfortunes would not be so publicly known.

After closing up his business, therefore as stated above, Mr. Mornville, with his family removed to Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, where his two sons, abandoning their mercantile pursuits, turned agriculturalists, and they and their father, resided together, and bestowed all their attention to the comfort of their unfortunate sister.

After the lapse of some two or three years, Mrs. Clarendon's insanity wore off, and the return of her reason, brought in its train a recollection of past events, at first confused and partial, but finally rational and perfect, which enabled her to lay before her friends a true statement of the manner of her husband's treatment towards her, after she had embarked with him upon the fatal voyage, and the consequent alienation of her mind.

Believing their sister to be perfectly innocent of the crime of infidelity, which had been attributed to her, by Clarendon, the brothers, and also their invalid father, felt highly indignant towards the monster who in their opinion, had deliberately and directly destroyed the peace of mind of her whom he had sworn to cherish and protect, and they resolved to watch a favorable opportunity, to discover the villain Clarendon, and after rescuing from his grasp their sister's children, to mete out to him a terrible measure of condign punishment for his crimes.

But owing to the change of name, and the disguise that Clarendon always assumed when he visited Boston, their untiring vigilance, proved from year to year, entirely unavailing, and they were at last about to give over the search as fruitless, when the longing of Lydia for her children, broke forth with double violence, which caused them to fear for a permanent return of her insanity, and they resolved to fit out a small vessel at their own expense and sail in search of the monster, taking her along with them, so that she might be able to recognise him and her children.

About the same time that they formed the above resolution, they accidentally obtained information that Clarendon, under his assumed name of Conolly, had sailed from a southern port for the West Indies, from which it was his intention to return to Boston, and acting upon the above invitation, the two brothers of Lydia Clarendon, accompanied by their aged father and herself, embarked (about six or eight months previous to the commencement of our story,) on board of a small brig, and immediately sailed from Boston, with the intention of intercepting Conolly.

After cruising about the West India Islands for some time without success, they finally cast anchor in the harbor of Havana, where they learnt to their great chagrin, that Conolly had only sailed from that place about four days previous to their arrival.

But having received information that he would probably return to that place, they resolved to await his reappearance. But they were again doomed to be disappointed, for Conolly, instead of returning to Havana, suddenly altered his determination, upon arriving at Boston, and he determined to shape the course of his next voyage towards South America.

The two Mornville brothers finding that their victim did not return at the anticipated time, resolved to cruise awhile in search of him down the South American coast, and in the event of their search, again proving fruitless they were to abandon it, and return immediately to their homes.

At that time the Atlantic Ocean was infested by piratical cruisers, throughout its whole length and breadth, and the 'Mary,' (for that was the name of the brig in which the Mornvilles had sailed,) had not been more than a fortnight out of Havana, before she was fell in with, and soon became an easy prey to one of the cruisers above mentioned.

After the pirates had taken possession of her, their first demand was for money, upon which the two brothers gave them up about two hundred dollars, which they truly averred to be all that they possessed or their vessel contained.

Disappointed and highly incensed at not finding a larger amount of treasure, the piratical captain, ordered the vessel to be searched, and during the progress of the search, one of the Pirates happened to use insulting and indecent language towards Lydia, which the elder brother indignantly resented by running him through the body with his rapier.

This served as an excuse to the pirates for making a general onslaught upon the officers of the brig, together with the passengers and crew which resulted in the indiscriminate and bloody massacre of the whole of them, with the exception of Mrs. Clarendon, whom the pirates immediately after transferred to their own vessel, and after leaving the brig, they, to crown their infernal proceedings set her on fire, and she was soon after consumed.

But it soon became their turn to meet a watery grave, though by other means, than these they had used towards the crew and passengers of the brig. During the continuance of a drunken carousal, which these lawless villains held upon the very same night upon which they had taken the brig, a violent and tremendous gale of wind, drove their vessel upon the rocks which lined that part of the coast near where the piracy had been committed, and but two remained alive out of thirty men, to tell the tale. Mrs. Clarendon was providentially washed by the force of a most violent wave, upon the only portion of sand beach which there was for miles around, and insensible and nearly lifeless, she was taken into the hut of an old fisherman, where she was soon restored to consciousness, although the terrible

scenes through which she had passed, had served to unsettle her imagination, and therefore she again became in a manner insane, although not without experiencing frequent and lucid intervals.

She had been in the fisherman's hut but about two days, when in one of her fits of insanity, she was seized with an uncontrollable desire to visit the town of San Palos, the towers of which were visible from the place of her temporary residence, and as the old fisherman was absent from home upon his customary avocations, she wandered forth without hinderance and taking a dreary path through the forest which lay between the fisherman's hut and the town, she arrived about nightfall at San Palos, where Magdalena providentially fell in with and sheltered her in the manner which we have before related.

Such gentle reader is a brief outline of the history of the woman, whom we left in a state of insensibility, in the wretched apartment which she shared with Magdalena, whilst that kind-hearted creature, was trying every means which her power afforded her, to restore her again to consciousness and her guilty husband stood gazing upon her, with a countenance pallid and horror-stricken.

After gazing for some time, upon the ghastly object before him, his countenance assumed a different aspect, and covering his face with his hands, convulsive sobs burst forth from his bosom, and the cold, stern, iron-hearted Edward Clarendon, wept like an infant upon its mother's bosom.

'Restore her! oh restore her!' exclaimed he, after his violent emotion had in a degree subsided, if it may be for no longer time than to allow her to say that she forgives me.'

'Oh she breathes, poor lady, she is recovering,' replied Magdalena, turning towards him and noting with astonishment, his singular position and manner, 'but what means all this? Who are you sir, that has thus dared to invade the sanctity of a sick room?'

'I—I—I am a villain,' stammered out Clarendon.

'I should think that you must be all that,' replied Magdalena, tartly, 'else you would not thus intrude yourself upon the privacy of the two defenceless women.'

'I am that woman's husband,' again exclaimed Clarendon.

At this moment the invalid opened her eyes, and faintly exclaimed:

'Where, oh where is Edward? Was it his voice that I heard, or have I again been deceived with a cruel dream?'

'It was his voice which you heard,' replied Clarendon stepping quickly ly up to the bed-side, and now my dear Lydia, I beseech your forgiveness for my past conduct, the criminality of which I will not now endeavor to palliate or deny.'

'I do forgive you freely and willingly, Edward, but my children, tell me Edward if they are alive?'

'Yes and in safety,' answered Clarendon.

'Oh lead me to them Edward, and let me enjoy the sight of them once more.'

At this instant a loud knocking was again heard against the street door, which caused Magdalena again to hasten to the aperture which served for a window, from which after having reconnoitered for a moment the proposed intruder, she returned to the inner apartment, and with a strange look of fear depicted upon her countenance, she exclaimed, as another loud knock disturbed the ears of the inmates :

'Oh dear sir, I believe the very old devil himself is at the door.'

'What is the matter my good woman ?' asked Clarendon.

'Oh there is such a horrid looking creature at the door, that its appearance has almost frightened me to death.'

'Wait a moment,' exclaimed Clarendon, stepping out of the apartment, 'and I will soon know who he is.'

After unbarring and opening the street door, Clarendon uttered an exclamation of surprise, and a few moments afterwards, he returned to the inner apartment accompanied by no less a personage than the reader's old friend, Deaf Samuel, and as he dragged him towards the bed, to the utter astonishment of the disconcerted Magdalena, he exclaimed, looking at his wife, and pointing to the misshapen form of Samuel,

'Behold our Son.'

CHAPTER VII.

WE will now dear reader, with your kind permission, turn our own and your attention to the fortunes of our hero, and Mina the fair Nymph of the Ocean.

Upon the night succeeding the same day on which had occurred the events related at the close of our last chapter,—after having seen that the Sylph was well clear of the land, Walton, who had taken upon himself the command of her, entered the cabin, accompanied by Montano, for the purpose, apparently, of enjoying their evening repast, and after each of them had become seated at the table, the following conversation was commenced by Walton, who said,

‘Thus far, Montano, our plans have well prospered, and now that we have got well clear of the land and probably out of the reach of pursuit, I have a little personal business of my own to perform, in which it will be necessary for you Montano, to act in the capacity of witness.’

‘What is this personal business to which you have just alluded, and in which you have thus requested me to act the part of a witness, Captain Walton?’

‘Why you must know then, Montano,’ replied Walton, ‘that we have got our old Captain’s beautiful daughter here, a close prisoner in her stateroom. Now I have always loved that girl, after my rough way, ever since I first saw her on board of this vessel, and I undertook to make some advances, by way of commencing a regular siege to her heart at that time. These she saw fit to slight with every appearance of disdain, and she has ever since treated me with coolness and the most chilling reserve. Now all this coupled with her conduct yesterday, has caused my love to grow stronger and more strong, and now that I have her in my power, I am determined

it shall he consummated this very night. Shall I not count upon your assistance in this matter, Montano ?

‘Certainly,’ replied Montano, ‘or in any other.’

‘Well then,’ answered Walton, ‘we will endeavour to prevail upon her to join us at supper.’

So saying the desperado jumped from his seat and after knocking loudly at the door of Mina’s apartment, he called to her in words like the following:

‘Is the fair Nymph of the Ocean, the beautiful Mina, now ready and willing to come forth and meet her admiring lover ?’

‘Villain,’ answered Mina, from within, ‘if I have got to die, let me at least meet my inevitable fate within the solitude of my own apartment, and let my last prayers be undisturbed by the sound of your hateful voice.’

‘Oh we shall not let you die so easily, my young Amazon,’ answered the desperado. ‘You must be mine first, and then die as soon as you think convenient, afterwards.’

‘Yours!’ exclaimed the now almost distracted girl, ‘yours ! no, never ! sooner will I gnaw the living flesh from my bones, in the last agonies of hunger and thirst, than ever to bestow one smile upon you.’

‘Well I can’t stop to bandy words with you,’ replied Walton, who was beginning to get somewhat exasperated, ‘so open the door.’

‘I shall not !’

‘Then I will,’ exclaimed Walton, at the same time falling forcibly against it and bursting it open.

As he did so, Mina rushed past him into the main cabin, and the despair of her situation, she would have rushed upon deck and jumped into the sea, but Montano stood at the foot of the cabin stairs, armed with a pistol, and forbade her farther advance under pain of death.

She was, therefore obliged to stand between the two desperadoes, with her dishevelled hair, hanging in the utmost disorder over her terror-stricken features, looking the very picture of beautiful despair.

As Walton was apparently about to seize with ruthless hands upon the person of his fair prisoner, his demoniacal purpose was for the time frustrated by a loud voice from the head of the cabin gang-way which spoke as follows :

‘The wind has hauled round, dead ahead.’

‘The d—l it has,’ exclaimed Walton, greatly chagrined at the sudden emergency which called upon him to visit the deck, at so very interesting a moment.

But however, as the case then was, he was obliged to go, and turning to his trembling prisoner, he said,

‘Mina Conolly, you have scorned and scouted me, who well knows how to revenge such insults, and you may rest well assured that you shall never

leave this cabin, until you have sworn most solemnly to wed none other but me; and then my revenge, or a pirate's revenge, will be consummated in his betrothal.'

So saying he turned and beckoning to Montano, they both left the Cabin to Mina, and hastened upon deck, where they found everything in a state of most complete confusion, caused by the sudden shifting of the wind which had taken the brig flat aback and almost knocked her upon her beam ends.

'Put your helm hard a-starboard, you d—d blunderhead,' exclaimed Walton to the man at the wheel. 'Brace forward the main yard, there boys.'

Both these orders having been executed, the brig began to pay off before the wind, which then blowed directly from the sea, in towards the land, which caused Walton thus to address his companion, Montano:

'This is d—d unlucky for us Montano, unless we can clear the land in the larboard tack.'

'Brace the head yards sharp up there, forward.'

This having been done, he ordered the helmsman to keep the brig close to the wind, and to his great joy perceived that she headed at least two points clear of the land, and he was, upon perceiving this, about once more to enter the cabin, when a voice from the fore-castle shouted

'Light!'

'Where away?' inquired Walton,

'Two points off our lee bow, sir.'

Upon looking in that direction, Walton soon saw the strange light, and turning to Montano he said:

'It would be d—d curious if our old captain should have discovered our abrupt departure; and have given chase to us.'

'I hardly think that he can do that,' replied Montano. 'Probably the light which you now see, belongs to some catamaran, bound to a neighboring port.'

'It may be as you say,' replied Walton, 'but chase or no chase, I am determined to be revenged upon that girl, whom we have left below, and that speedily. Therefore as I am about to visit her again, I wish you to stay upon deck, being careful to be within call, in case you should be wanted.'

'Ay, ay,' replied Montano, 'I will be in readiness at the head of the cabin gang-way.'

Having thus spoken, he assumed the station whilst Walton entered the cabin, and thus again addressed the trembling Mina:

'Now Miss Mina, the hour has come which I have long wished to see. I am a villain, and a desperate one, and my delicate hands have been often embued in the blood of as fair damsels as thyself.'

'And thou wilt shed mine too, I suppose!' answered Mina trembling.

'Oh no!' replied Walton, 'your blood will not satisfy my revenge, though your honor will!'

'My blood thou mayst soon have, but my honor never! I know that death is a terrible and fearful thing, and in my mortal agony, you might perhaps wring from me the sacrifice of my hand, but my heart belongs to another and a more noble being.'

'It does hey?' replied the pirate, with a sardonic smile, and drawing a pistol, and cocking it as he spoke, 'now mark me Mina Conolly. Here upon this table is a Holy Bible, a book which although I do not believe in, yet I know you regard with the greatest reverence. Now lay your white hand upon that book, and swear by all your hopes of happiness here and hereafter that you will be the bride of Herbert Walton as soon as a priest may be found to unite us, and that failing in this, you will never be the bride of another, and——'

At this moment, he was interrupted by the voice of Montano which spoke from the head of the gangway, as follows:

'The vessel has fallen off and is now heading directly for the land, and the strange craft is within hail.'

'The d—!', exclaimed Walton throwing inadvertently down his cocked pistol on the table beside the Bible, as he turned to go upon deck.

Quicker than lightning, our heroine, as her last chance, snatched the fatal weapon from its resting place, and with a loud shriek, uttered the words, 'the hour has come,' she fired, and the next moment, Walton fell, having received the contents in his left side, fatally wounded.

'What have you done?' exclaimed Montano, who upon hearing the report of the pistol, entered the cabin.

'Sent a villain to his last account!' replied Mina firmly.

The next moment, a familiar and well-known voice fell upon the ears of our heroine, and the words which it was heard distinctly to utter were as follows:

'Brig ahoy, heave to instantly or we will fire into you!'

'Good God, we are discovered!' exclaimed Montano springing upon deck.

'It is my father!' exclaimed Mina, as she followed his example.

And sure enough it was.

Captain Clarendon's son Deaf Samuel, had upon landing, after his escape from the Sylph, inquired of every one whom he met for Captain Conolly, describing also his dress and general appearance. He did not meet with any satisfaction, however, until he arrived within a few rods of the residence of Magdalena, when he happened to meet an English sailor, who had seen a person answering to the description of the captain, enter the above mentioned house, and Samuel therefore lost no time in entering it also. After

having been unexpectedly and joyfully received by both his father and his mother, in the manner related at the close of our sixth chapter, he lost no time in relating to his father, all the strange and singular events which had happened on board the brig since his departure.

After hearing this unexpected and exciting news, Captain Clarendon, after bidding his wife to be of good cheer until his return, started immediately off, accompanied by his son, to the authorities of the place, who after they had heard his statement, placed immediately at his disposal, a small armed government schooner, which happened to be anchored at that time near the shore, to which the captain and his son immediately hastened and cutting the cables, to avoid loss of time, they soon came up with, and recaptured their own vessel, in the manner related above.

Captain Clarendon, accompanied by his son had no sooner reached the deck of the Sylph, than they were greeted by the fair Nymph of the Ocean, with a loud cry of undissembled and extatic joy.

‘Where is the villain Walton,’ was the first question asked by Clarendon. ‘He is dead,’ and he died by the hand of her whom he would have dishonored and murdered !’

‘Draper and Collins, where are they?’ asked the captain.

‘Here we are,’ answered the two amateur seamen, stepping forward, for Montano by Mina’s order released them, when he first came upon deck.

‘I always thought that Walton to have been a desperate villain,’ said David, ‘for I once accidentally fall upon a letter, which he had received from some one, which contained the words by which you will recollect, I saved myself from a severe flogging, by merely repeating them.’

‘Oh, I know to what you have reference,’ replied Mina. ‘Eliza, and the bloody dagger.’

* * * * *

The next morning after the events narrated above, the Sylph again entered the harbor of San Palos, from which she did not sail, until after the health of Mrs. Clarendon became completely restored, and she had attended upon the marriage of her daughter with Henry Collins, which was duly celebrated about two months after the arrival of the Sylph, after the consummation of which, the whole party set sail for America, and arrived safely at Boston about the beginning of the year 1797.

Montano was delivered up to the authorities of San Palos, tried as a pirate and condemned to be executed, but upon the intercession of Captain Clarendon.

endon, his sentence was commuted to a few years imprisonment, after which he lived a more honest life than before.

Our friend Draper, after sailing a few years longer in the employ of Clarendon, was by him placed in command of the Sylph, when the captain finally gave up going to sea.

Our hero, Henry Collins, and his beautiful bride Mina Clarendon, the fair Nymph of the Ocean, lived very happily together, and Deaf Samuel was cherished by them with brotherly and sisterly affection until the period of his death, which happened about ten years after.

Thus ends the tale of the Nymph of the Ocean, or the Pirate's Betrothal.

THE END.

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